

SPRING
ISSUE
No. 41

CRACK COMICS

10¢



Captain TRIUMPH

The mergence of the human,
Lance Gallant, and the spirit
of Michael Gallant ---

A POWERFUL FORCE

-- The conqueror
of all evils!



- AL BRYANT -



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

WELT

FROM MARS



HIS STRANGE MAGNETIC POWERS SAVE HIM FROM BEING TORN TO BITS BY A SAVAGE BEAST...

ON A CAMPING TRIP IN THE NORTHWEST...

LOOK! BEAR TRACKS! AND A MAN'S FOOTPRINTS, TOO!

WOW! IT'S VOLTO... BUT HE CAN'T GET FREE TO USE HIS POWERS. I'LL FIX THAT BEAR!



SWELL SHOT YOU'VE HIT THE BEAR!



FREED FROM THE GRIZZLY'S DEATH GRIP....

NOW I'LL FINISH THIS! WHEN I SAY "VOLTO!" MY LEFT HAND REPELS!

VOLTO



ON THE WAY BACK TO CAMP ANOTHER FEROCIOUS GRIZZLY SEEKS REVENGE FOR HIS MATE...

THANKS FOR HELPING ME, JOE.

HELP!



O.K., JIMMY! STILL HAVE MY GOOD RIGHT ARM! WHEN I SAY "VOLTO!" IT ATTRACTS!

VOLTO



BOY AM I BUSHED!

ME TOO! I SURE NEED SOME WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL TO RECHARGE MY MAGNETISM. WHERE'S THE GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES?



BOY, THESE GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES ARE GOOD! AND WE NEED THEIR WHOLE-GRAIN ENERGY!

Grape-Nuts Flakes

WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL FOOD



TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN** ABC NETWORK 4:45 MON. THRU FRI.

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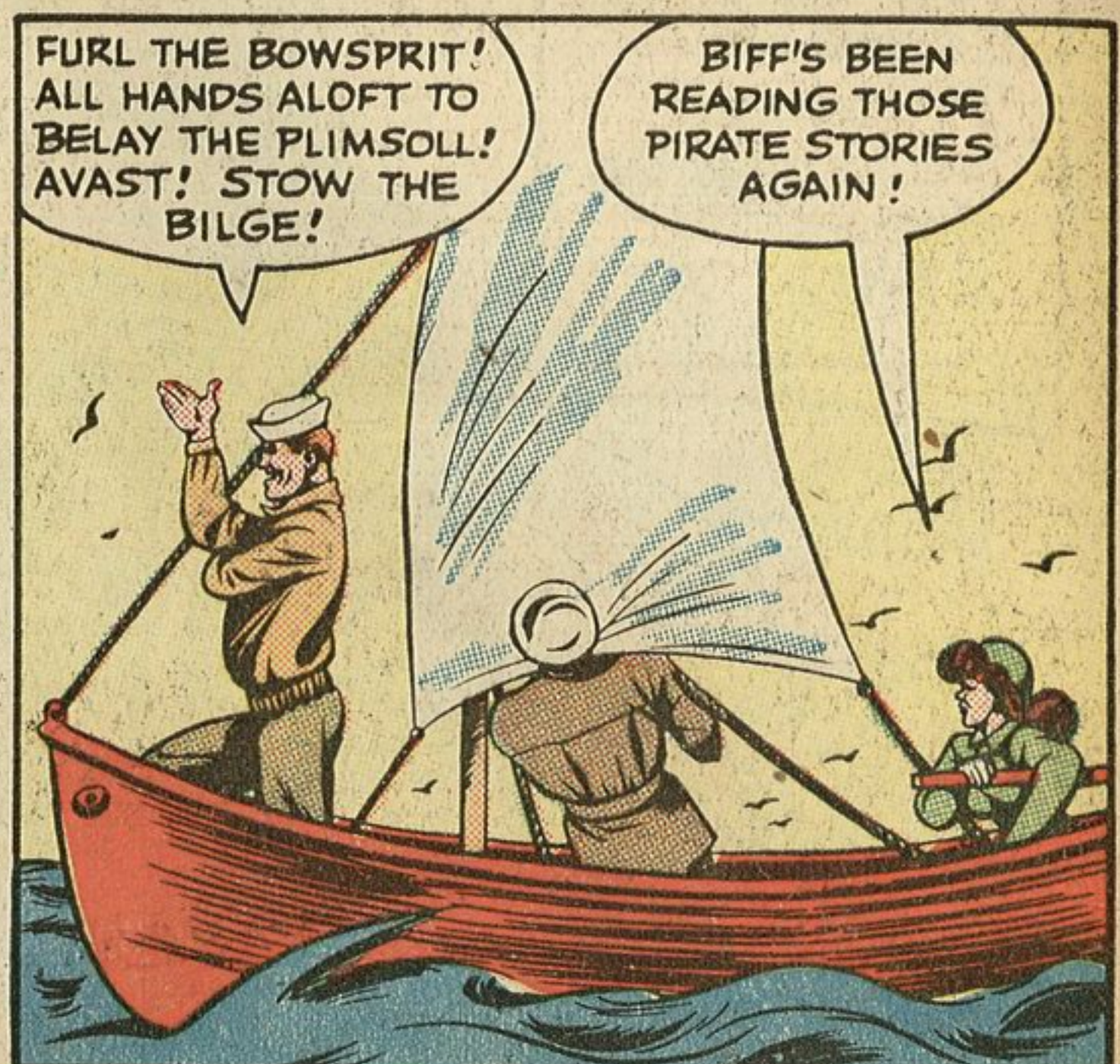
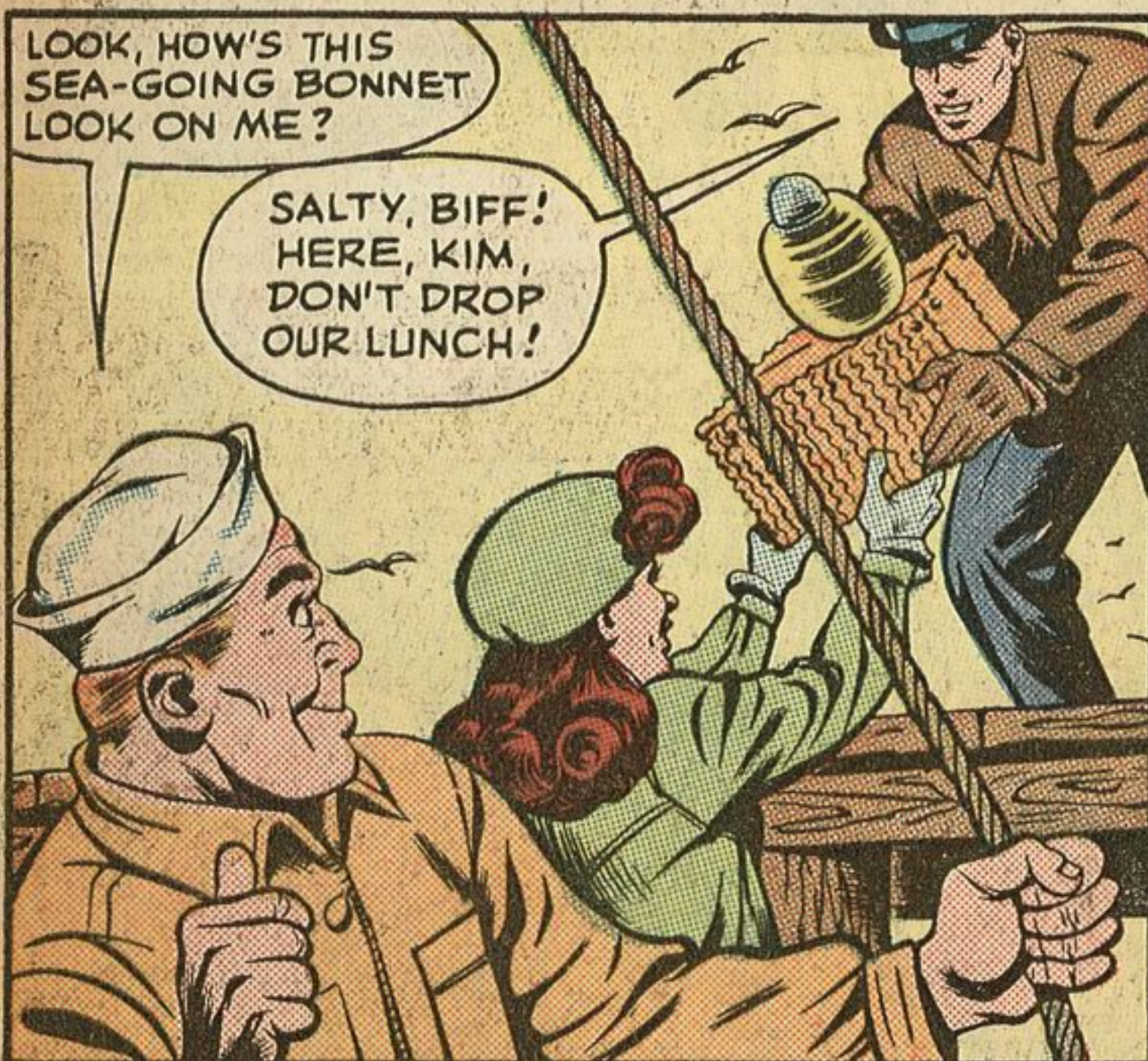
Captain TRIUMPH

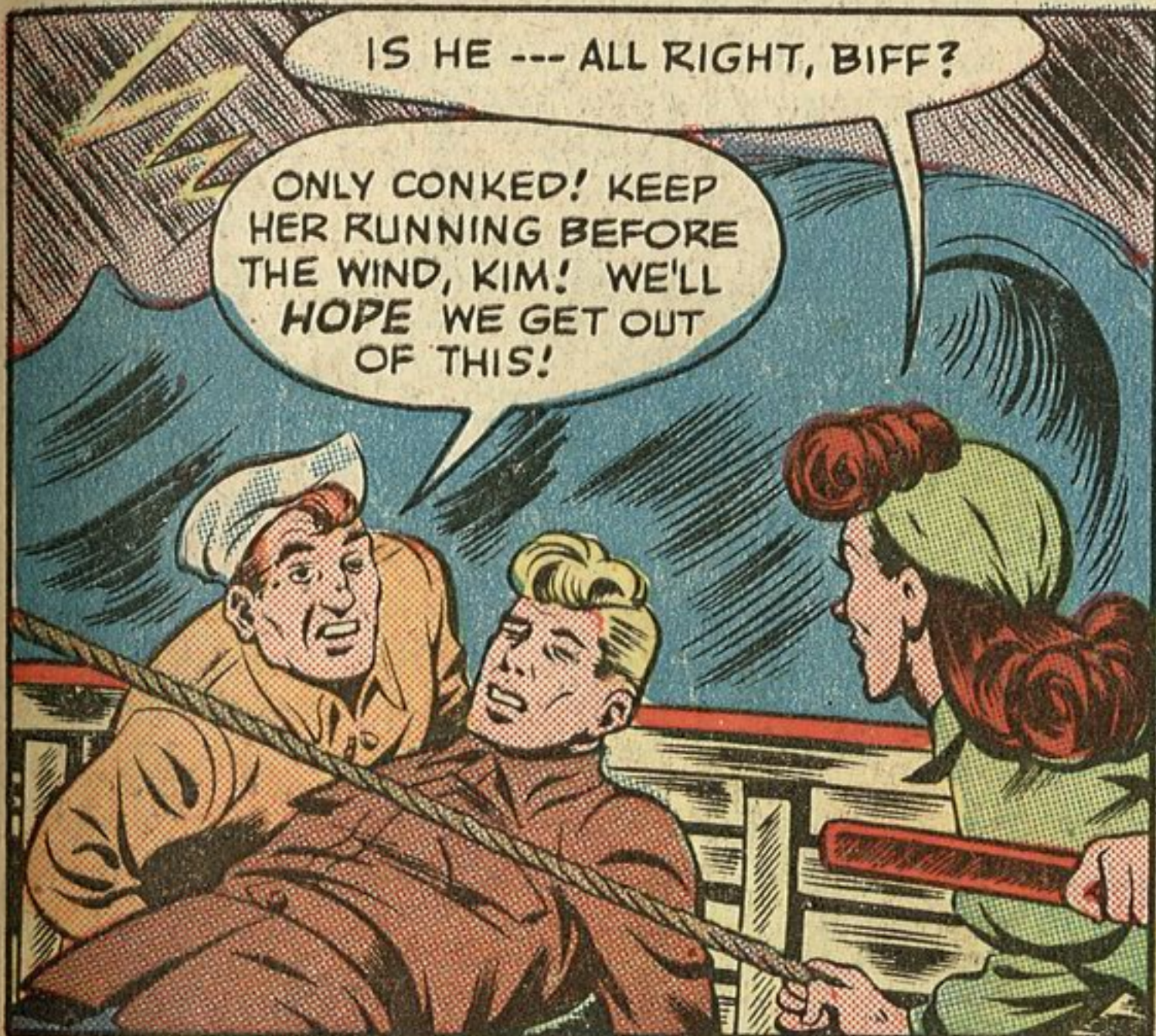
Everywhere
at once!

Fast, fierce and
deadly as
lightning itself,
*Captain
Triumph*
breaks open the
strongholds
of evil!



When Lance Gallant touches the birthmark on his wrist, he merges with the all-seeing spirit of his dead twin brother, Michael, to become the invincible.... **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!**





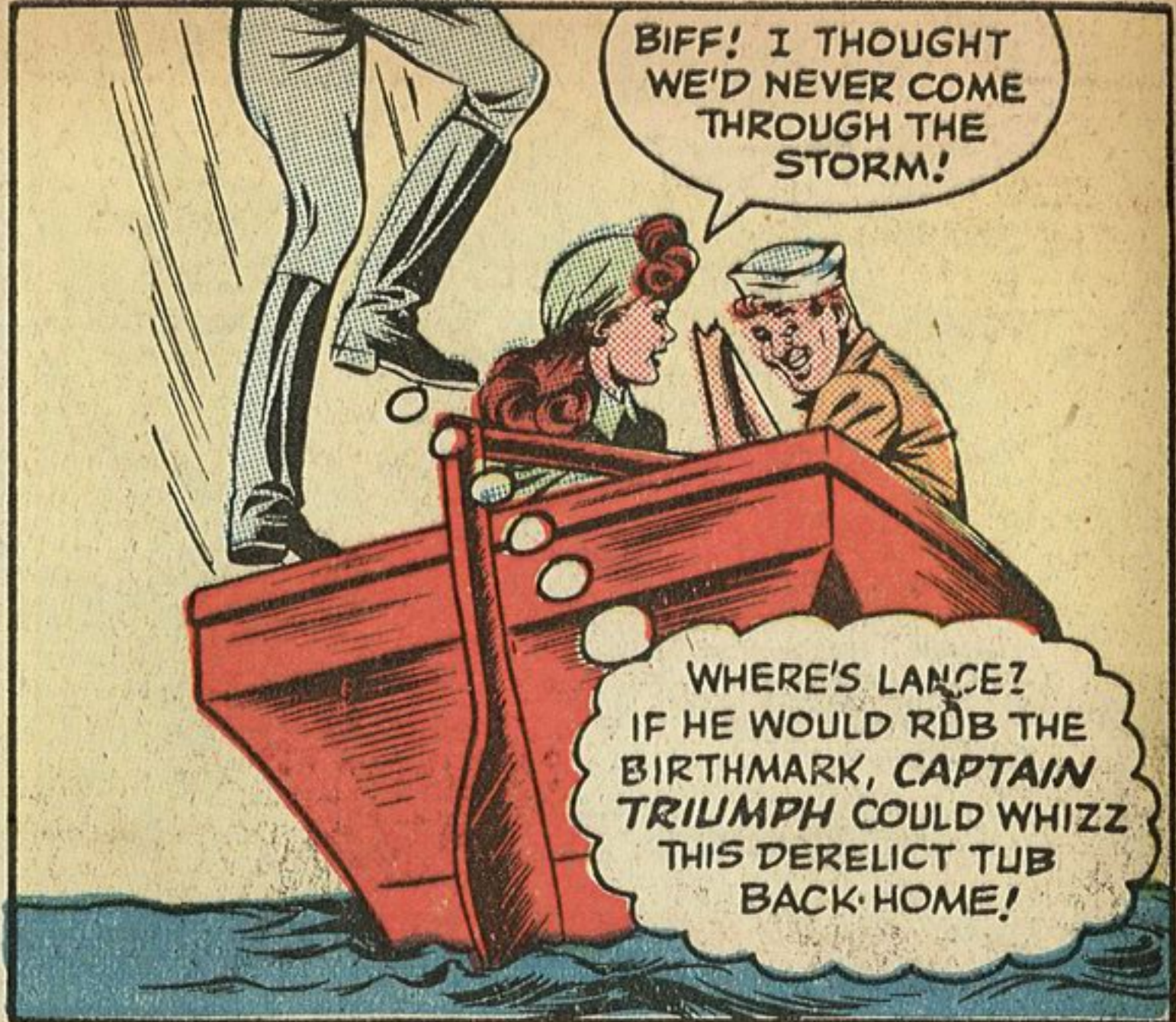
Far from land or travelled ship lanes, only one eye sees them --- Michael!

THERE THEY ARE!
NOW TO DROP DOWN
AND JOIN LANCE
IN BECOMING
CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!



BIFF! I THOUGHT
WE'D NEVER COME
THROUGH THE
STORM!

WHERE'S LANCE?
IF HE WOULD ROB THE
BIRTHMARK, **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH**
COULD WHIZZ
THIS DERELICT TUB
BACK HOME!



LANCE IS STILL
OUT COLD! MUST
HAVE BEEN QUITE
A BLOW!

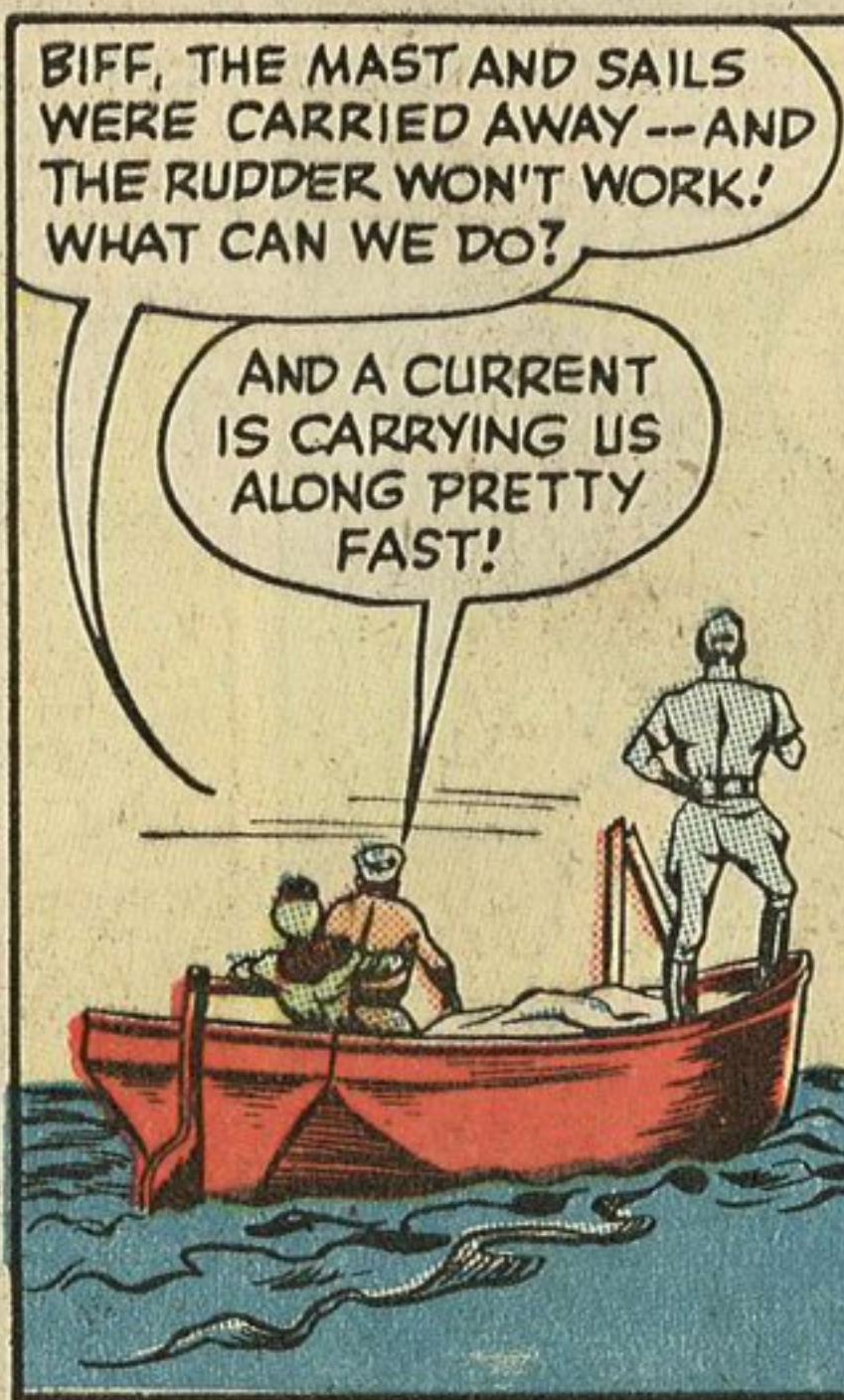
HMM! DOESN'T
LOOK TOO HOPEFUL!
I WONDER IF
THERE'S ANY WAY
TO GET THIS
BOAT BACK
TOWARD HOME
PORT?

BIFF, THE MAST AND SAILS
WERE CARRIED AWAY -- AND
THE RUDDER WON'T WORK!
WHAT CAN WE DO?

AND A CURRENT
IS CARRYING US
ALONG PRETTY
FAST!

LOOK! WE'RE
DRIFTING
TOWARD
LAND!

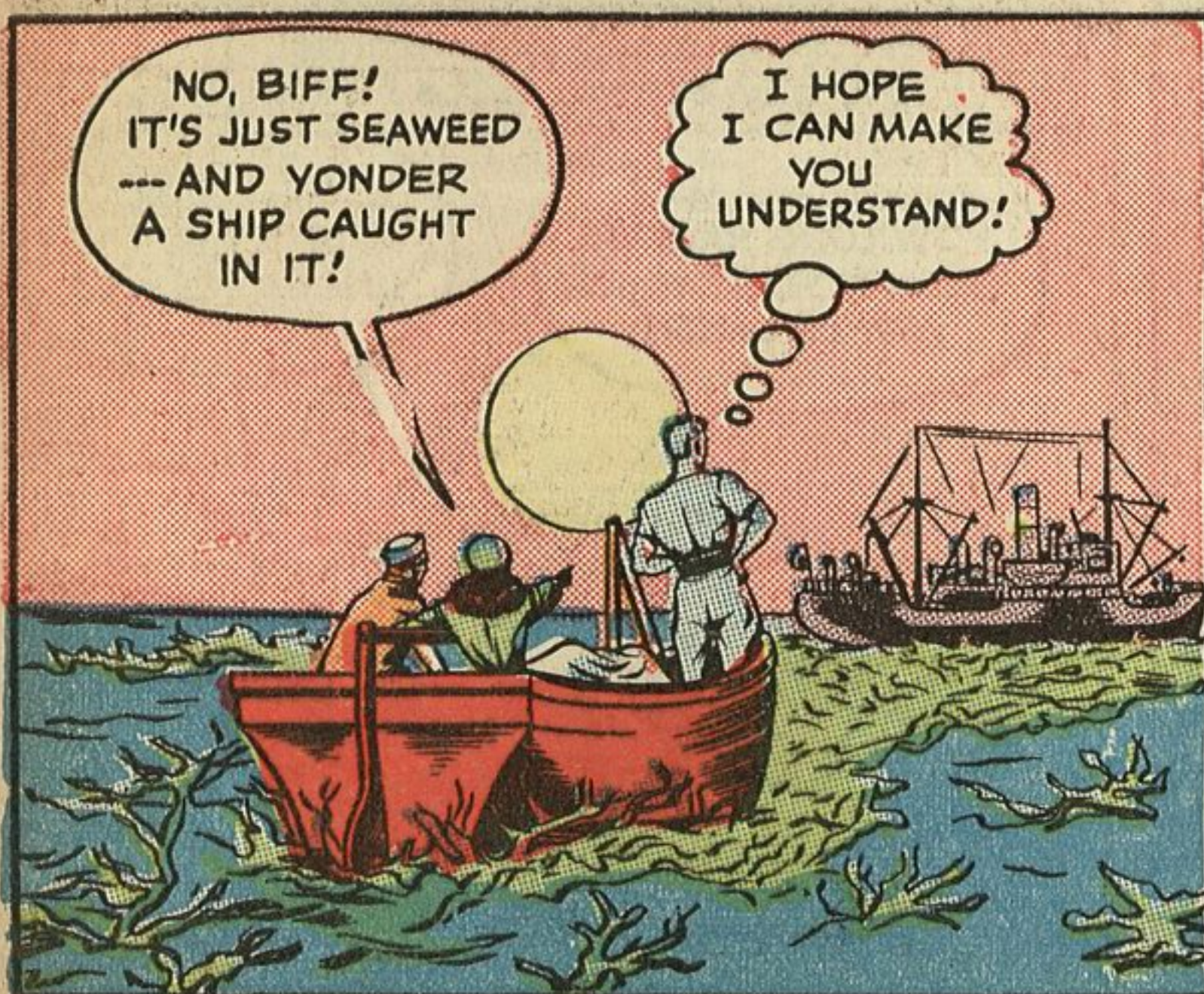
YOU'RE
WRONG!
THAT'S SEAWEEED
-- IN BIG
GOBS!

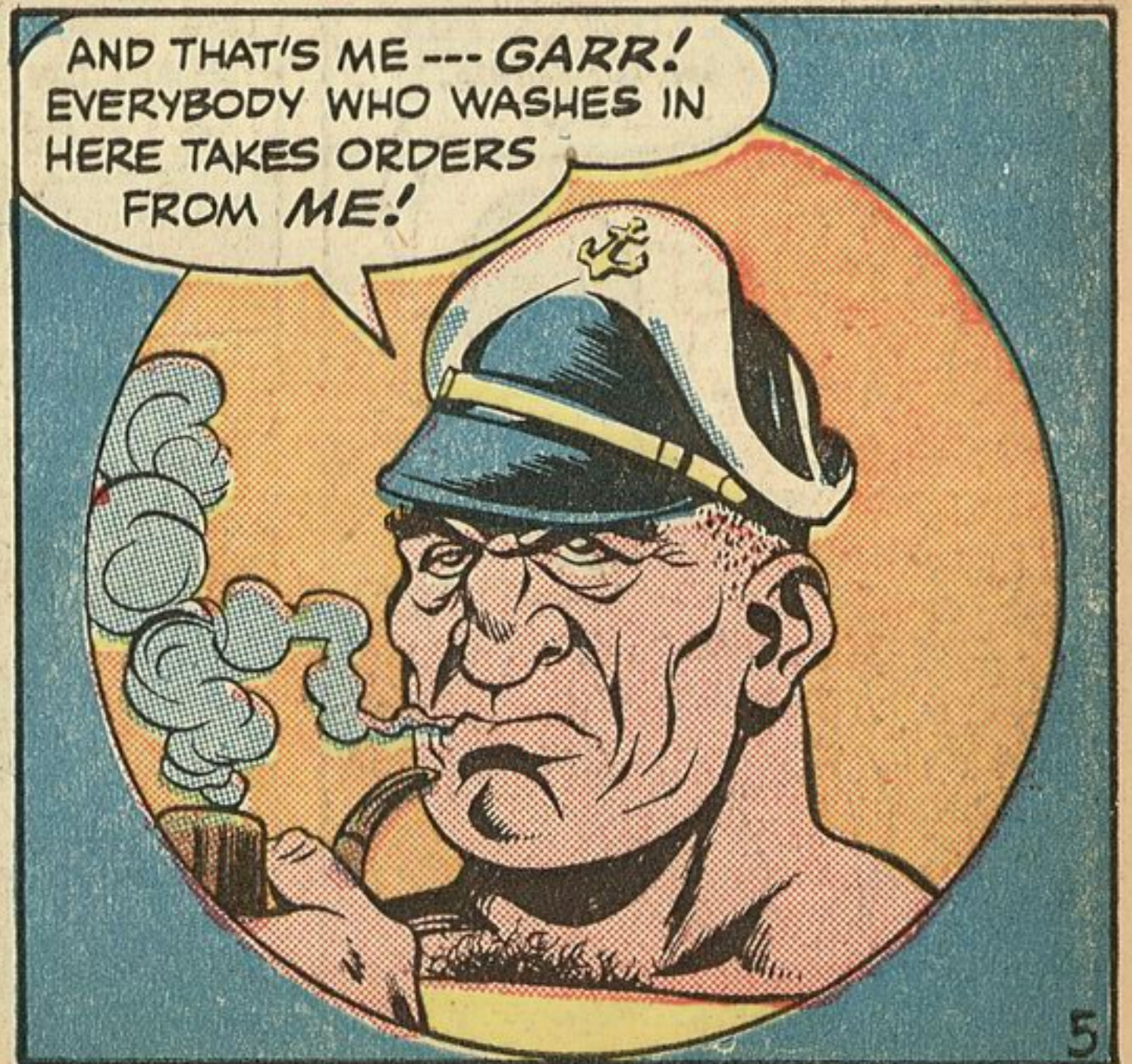
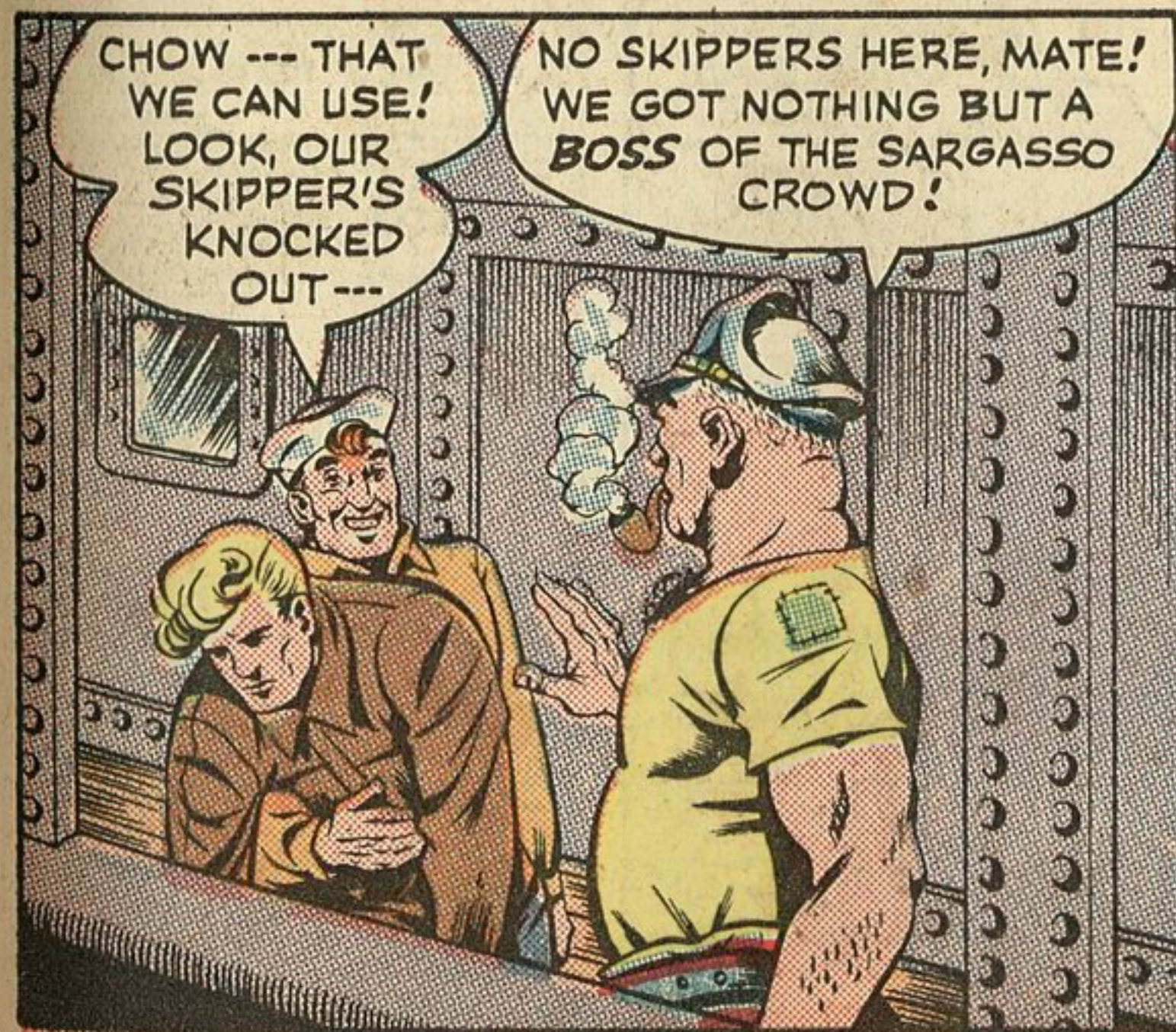
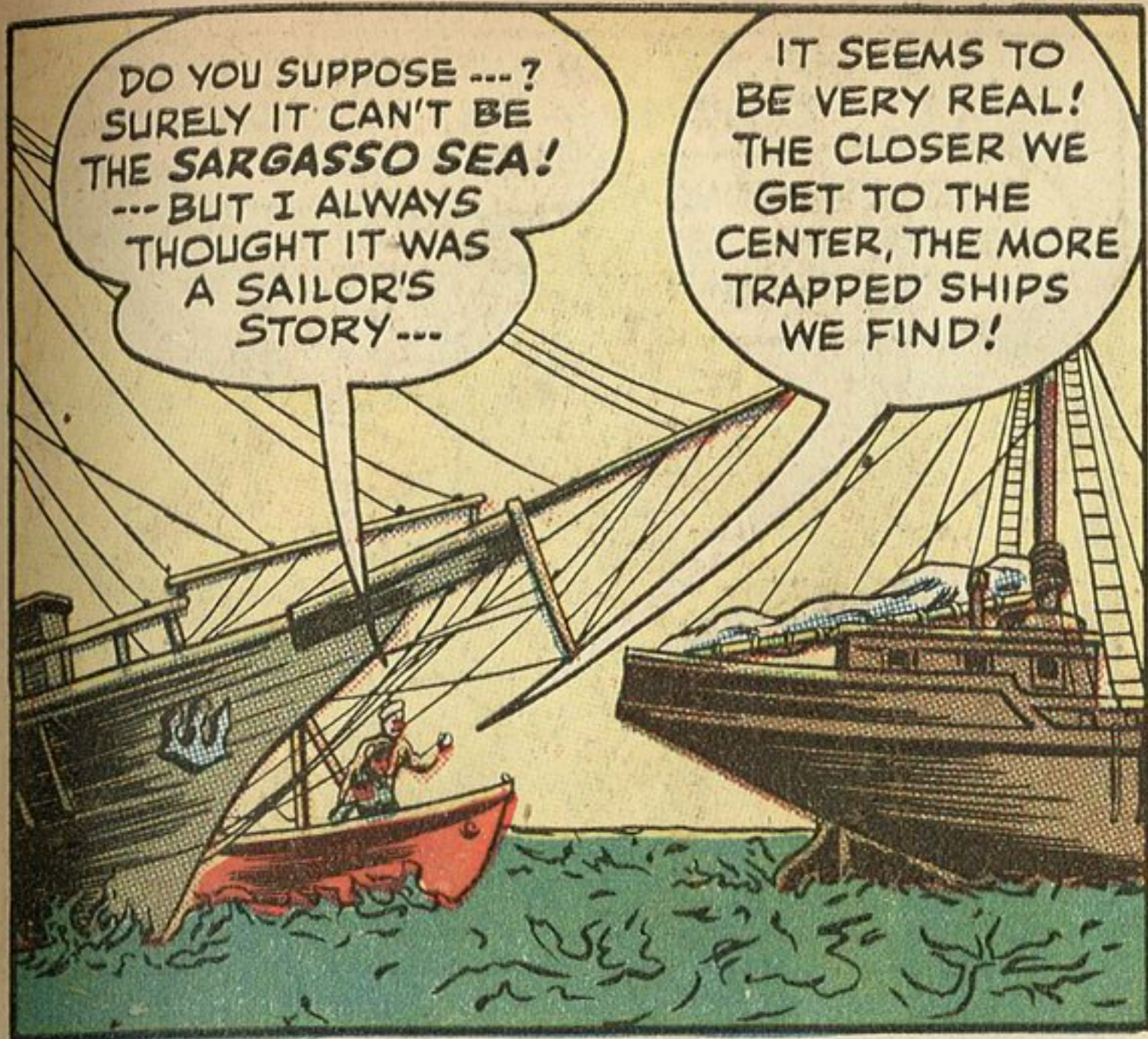


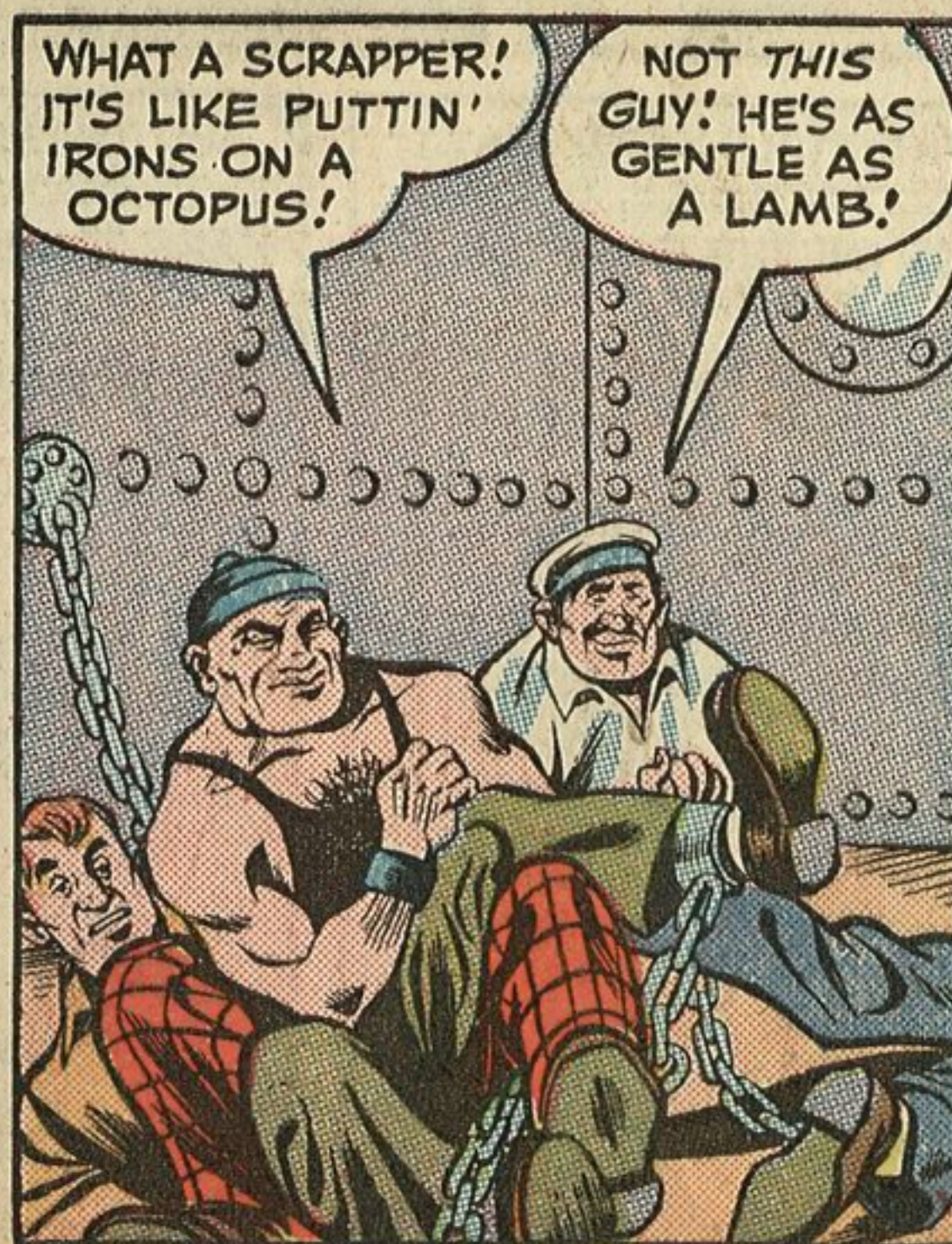
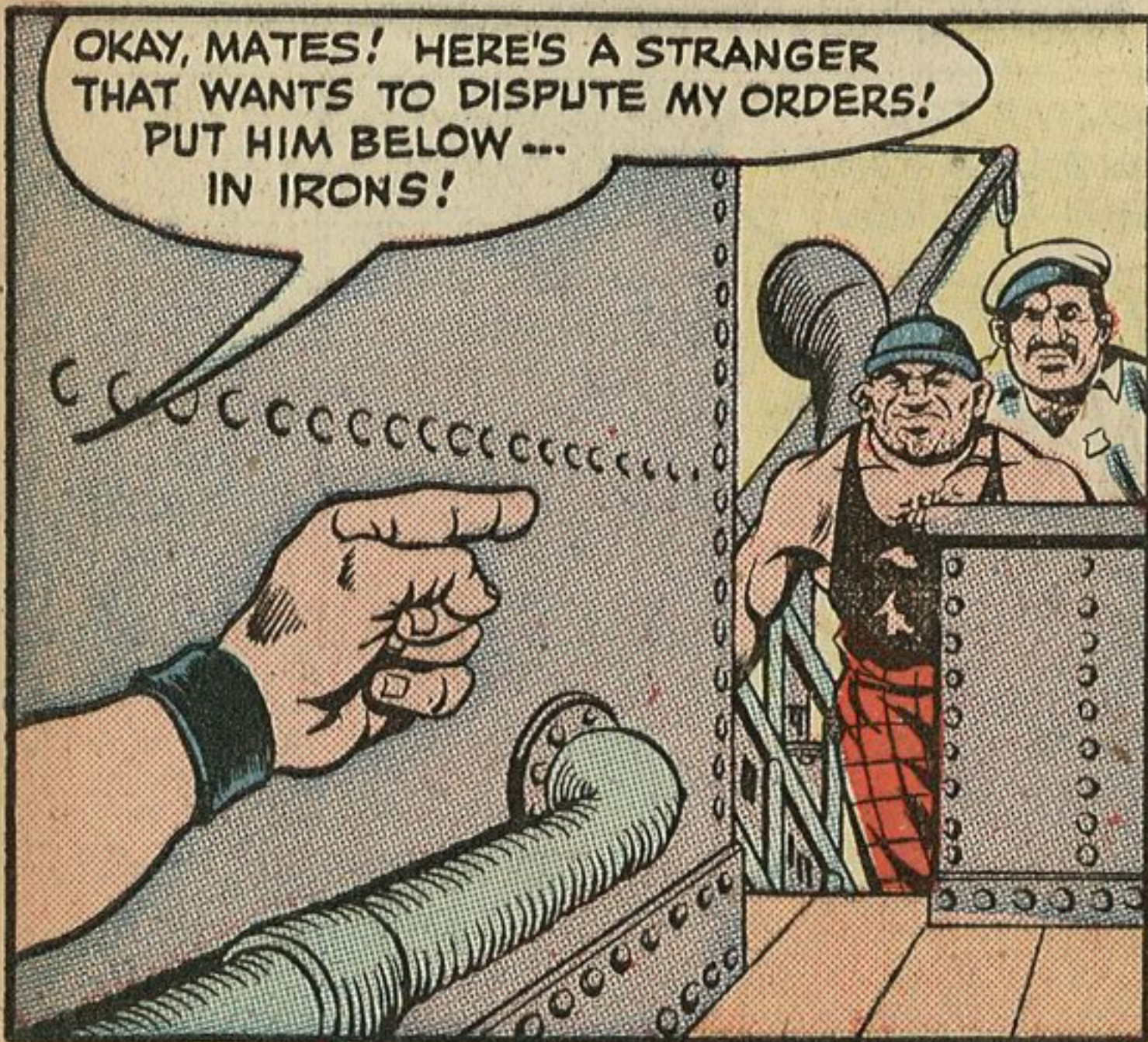
NO, BIFF!
IT'S JUST SEAWEEED
--- AND YONDER
A SHIP CAUGHT
IN IT!

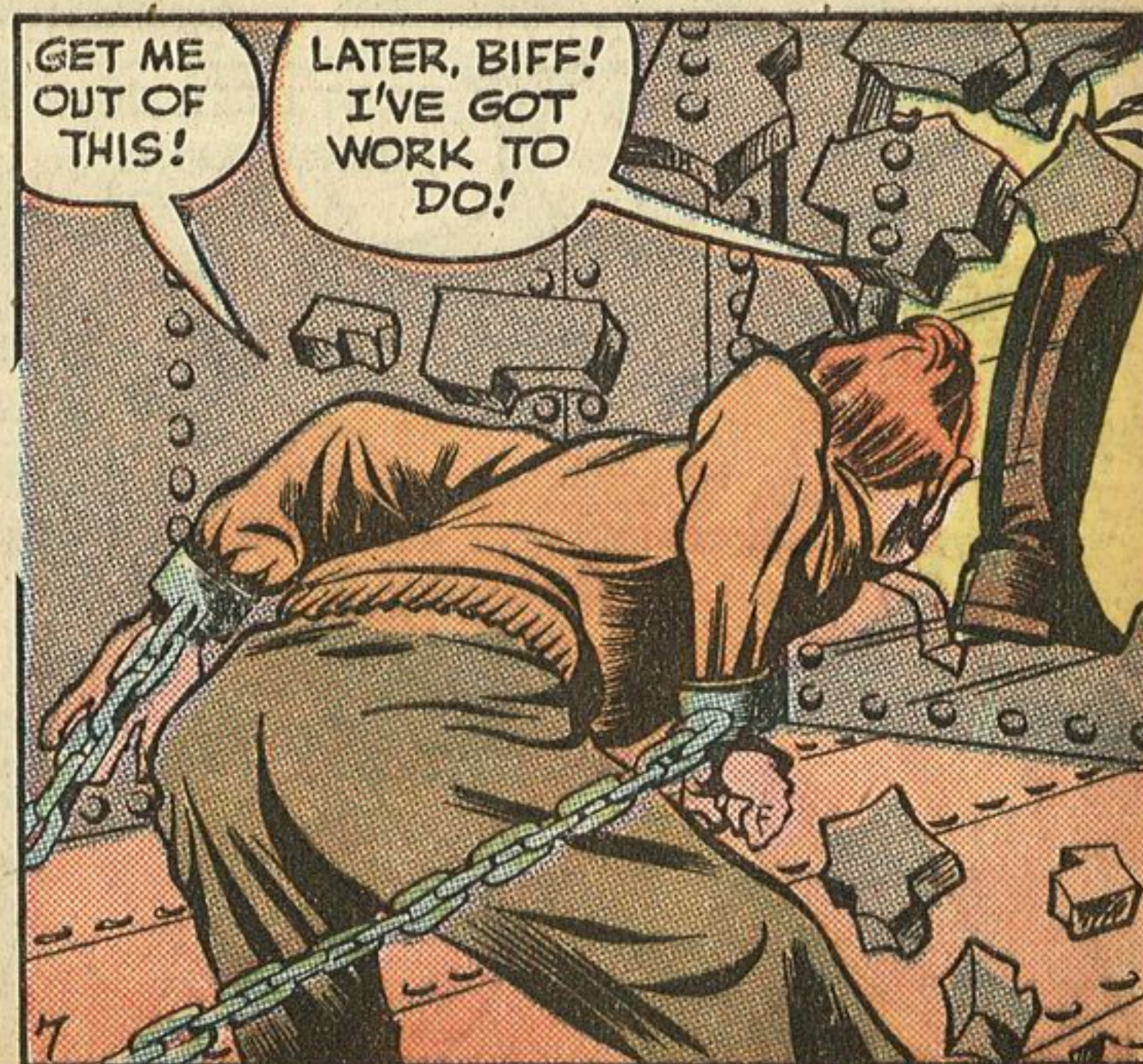
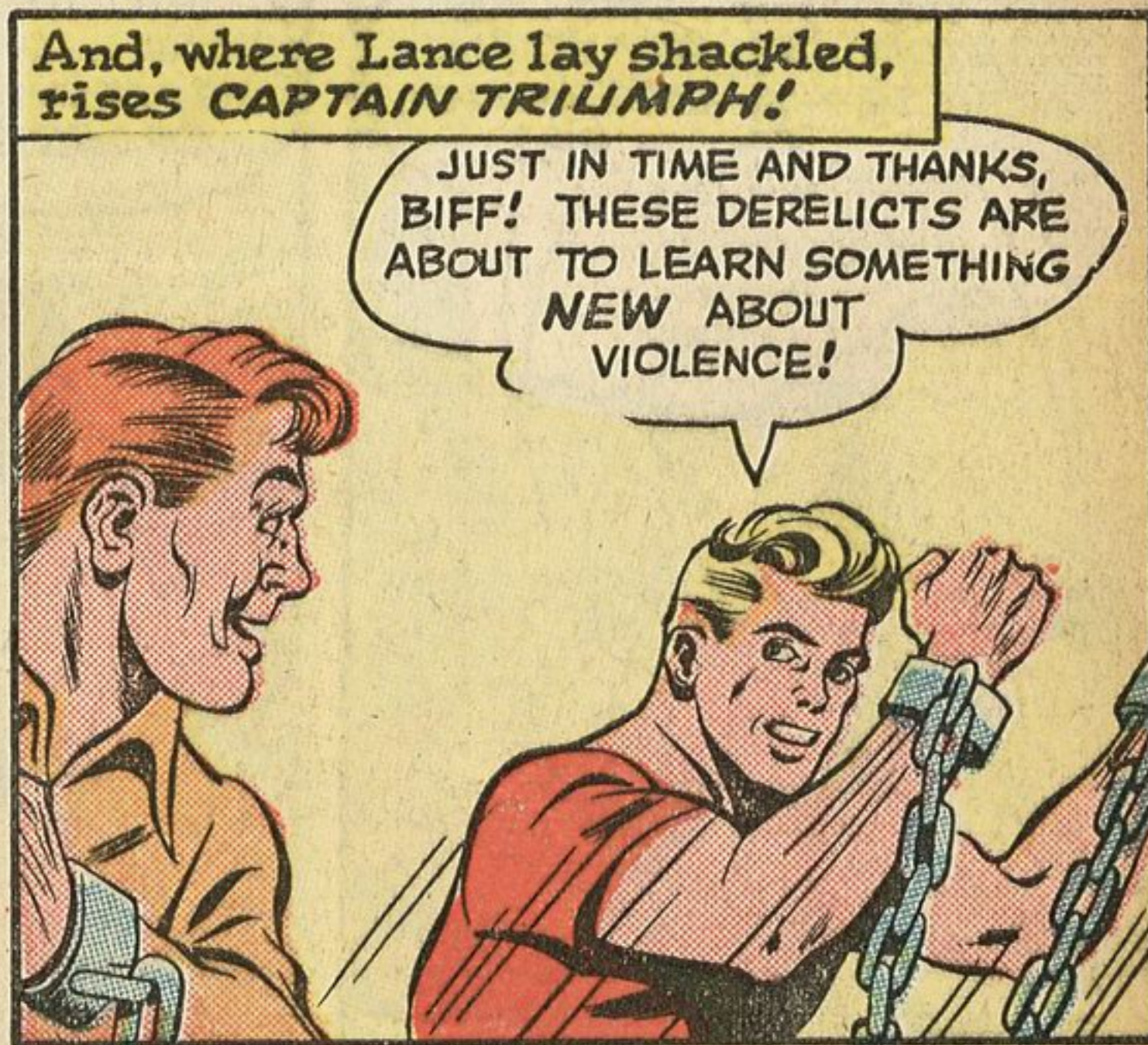
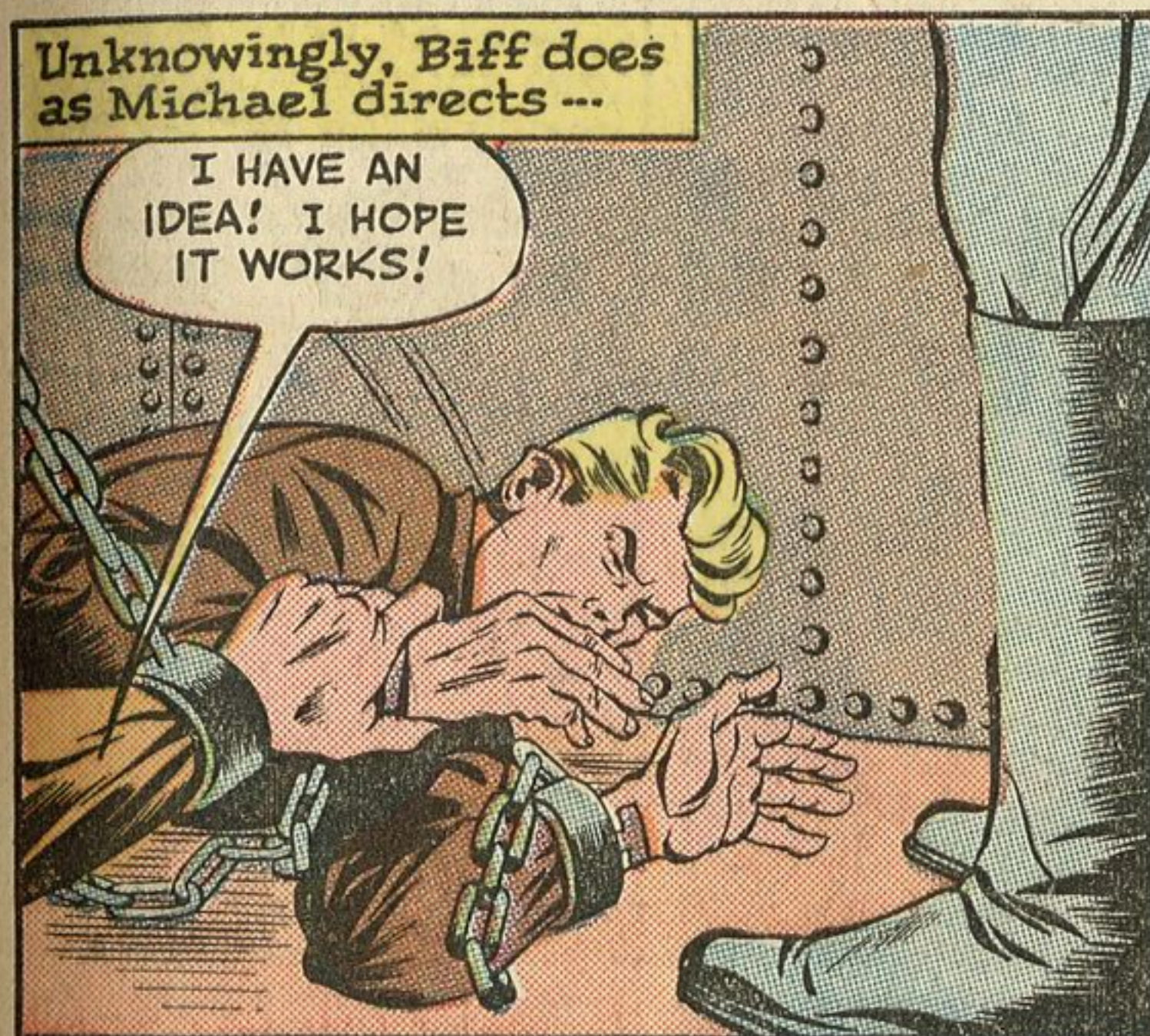
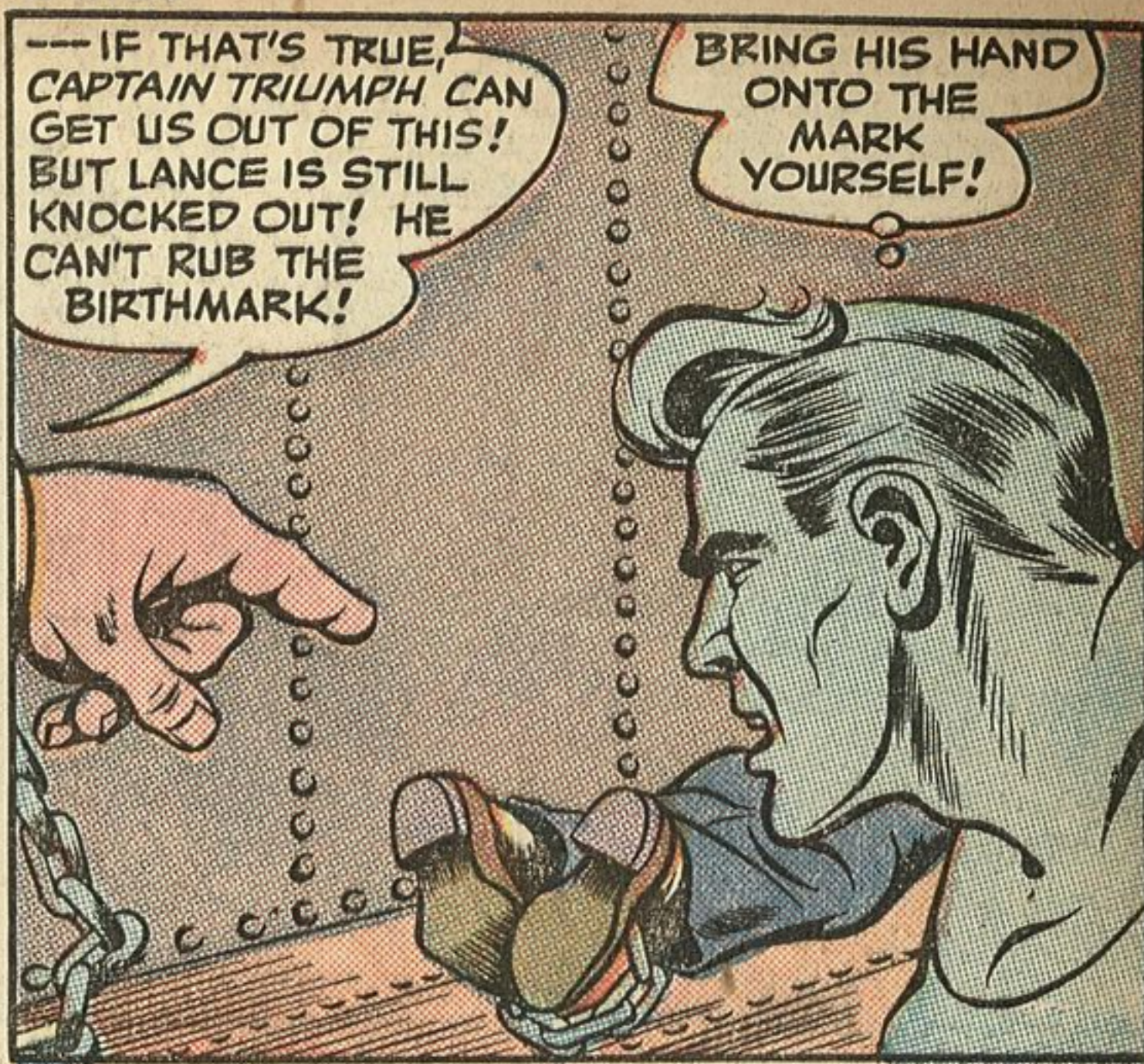
I HOPE
I CAN MAKE
YOU
UNDERSTAND!

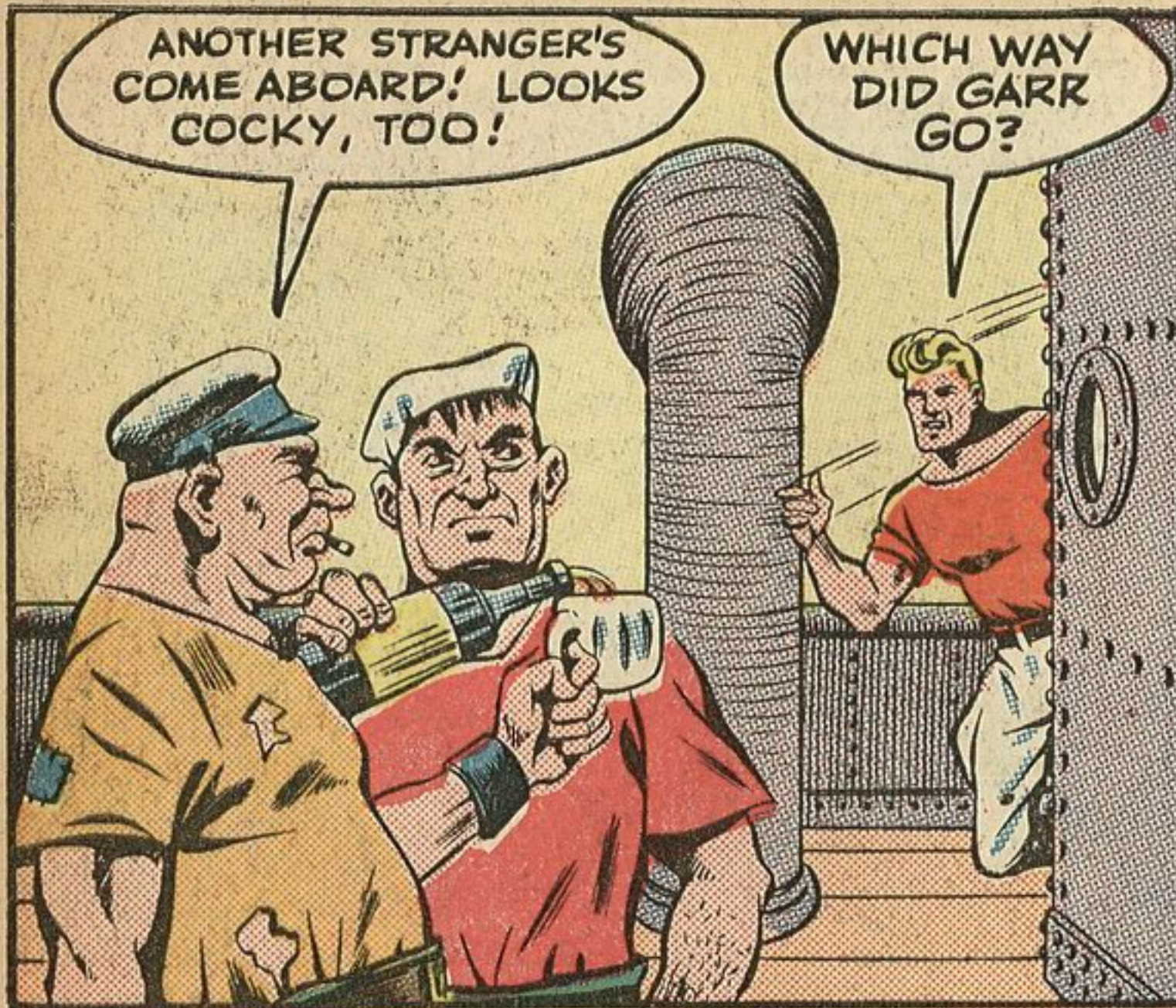
THIS IS THE **SARGASSO SEA** --- WHERE A
CURRENT CARRIES SHIPS INTO A MASS OF
CLINGING WEEDS --- AND NO SHIP EVER
COMES OUT! THIS IS DREADFUL! IF
LANCE WOULD ONLY REGAIN
CONSCIOUSNESS, THEY COULD
BE SAVED!

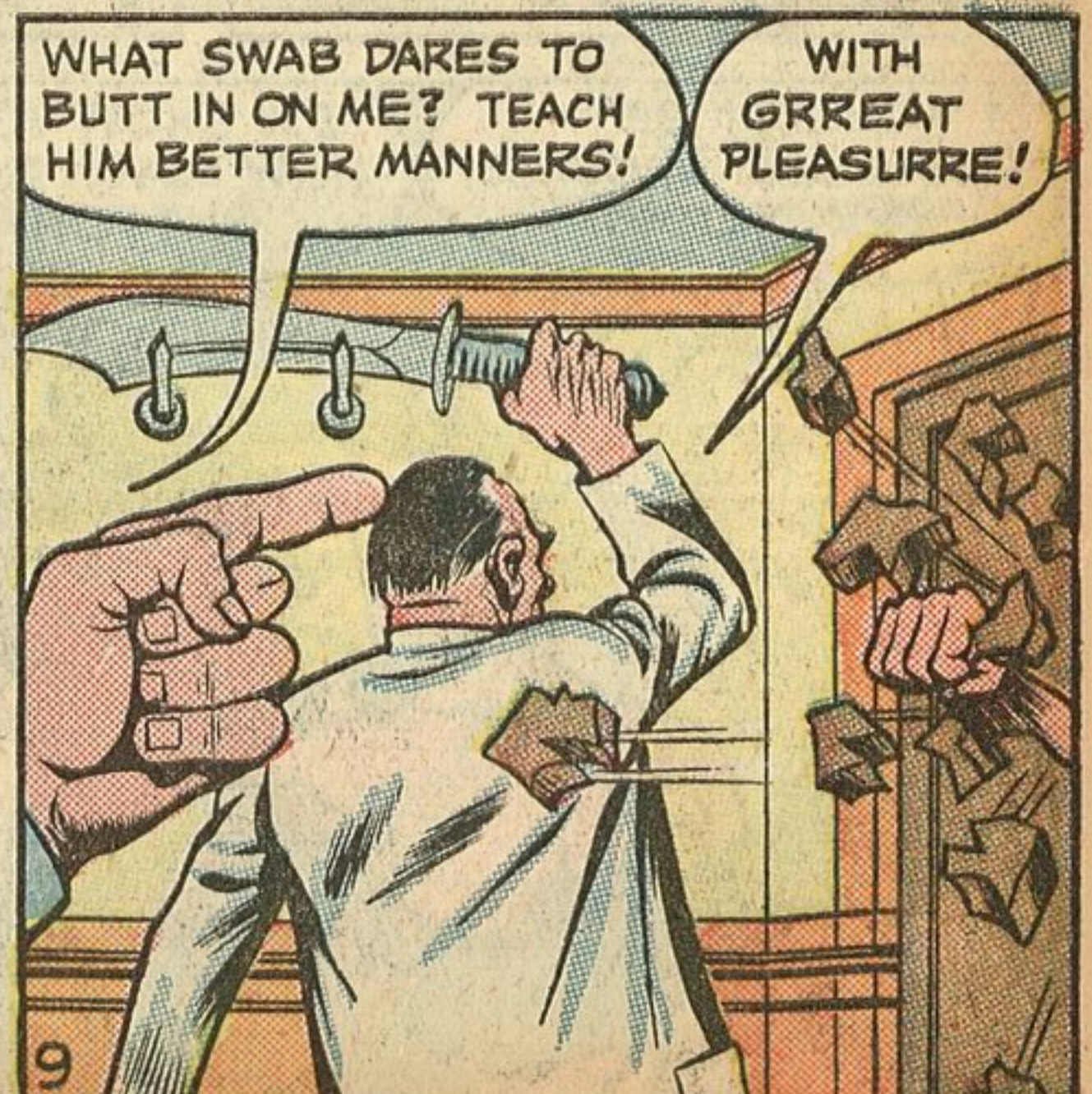
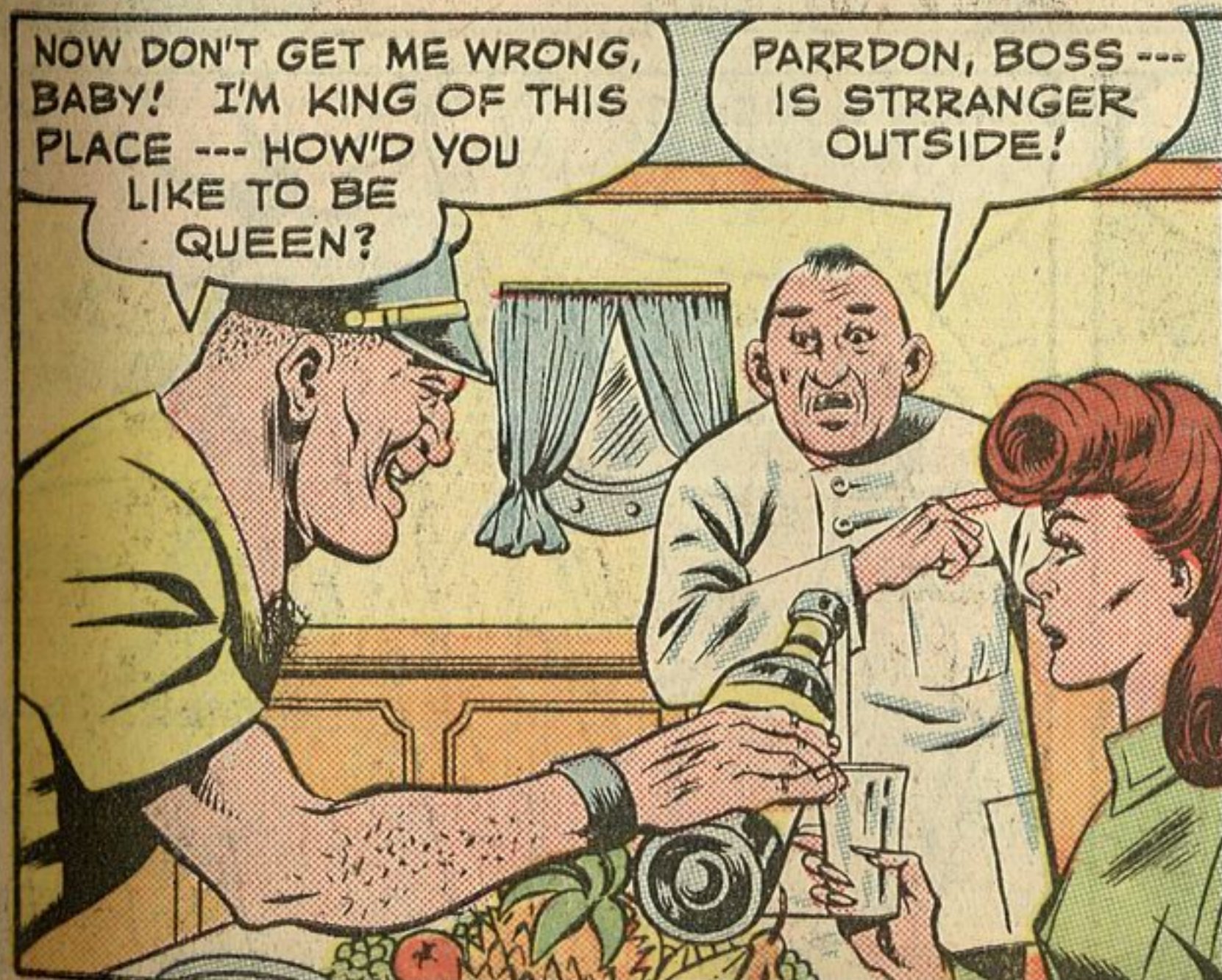
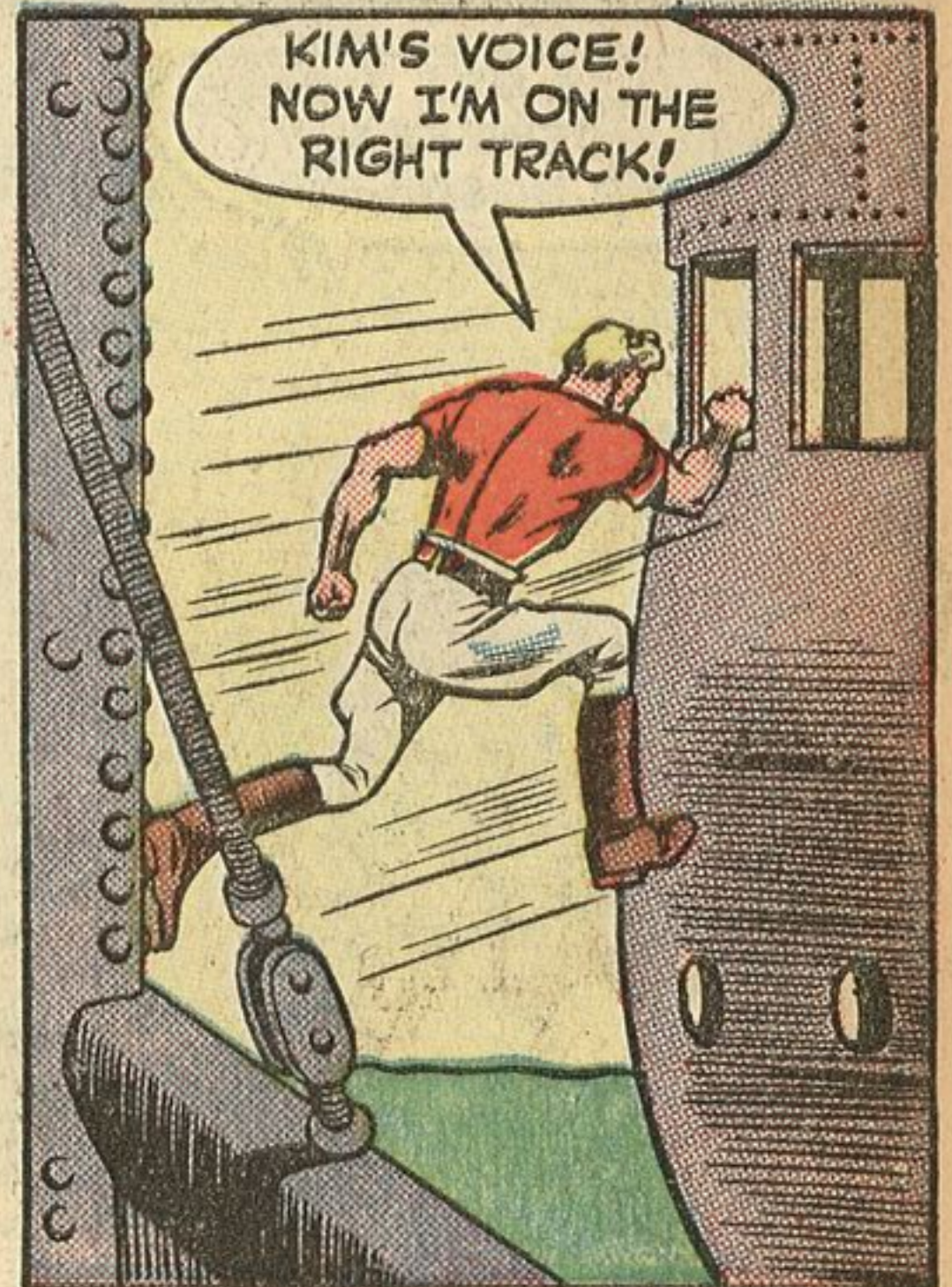
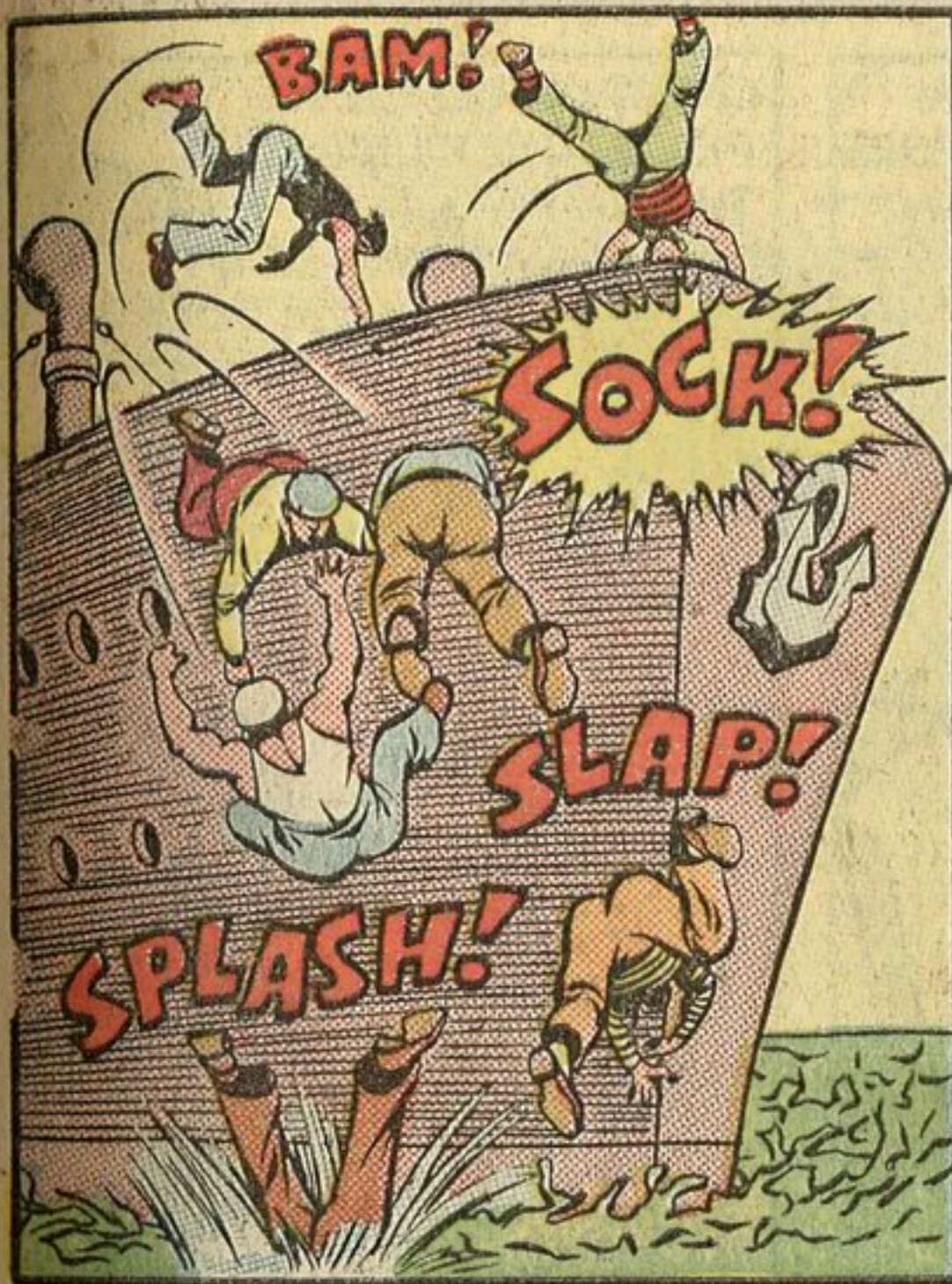
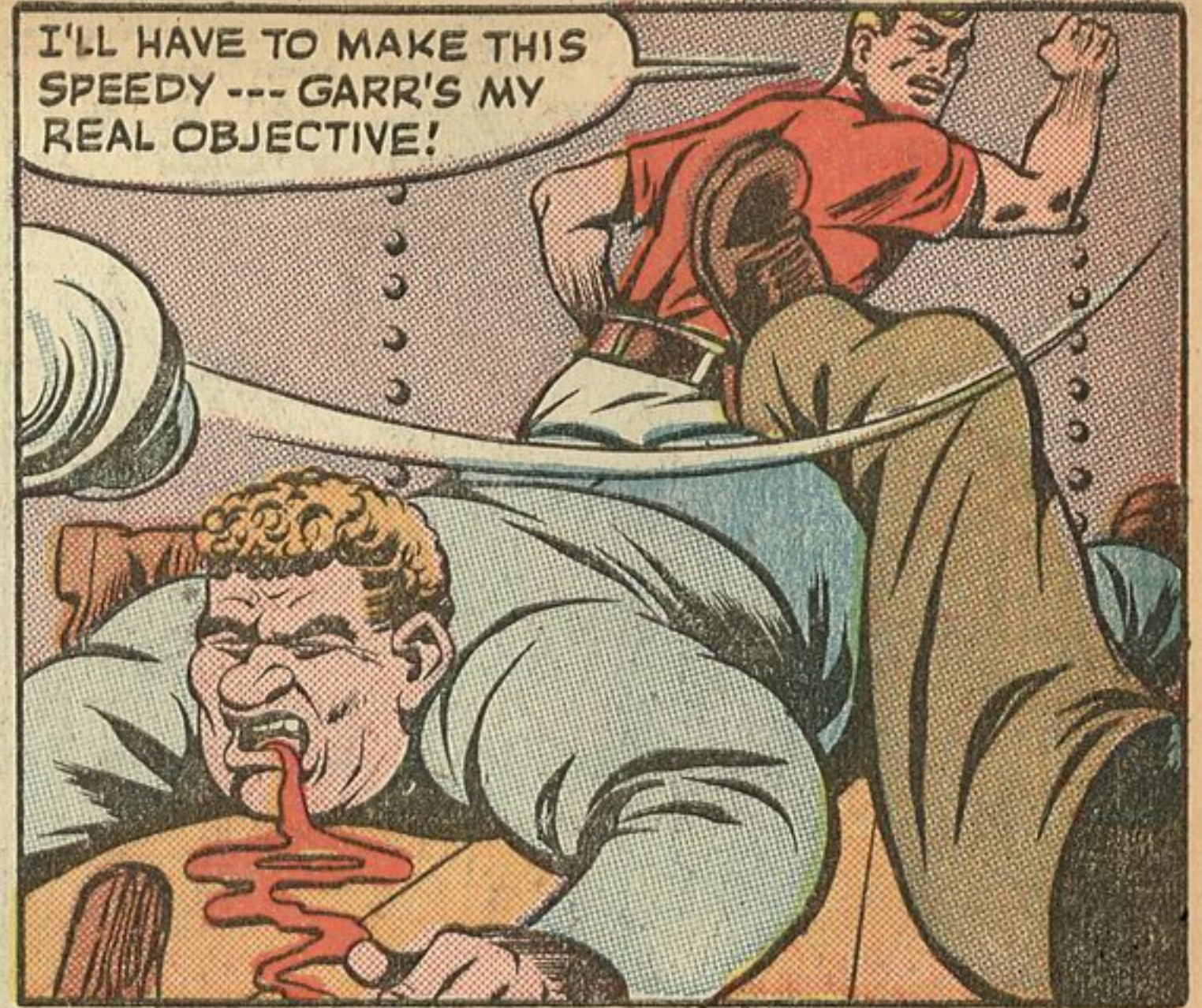


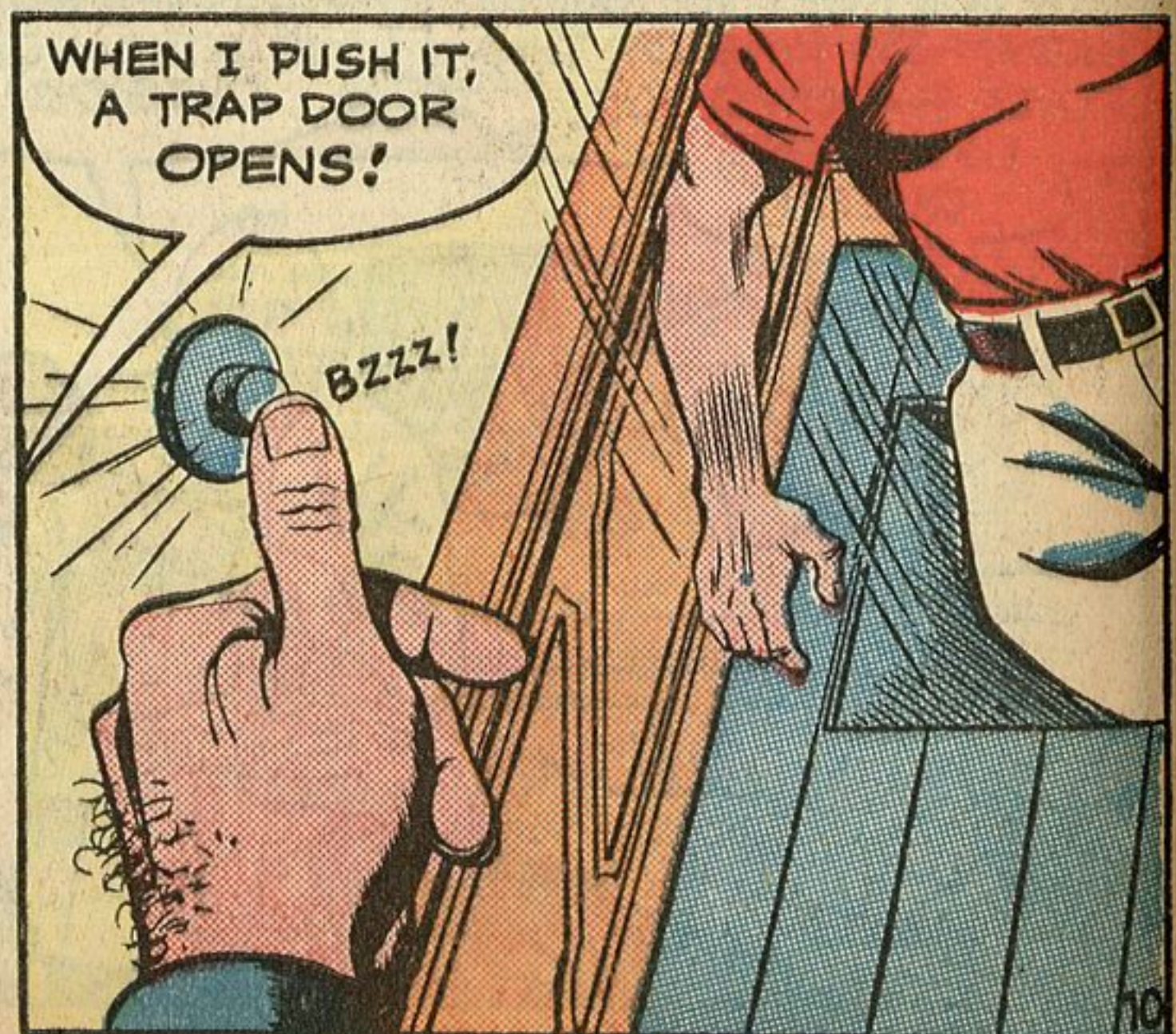
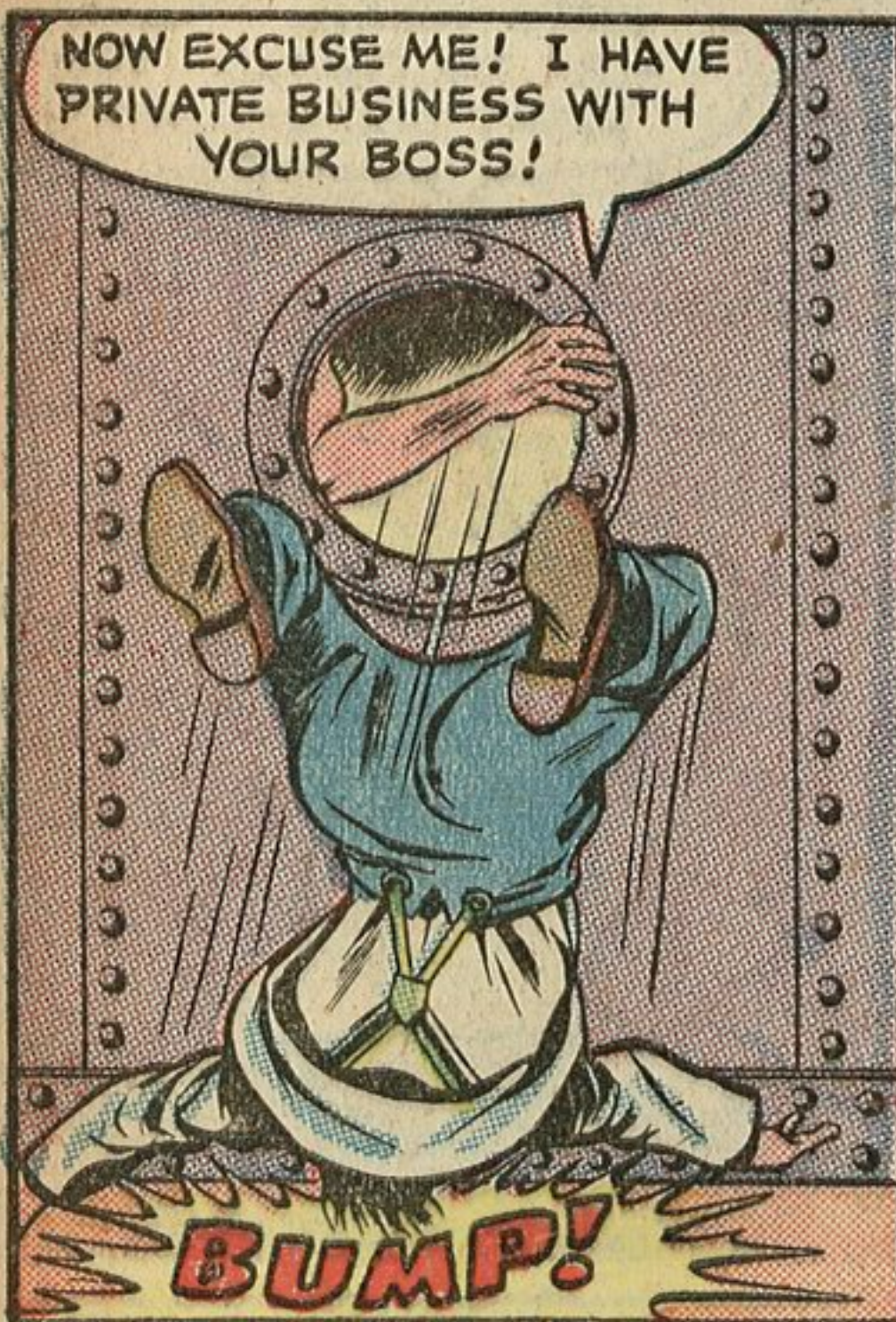
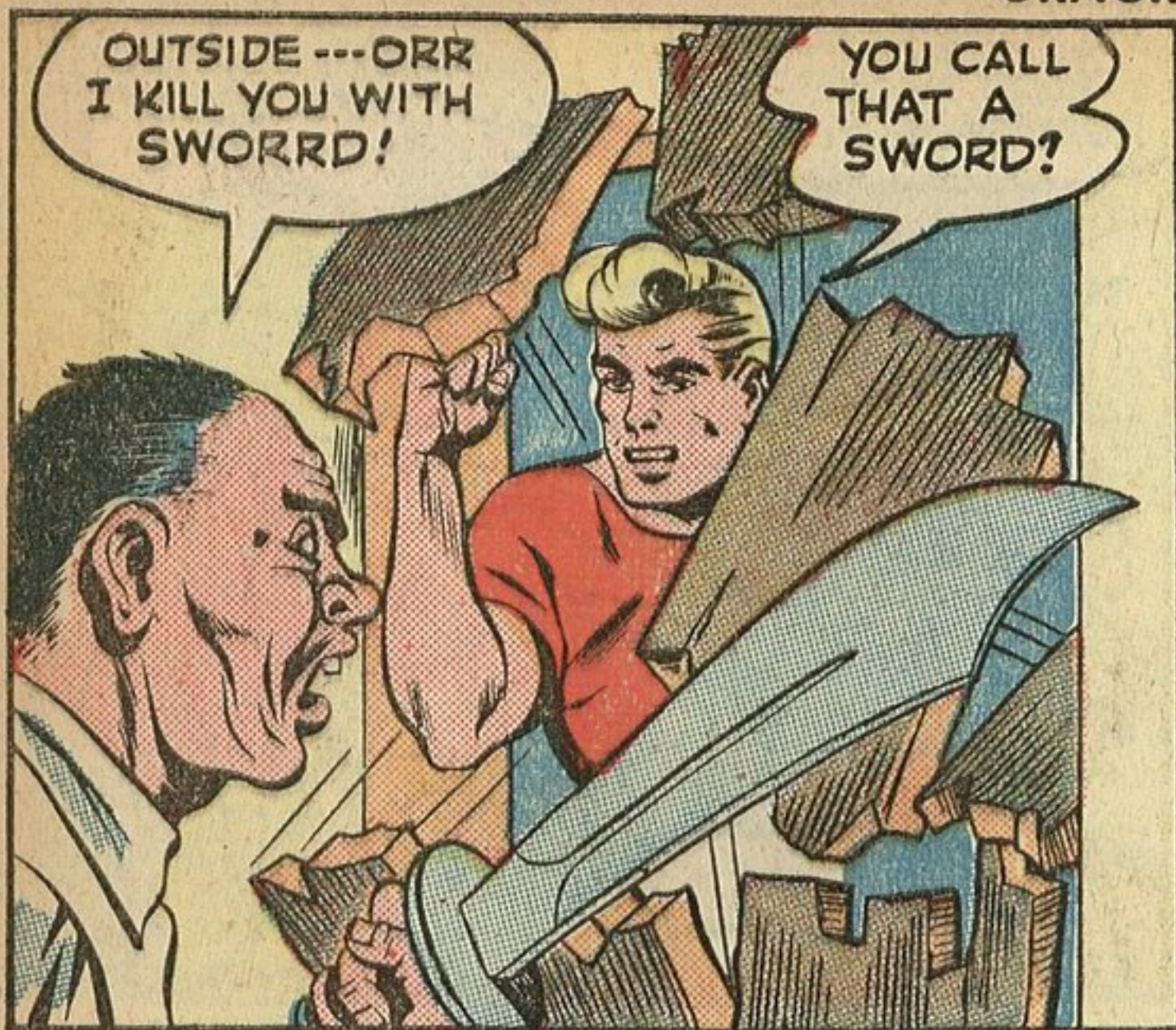


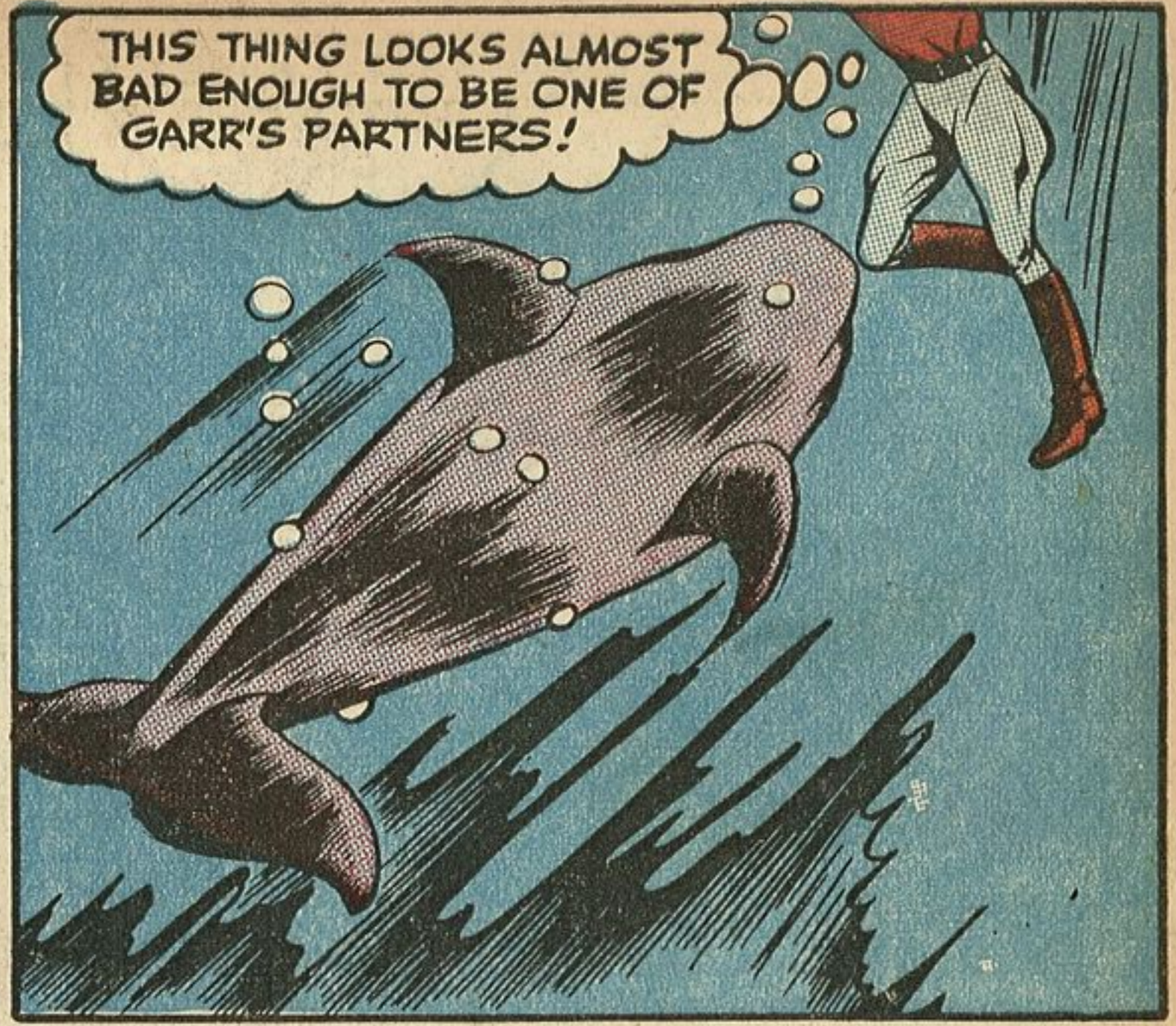


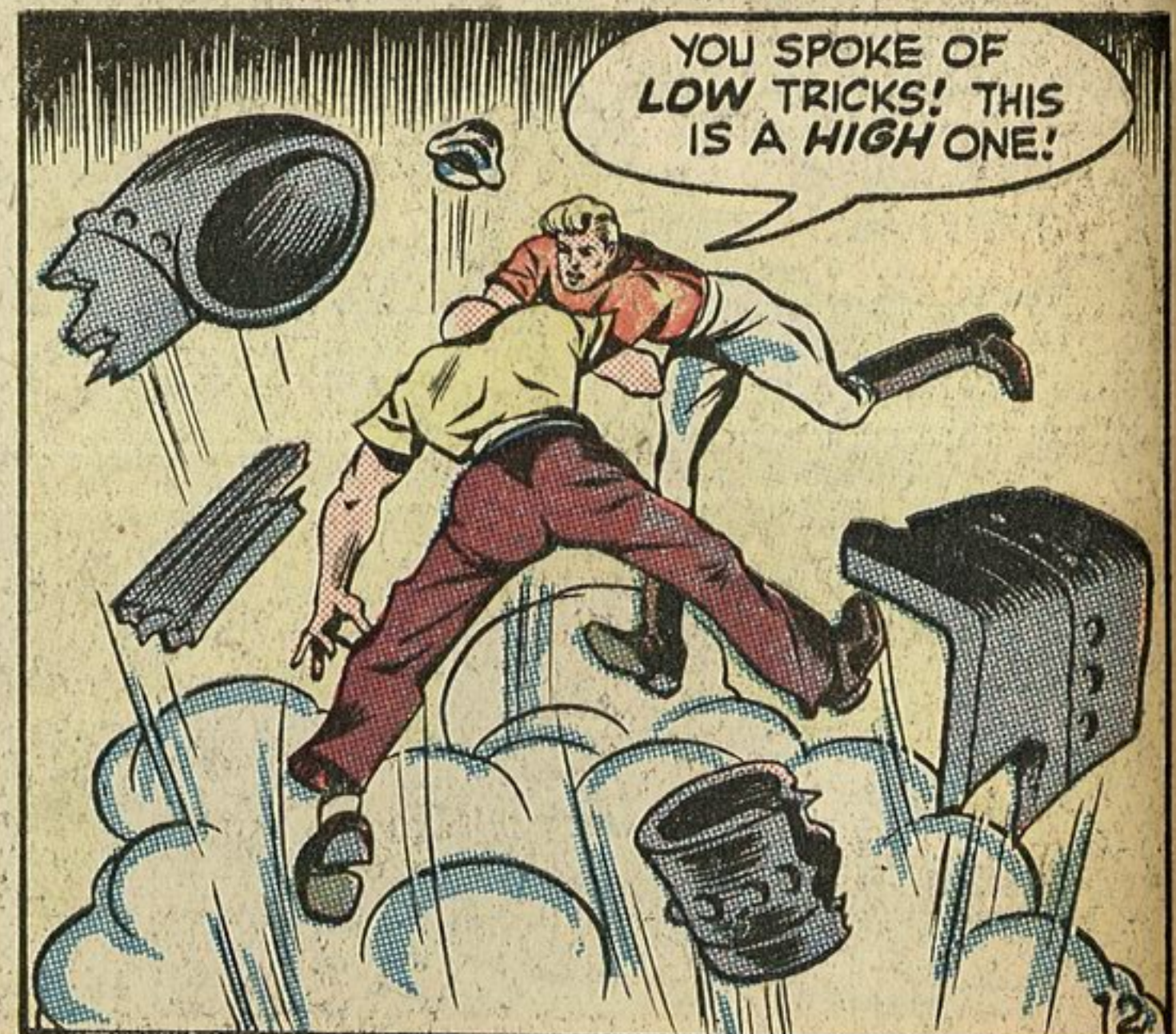
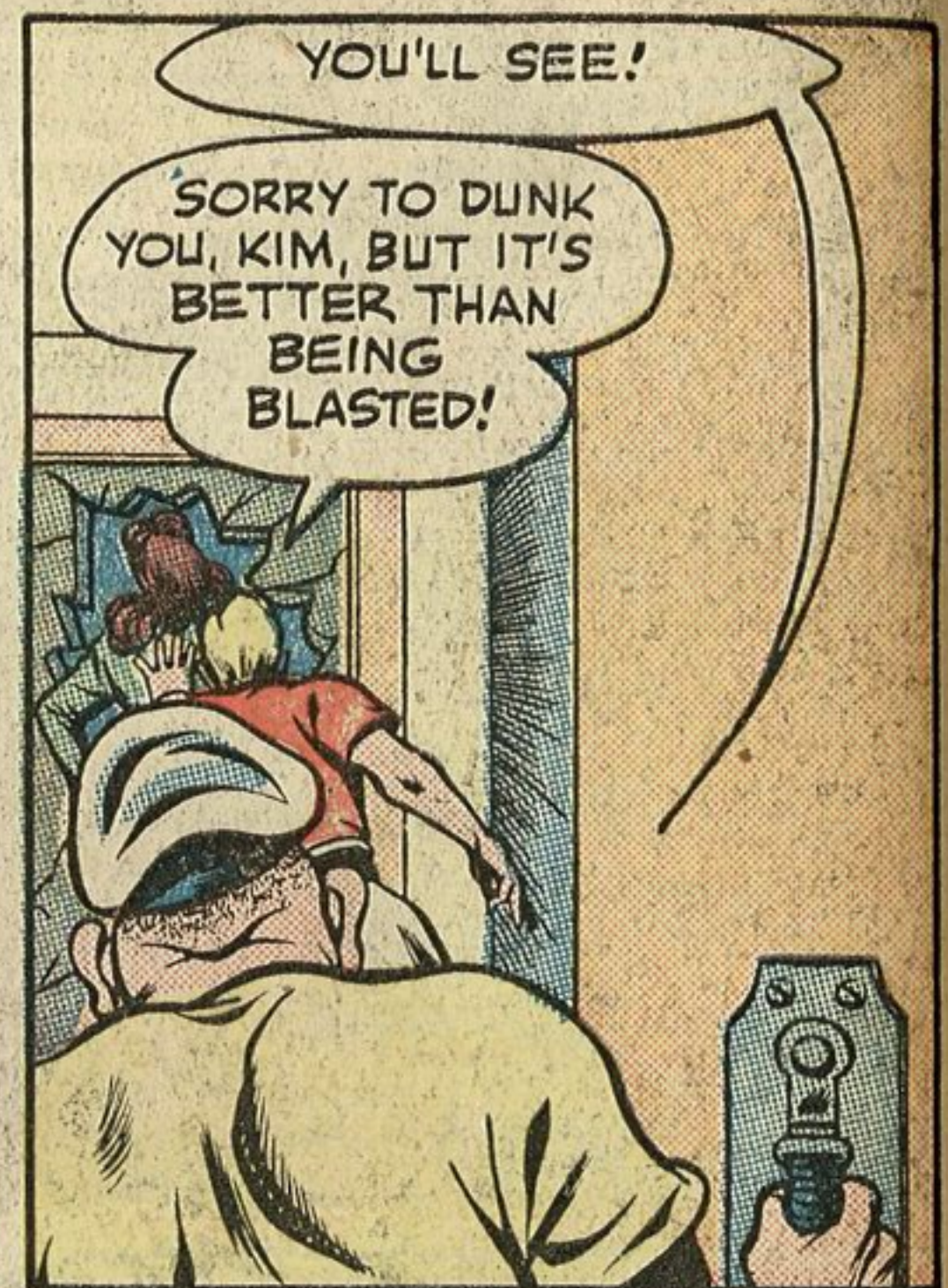
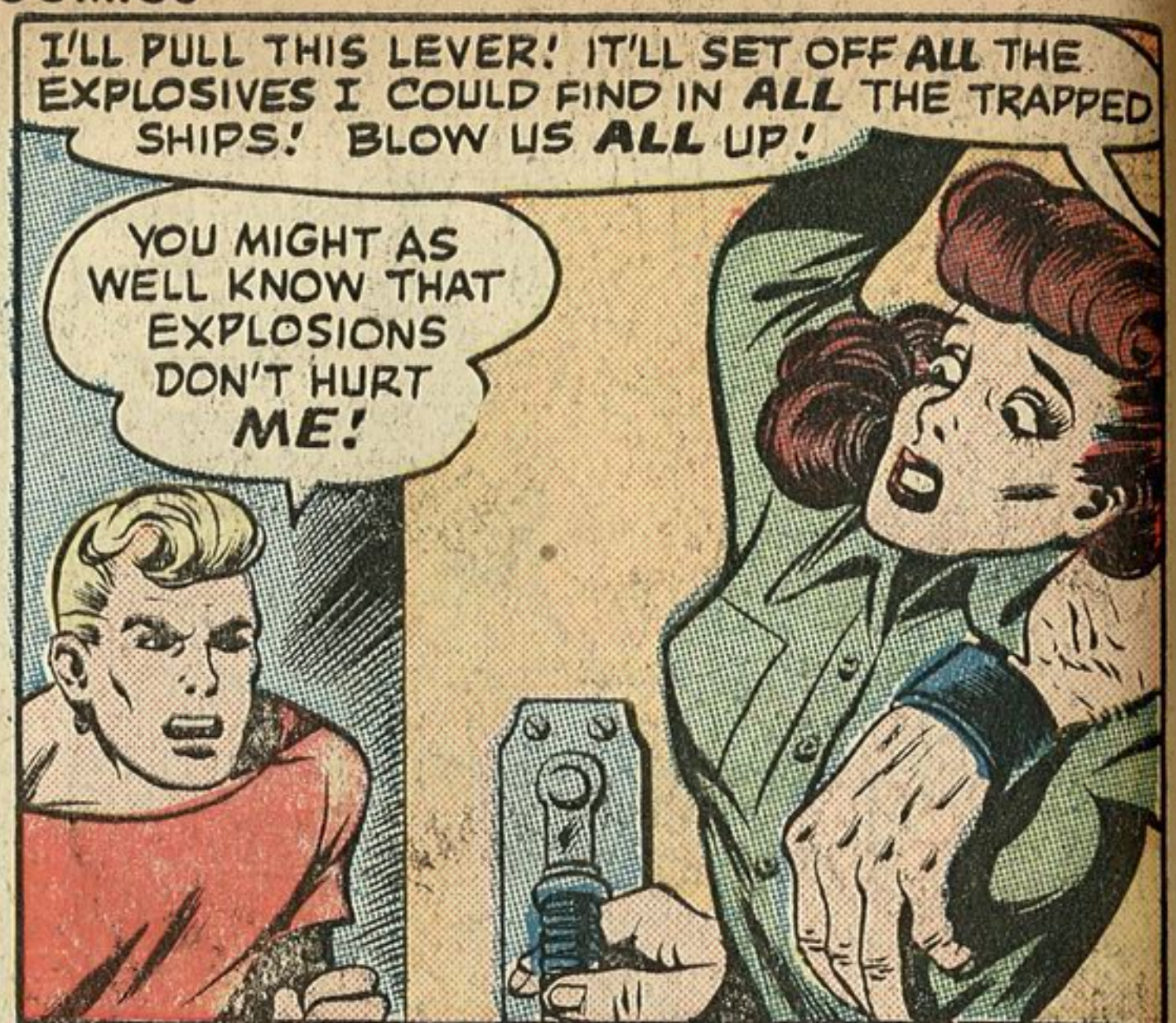
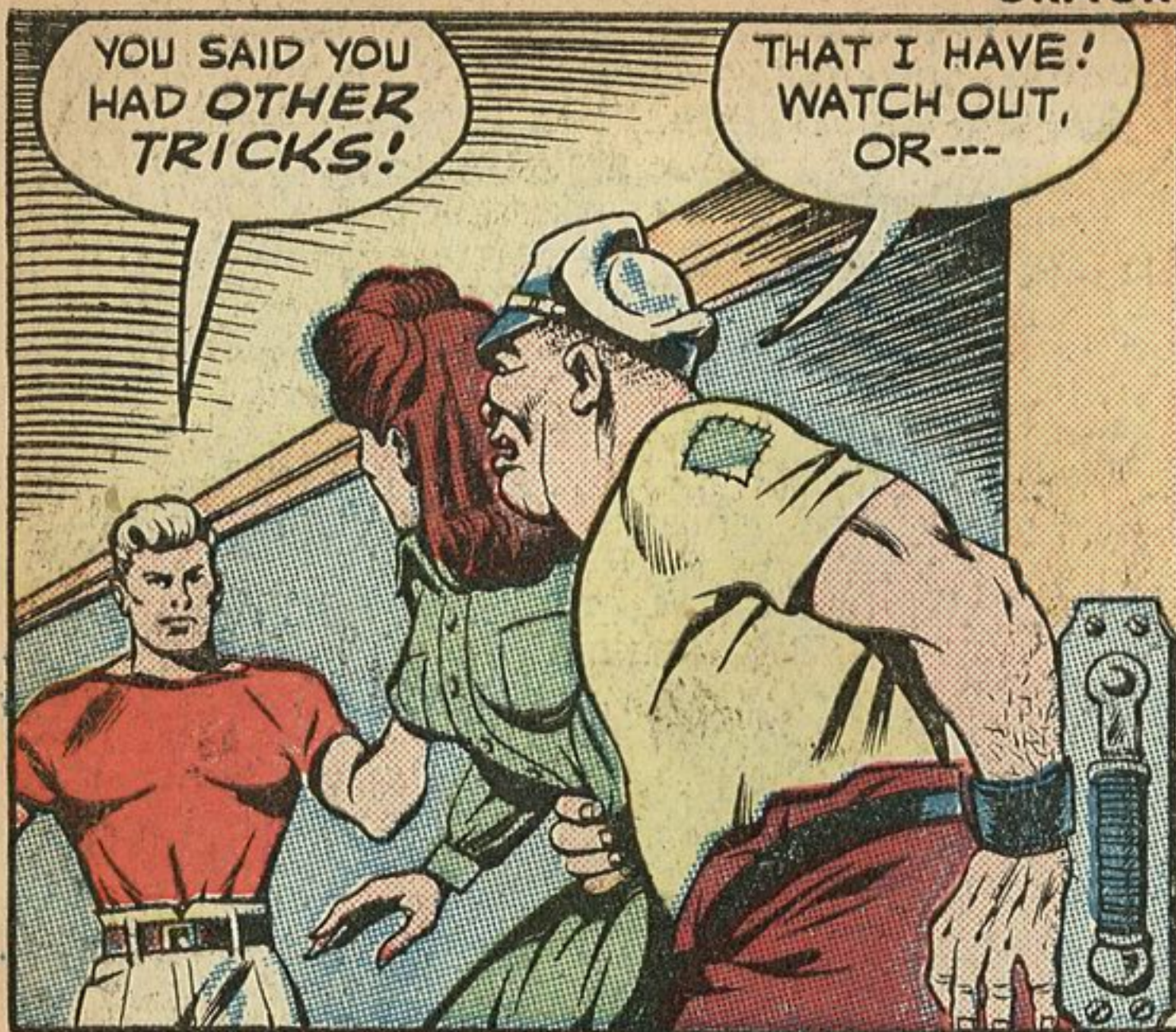


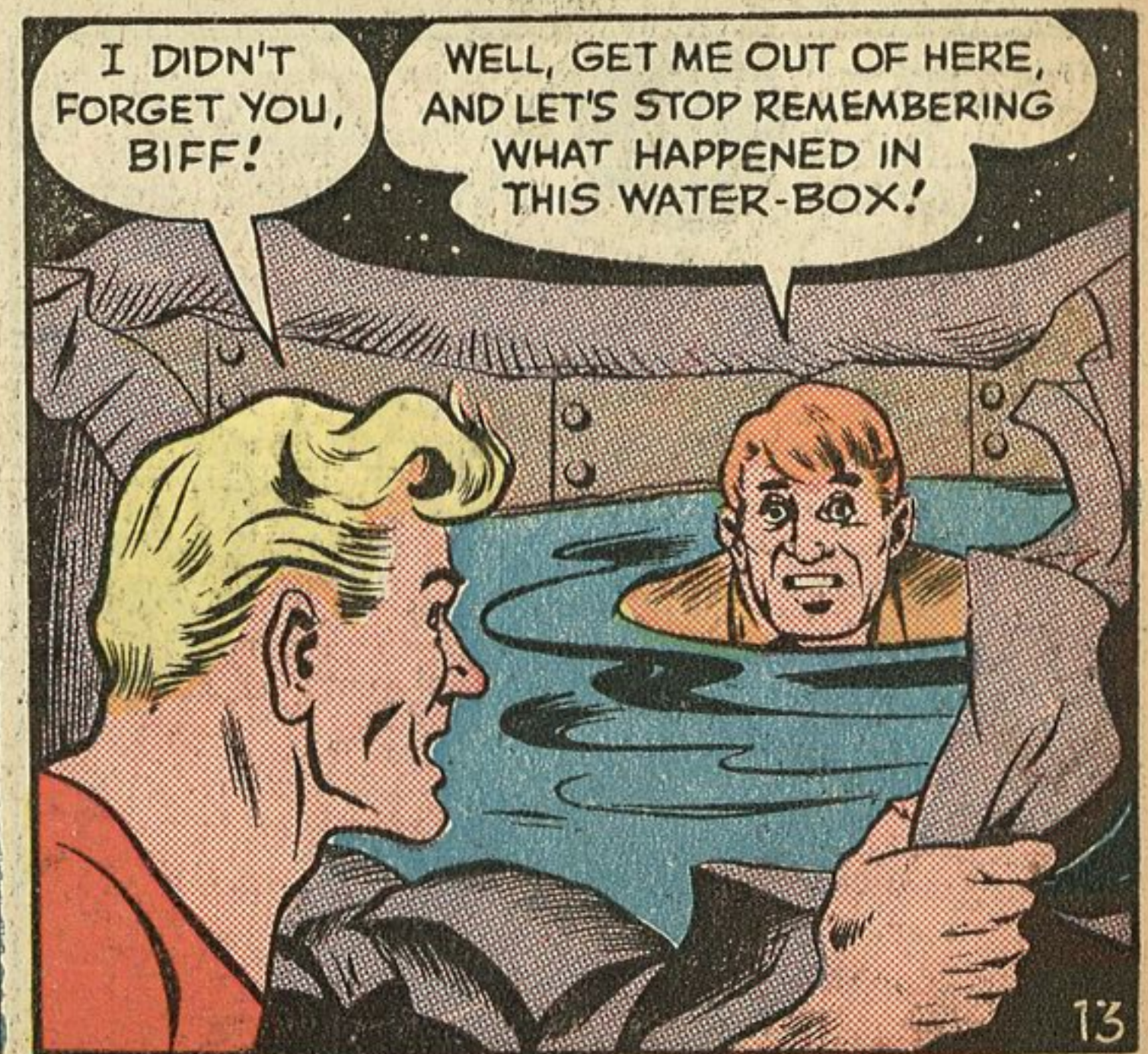
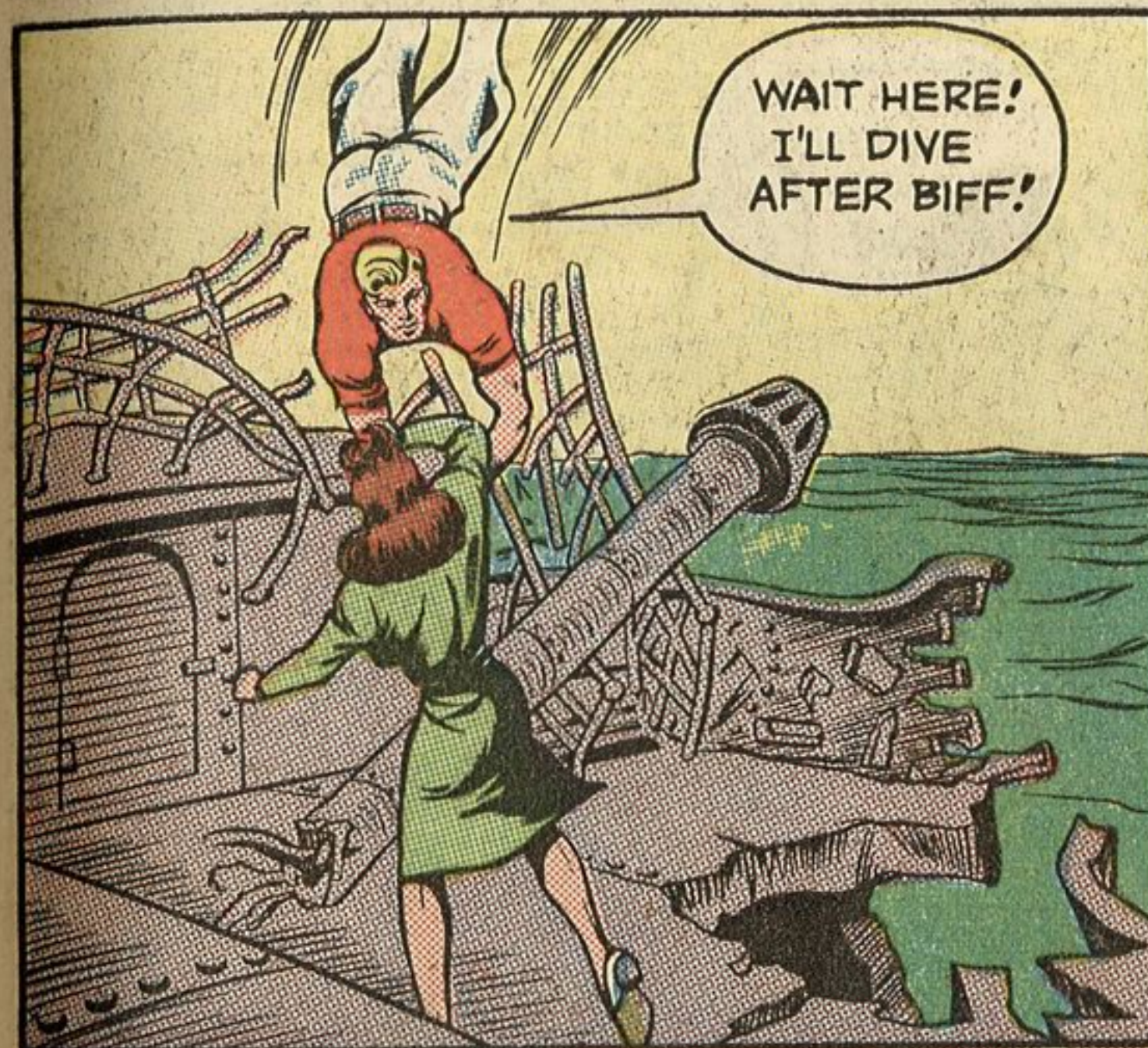


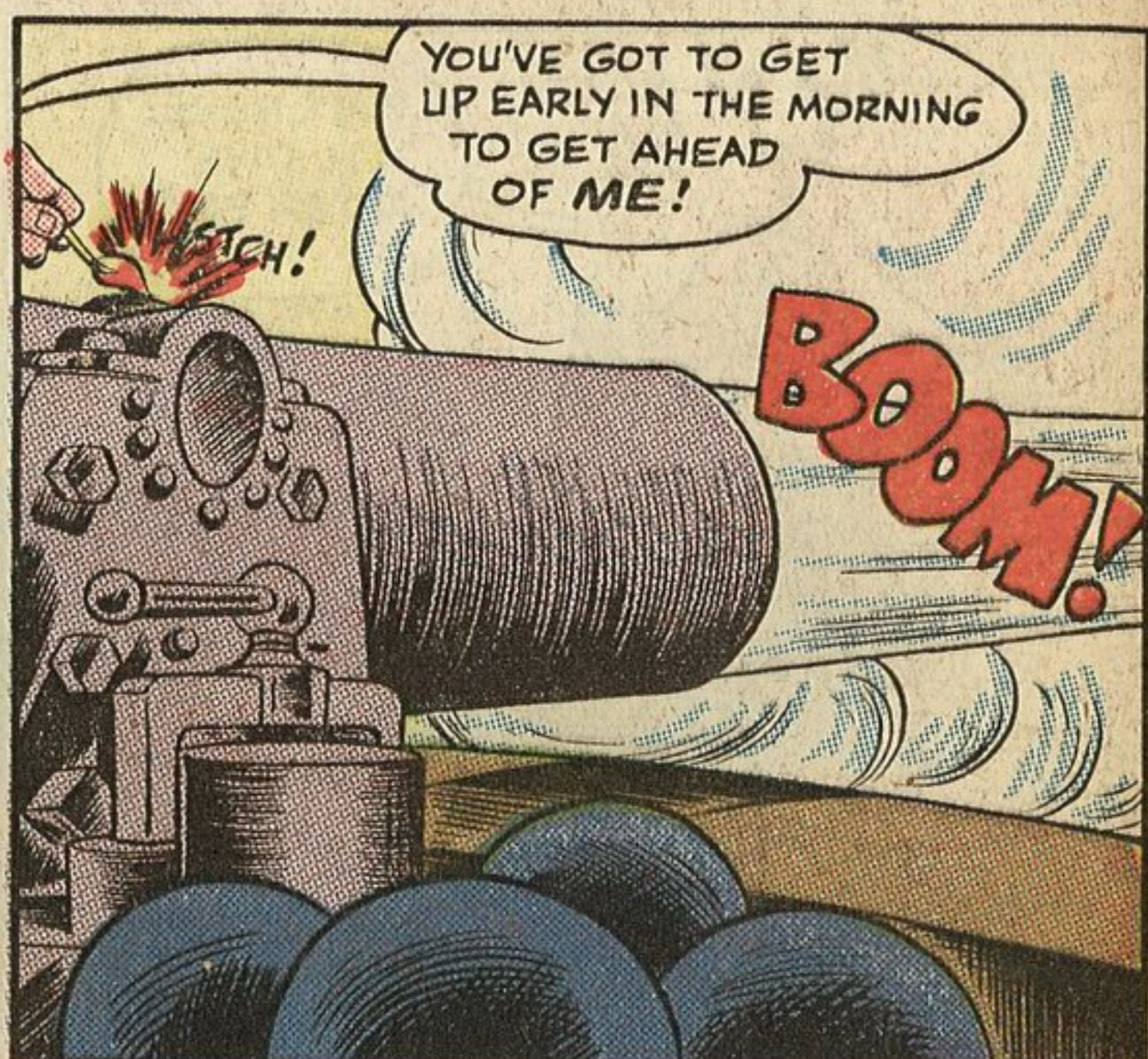
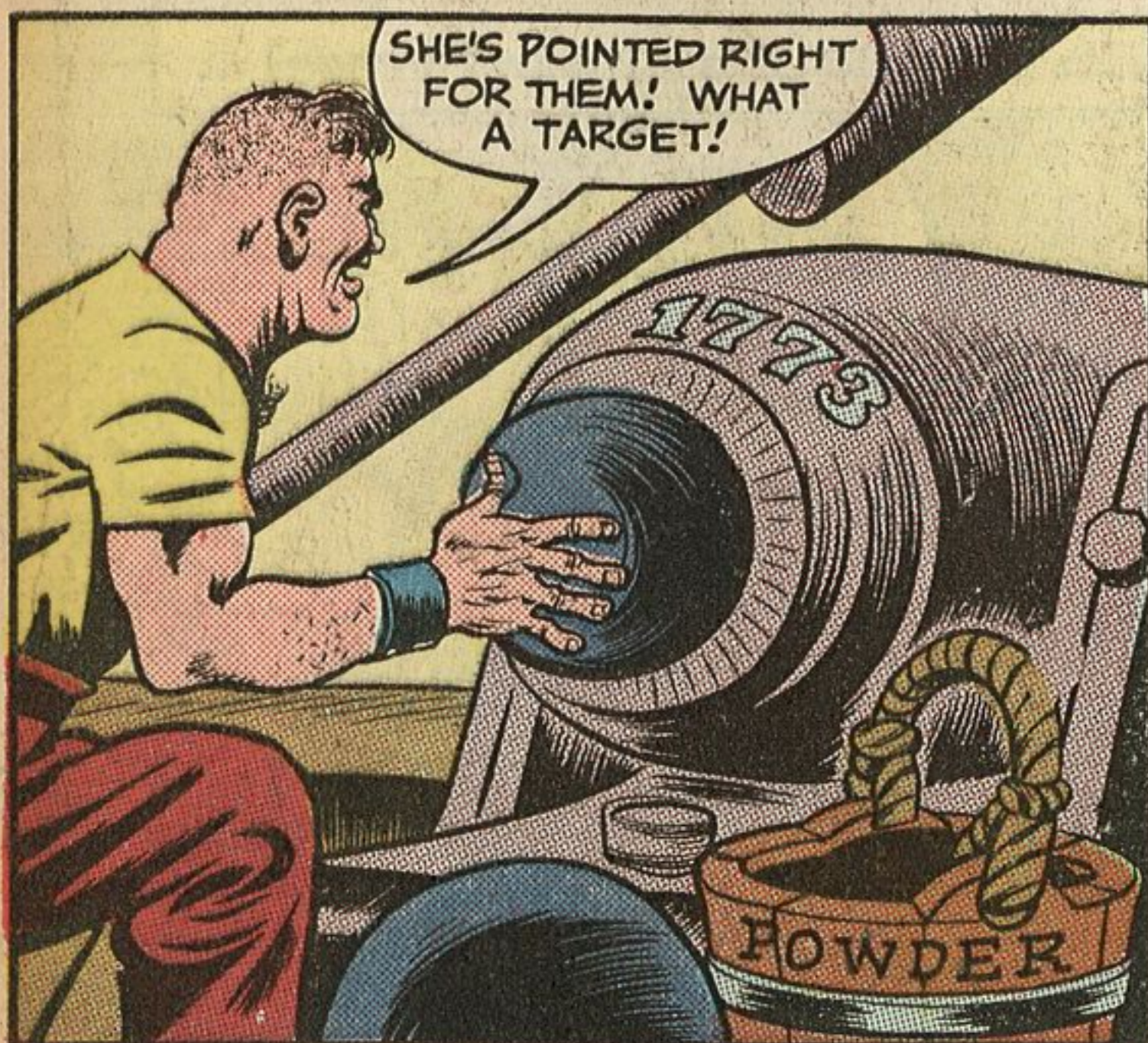
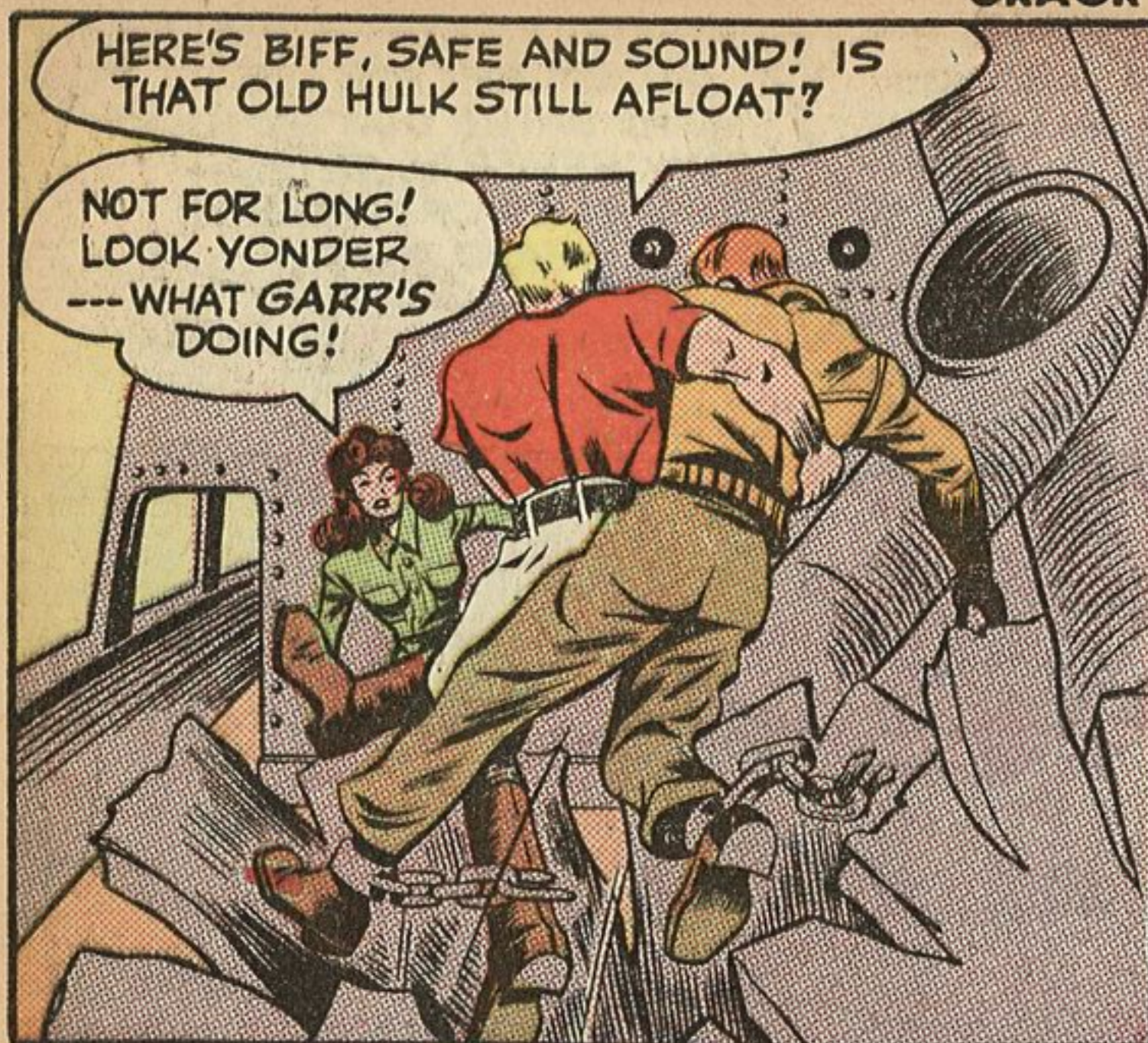


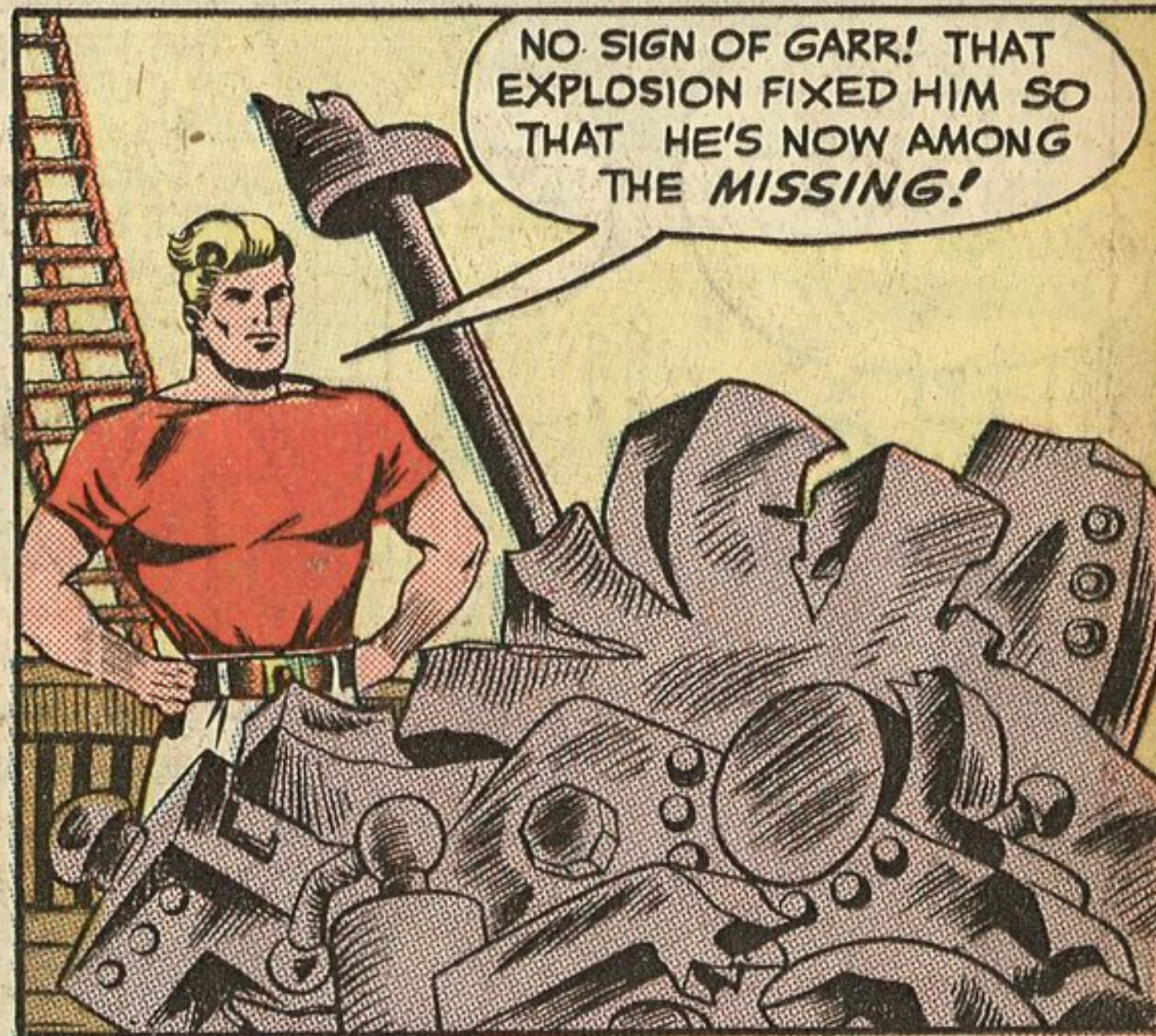
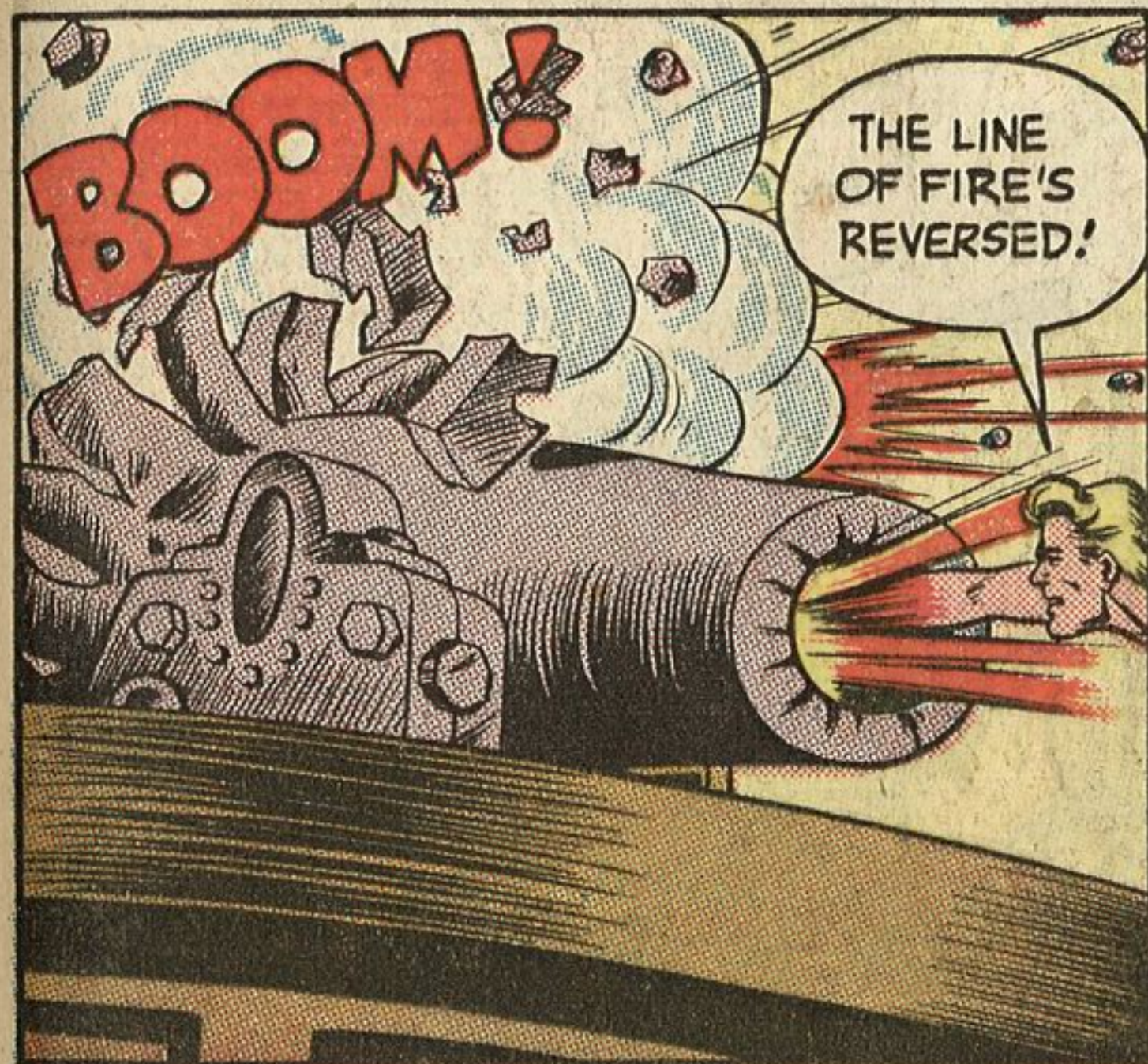
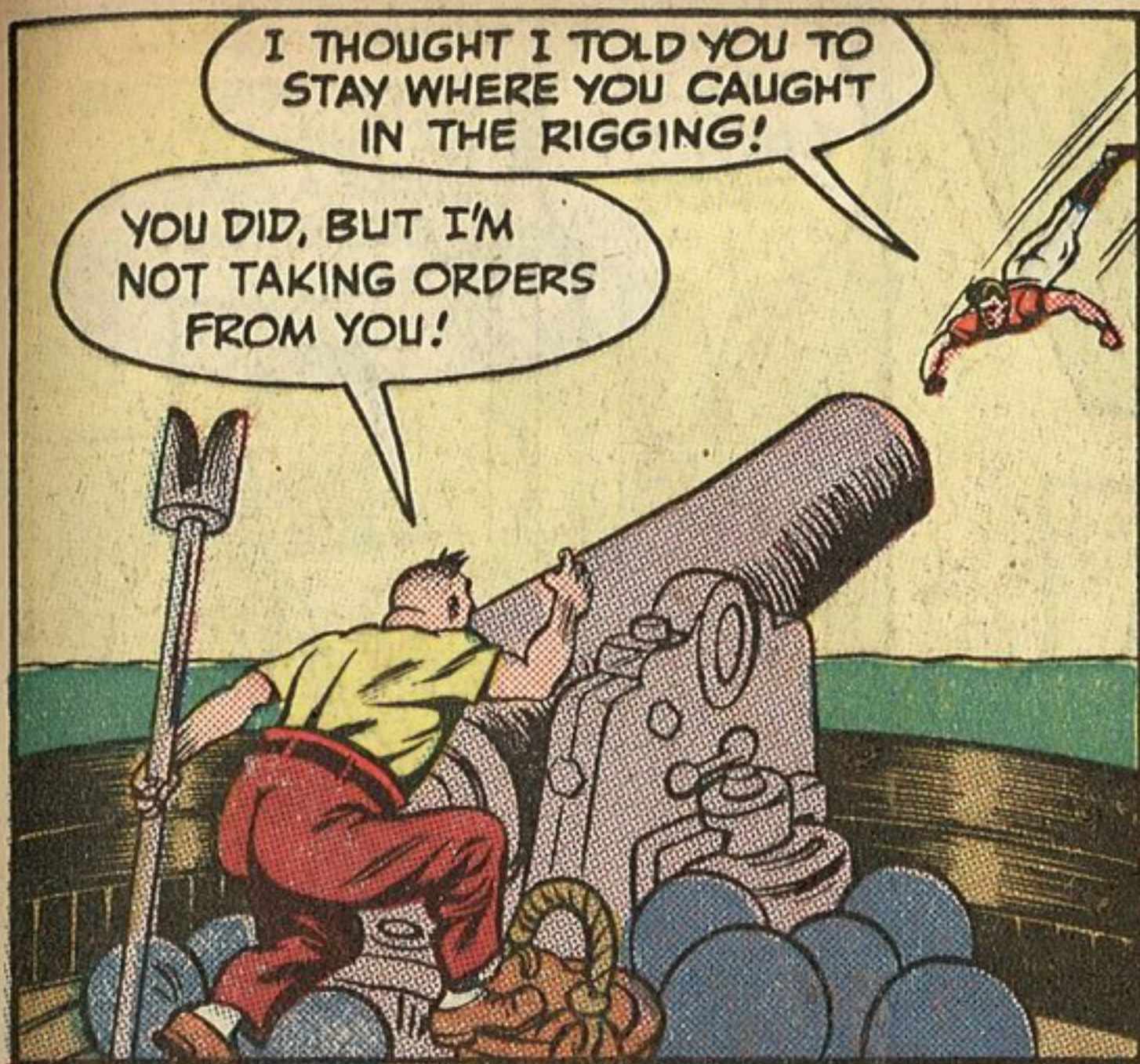












BEEZY

Winning a high school prize for a composition based on **HOMER'S ODYSSEY** inspired Beezy to even greater literary efforts, and he has just finished an original **MOVIE SCENARIO** about two shipwrecked **SEABEES**!



YOU REALLY LIKE IT, DAD?

YES! WITH A FEW CORRECTIONS, I THINK IT'LL MAKE A **SWELL** SCENARIO!



IT'S TOO GOOD TO LET LIE AROUND... I'M GONNA **SHOW** IT TO SOMEBODY!

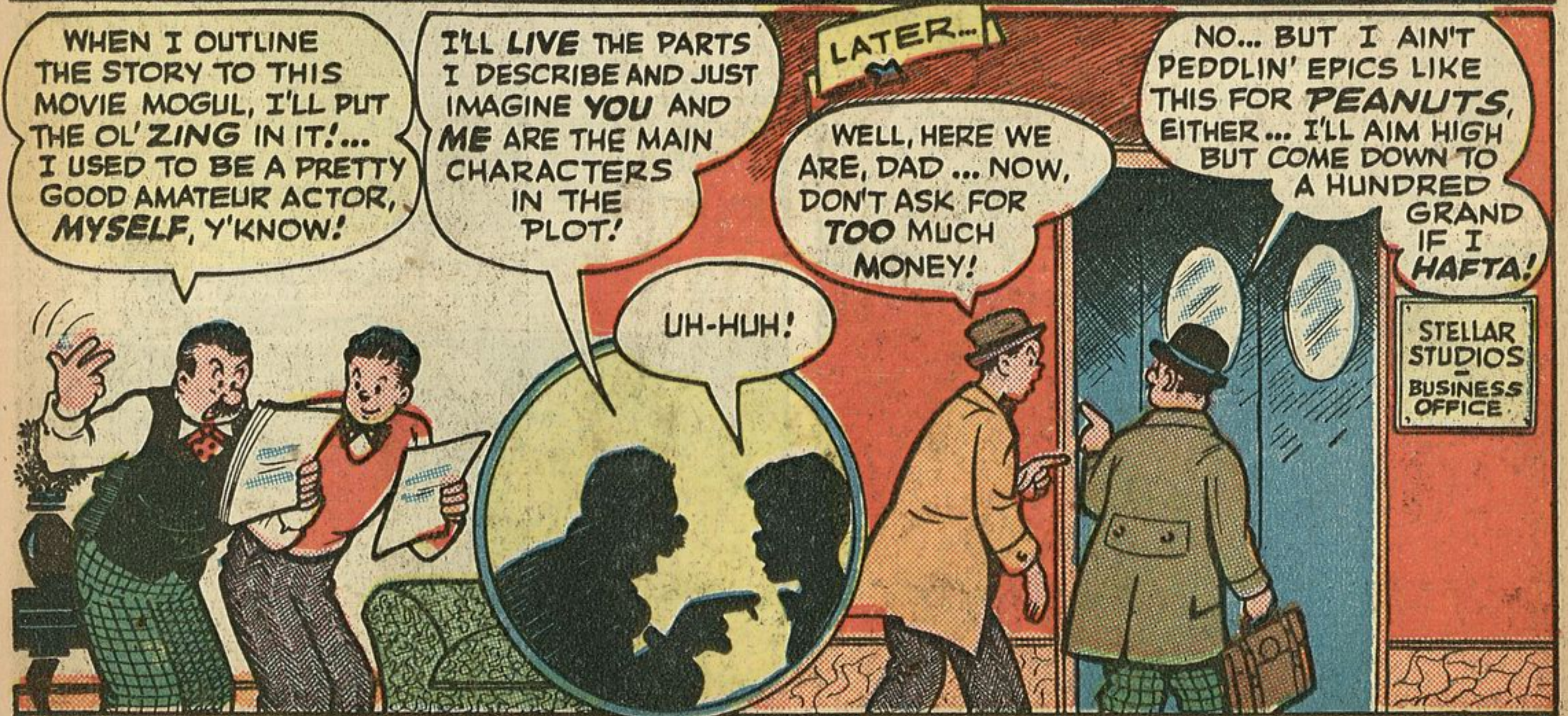
OH, BOY!

THE PRESIDENT OF OUR LODGE KNOWS SOME MOVIE BIG-SHOTS... I'LL GET HIM TO ARRANGE AN **INTERVIEW** FOR US!

YA REALLY THINK HE'D **LIKE** MY STORY, DAD?

HE'S **BOUND** TO LIKE IT THE WAY I'LL PUT IT OVER!

WOW!



WHEN I OUTLINE THE STORY TO THIS MOVIE MOGUL, I'LL PUT THE OL' **ZING** IN IT!... I USED TO BE A PRETTY GOOD AMATEUR ACTOR, **MYSELF**, Y'KNOW!

I'LL LIVE THE PARTS I DESCRIBE AND JUST IMAGINE **YOU** AND **ME** ARE THE MAIN CHARACTERS IN THE PLOT!

LATER...

WELL, HERE WE ARE, DAD... NOW, DON'T ASK FOR **TOO MUCH** MONEY!

NO... BUT I AIN'T PEDDLIN' EPICS LIKE THIS FOR **PEANUTS**, EITHER... I'LL AIM HIGH BUT COME DOWN TO A HUNDRED **GRAND** IF I **HAFTA**!

UH-HUH!

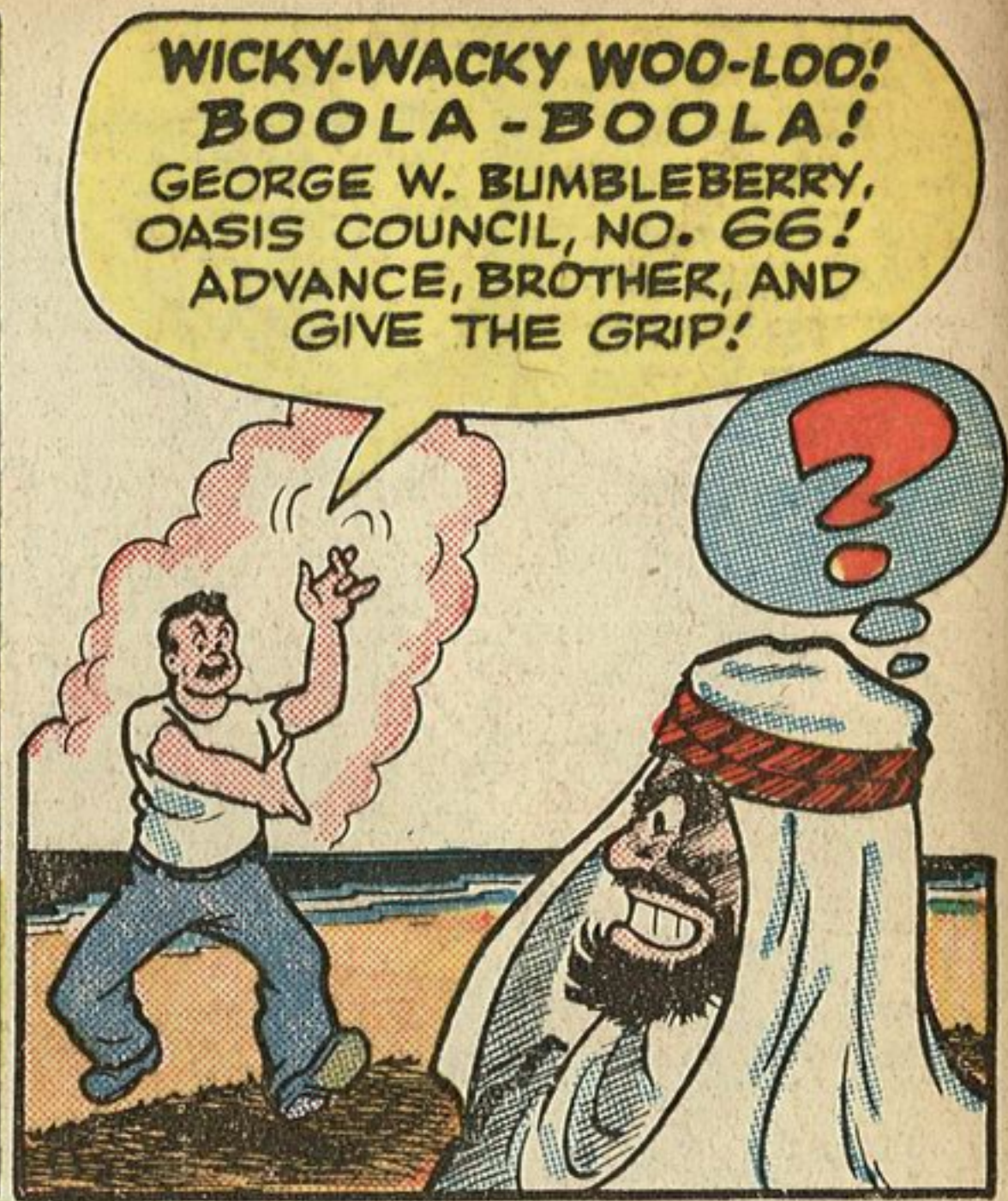
STELLAR STUDIOS BUSINESS OFFICE



SHHH! LEAVE THIS TO ME ... I THINK WE'RE AMONG FRIENDS! THAT BIRD IS DRESSED IN EXACTLY THE SAME OUTFIT OUR LODGE WEARS BACK HOME!



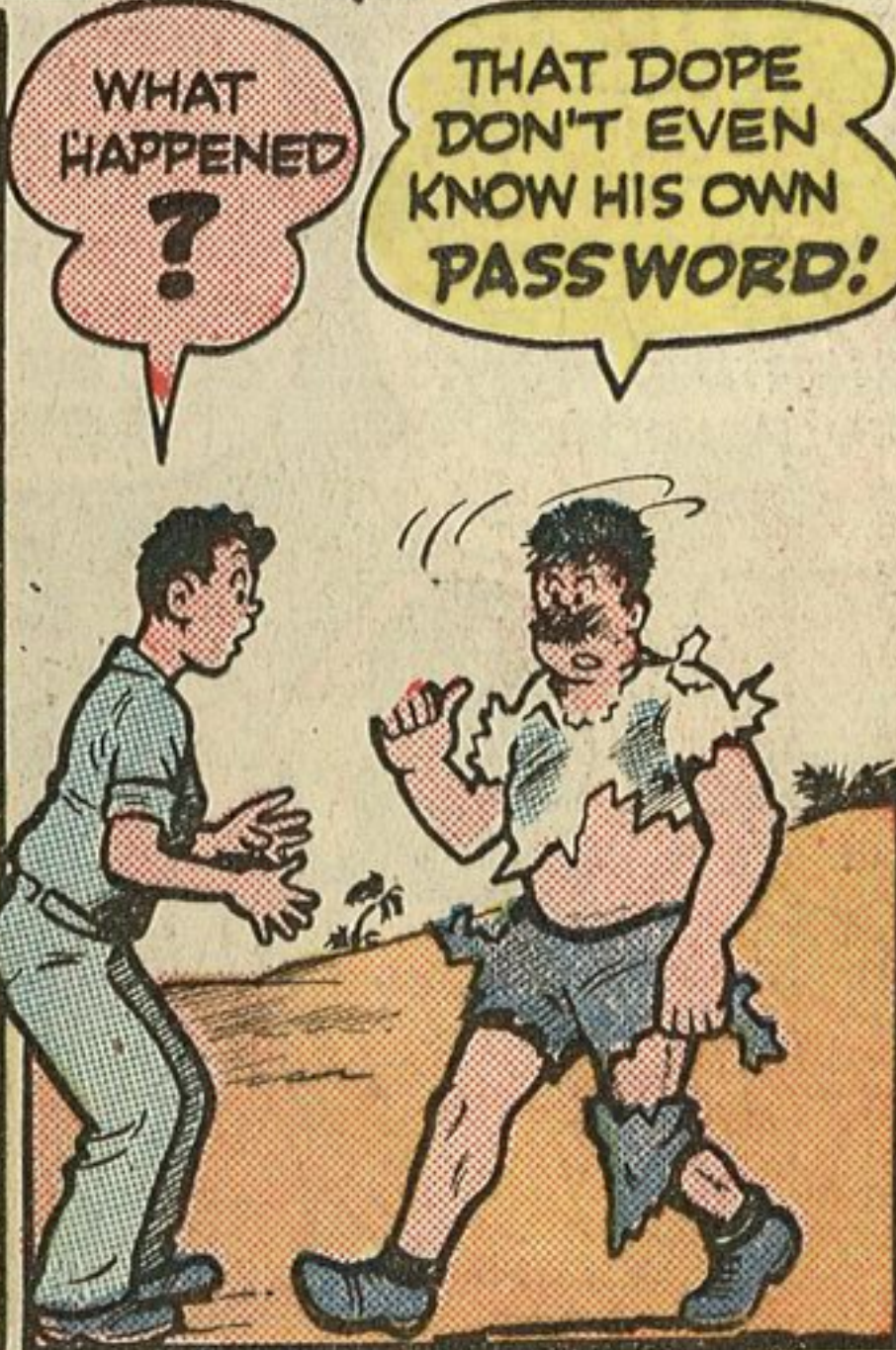
LAY LOW TILL I GIVE HIM A FEW HIGH SIGNS -- SECRET STUFF, Y'KNOW!



WICKY-WACKY WOO-LOO! BOOLA-BOOLA! GEORGE W. BUMBLEBERRY, OASIS COUNCIL, NO. 66! ADVANCE, BROTHER, AND GIVE THE GRIP!



POW! OW! OH!



WHAT HAPPENED? THAT DOPE DON'T EVEN KNOW HIS OWN PASSWORD!



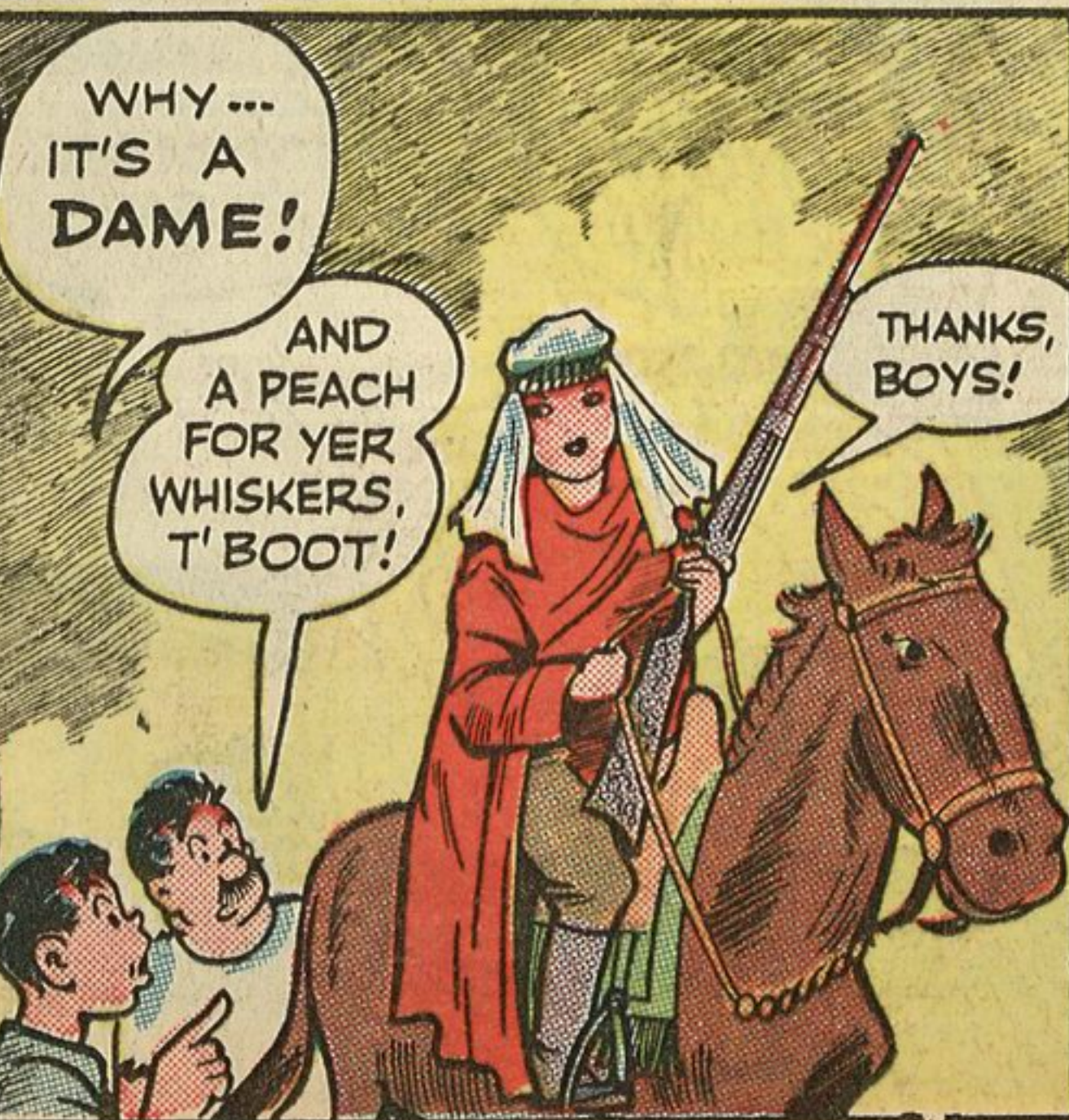
THANK GOODNESS WE BRANG AN EXTER SHIRT AND PAIR O' PANTS IN THAT SMALL BOAT!



HEY! HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE-- ON HORSEBACK-- AN' THIS ONE'S TOTIN' A GUN!



A GUN, EH? WELL, YOU'D BETTER CONVERSE WITH THIS ONE MY GIFT O' GAB ALWAYS DID SLUMP LIKE SIN WITH MY BREECHES FULL O' BUCKSHOT!



WHY... IT'S A DAME! AND A PEACH FOR YER WHISKERS, T' BOOT!

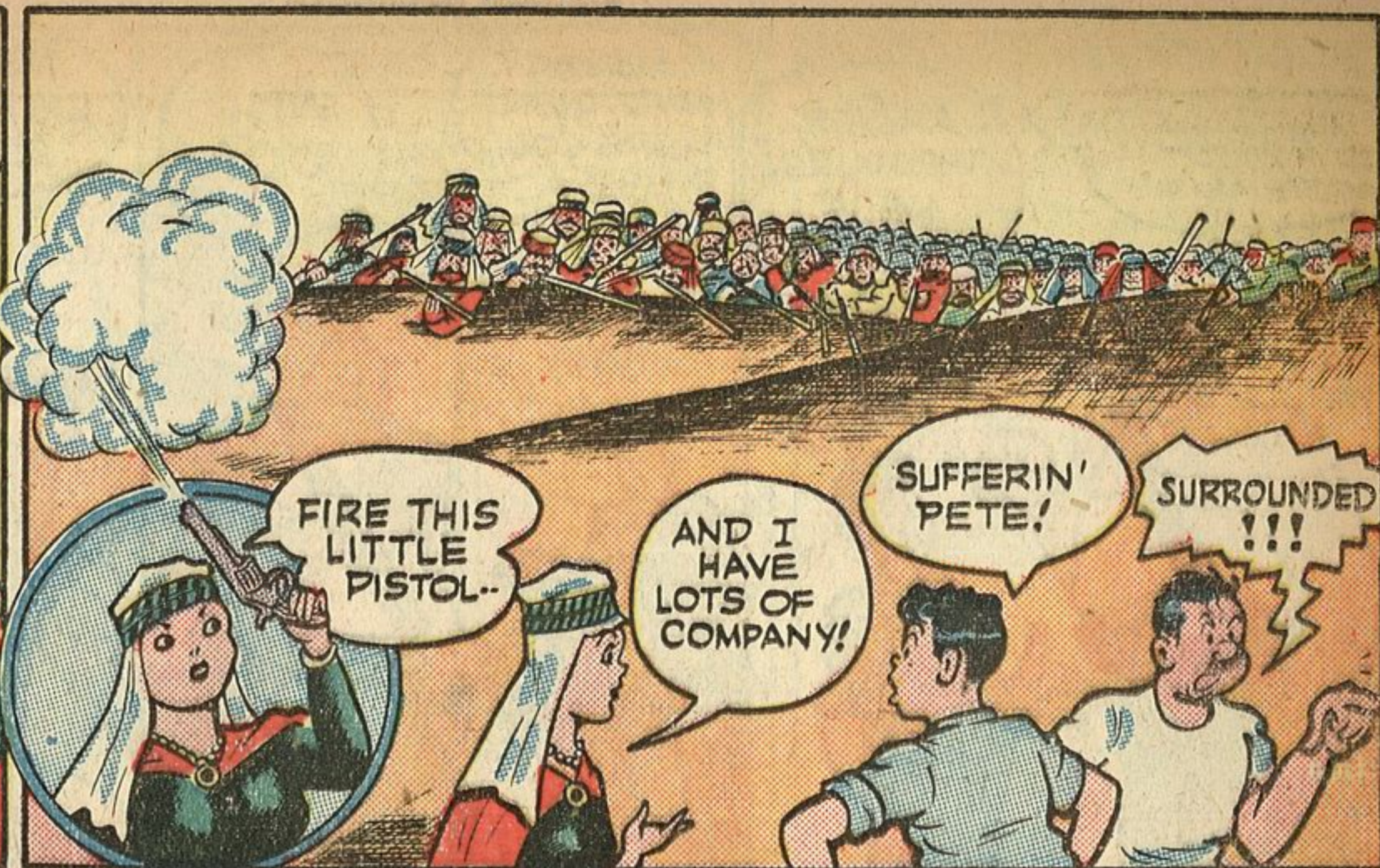
THANKS, BOYS!



AN' SHE SPEAKS ENGLISH! YEP... WENT TO VASSAR... BUT CAME BACK HOME HERE A YEAR AGO ... COULDN'T STAND ALL THOSE CURFEWS AN' THINGS OVER THERE!

BUT, GEE, AIN'TCHA AFRAID TO GO MEANDERIN' AROUND THIS DESERT ALL ALONE?

OH, NO--- YOU SEE, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS...



FIRE THIS LITTLE PISTOL--

AND I HAVE LOTS OF COMPANY!

SUFFERIN' PETE!

SURROUNDED !!!

TAKE THEM TO MY HEADQUARTERS, BOYS!



SO! VILE SWINE OF A FOREIGNER!

YOU'RE CRAZY! WE CAME OVER IN THE MAYFLOWER! A FINE ONE YOU ARE TO TALK!



YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO US! ... WHERE'S YOUR FOUR FREEDOMS? WE'RE PATRIOTS -- FIGHTING MEN! ... CALL A CONSUL, SOMEBODY!



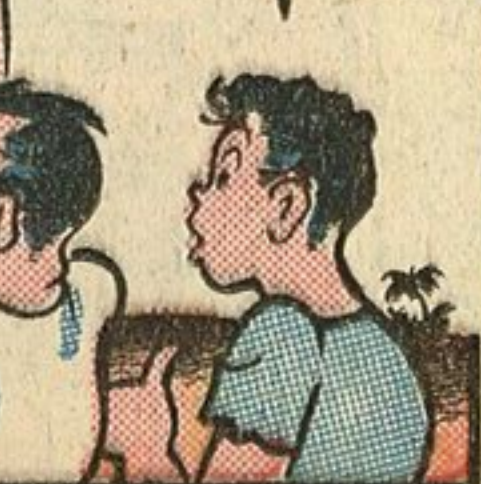
FIGHTING MEN? JUST A MINUTE, ALI ... MAYBE WE CAN USE THESE ACCIDENTS FROM THE OCCIDENT!



BUT FIRST, HASSAN, GIVE THESE MEN THE USUAL TEST--AND IF THEY LIVE, WE'LL ACCEPT THEM---



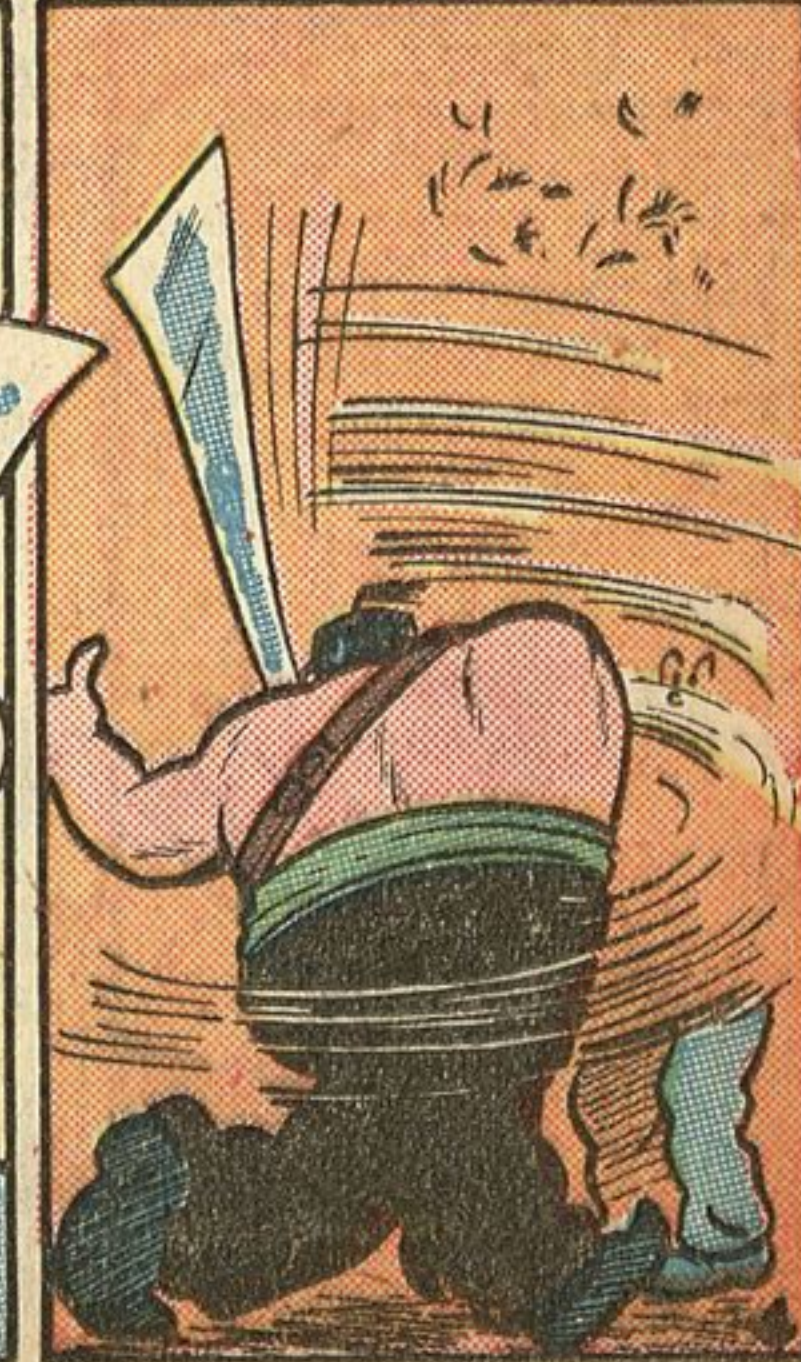
IF... WE... LIVE?

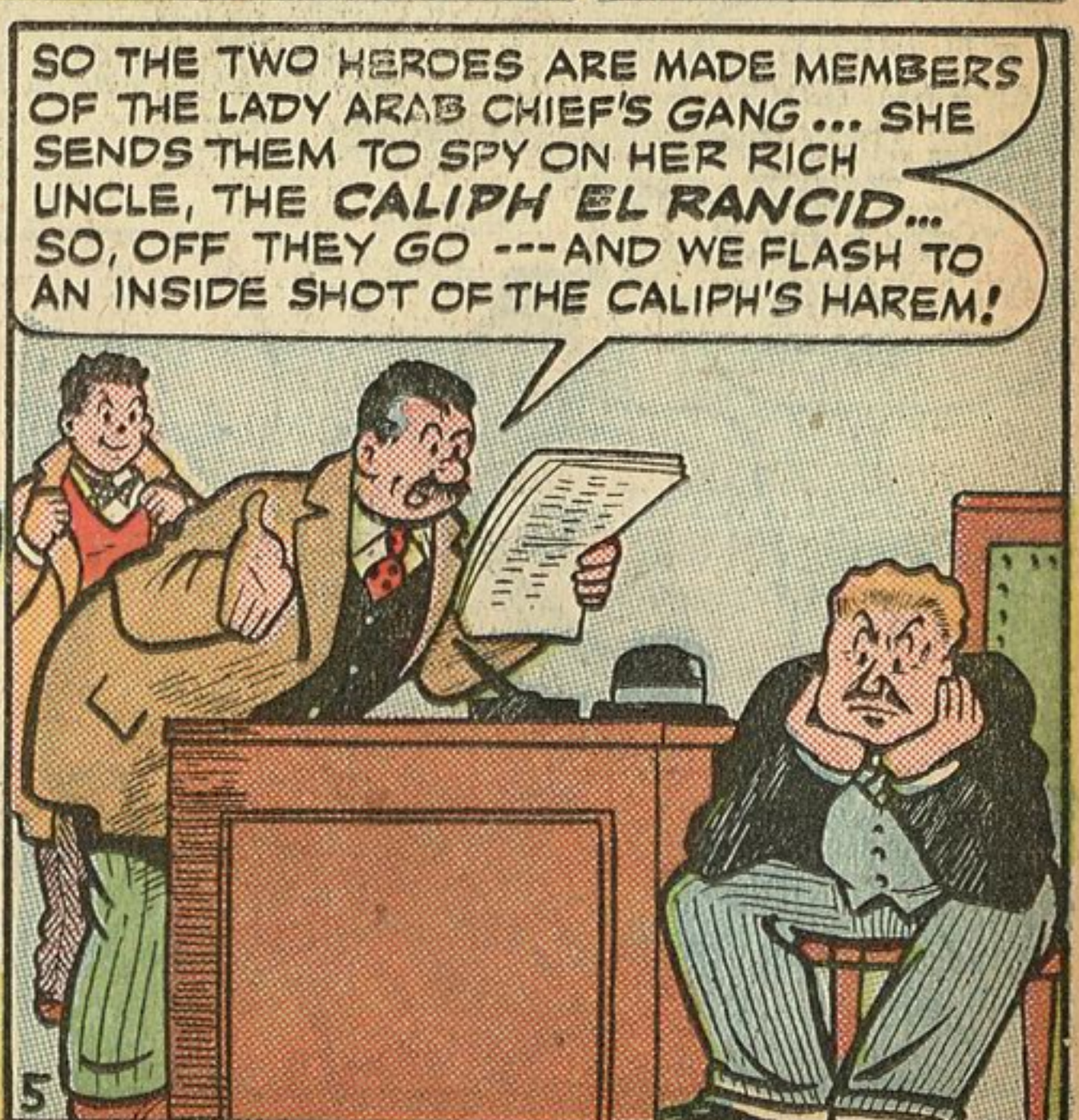
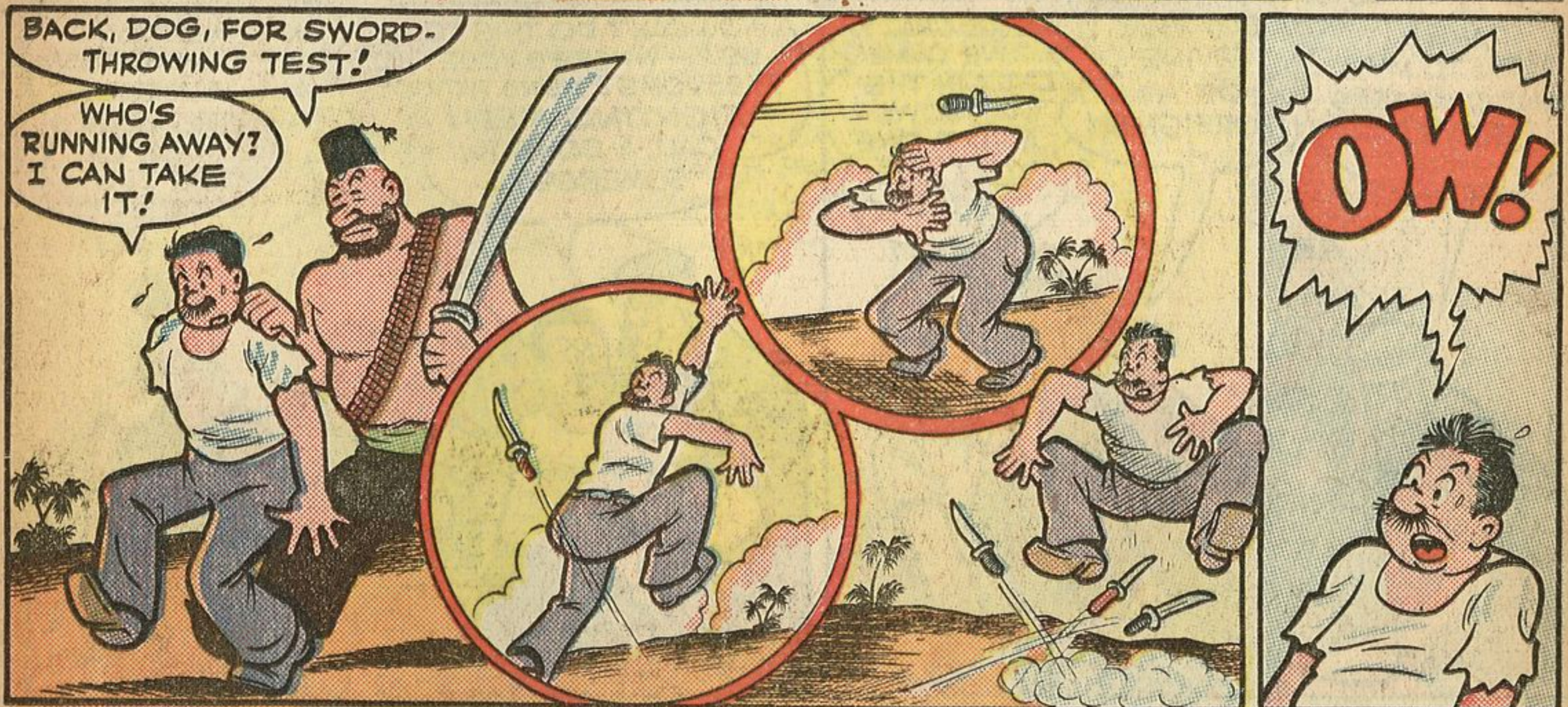


NOW, DOG, I SHOW YOU HOW TO SWING SCIMITAR!

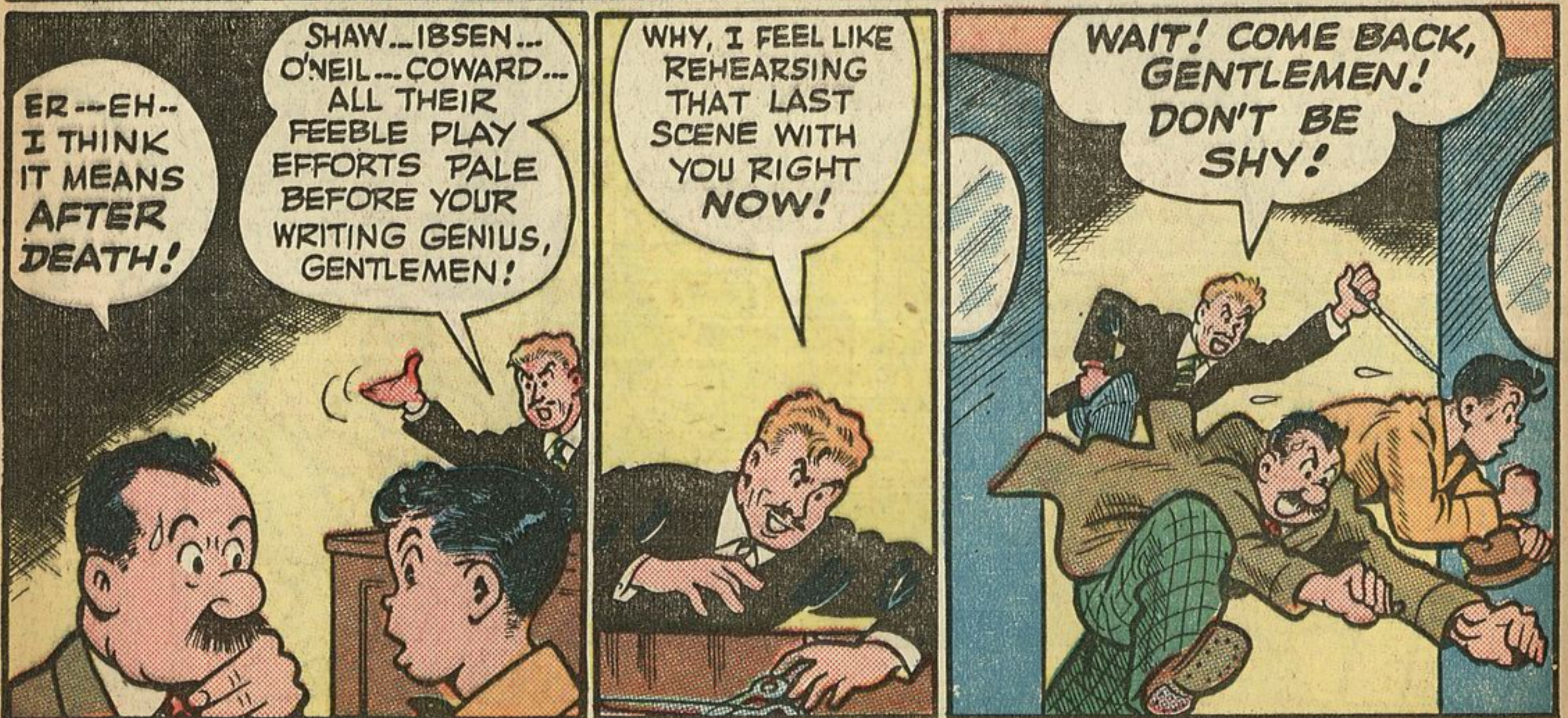
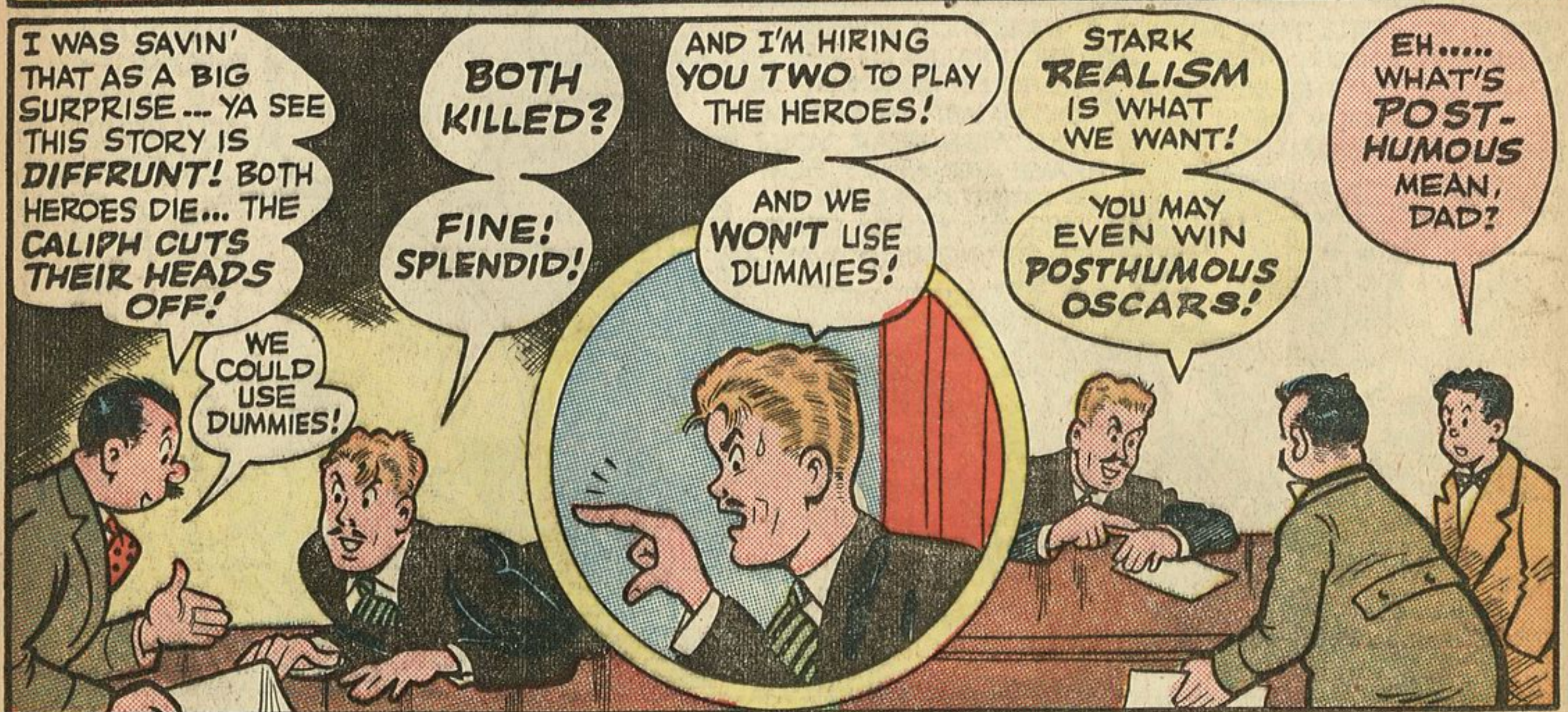
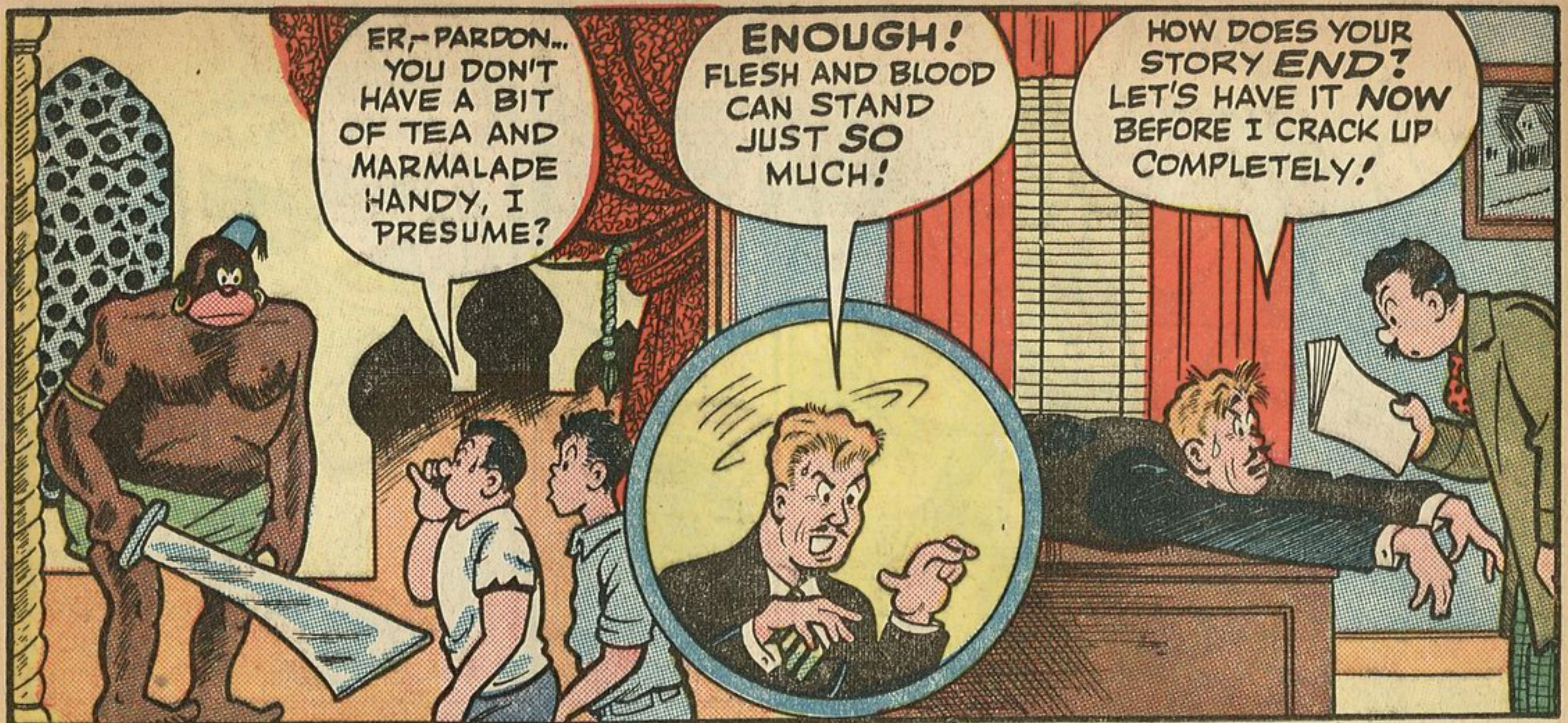


EH?



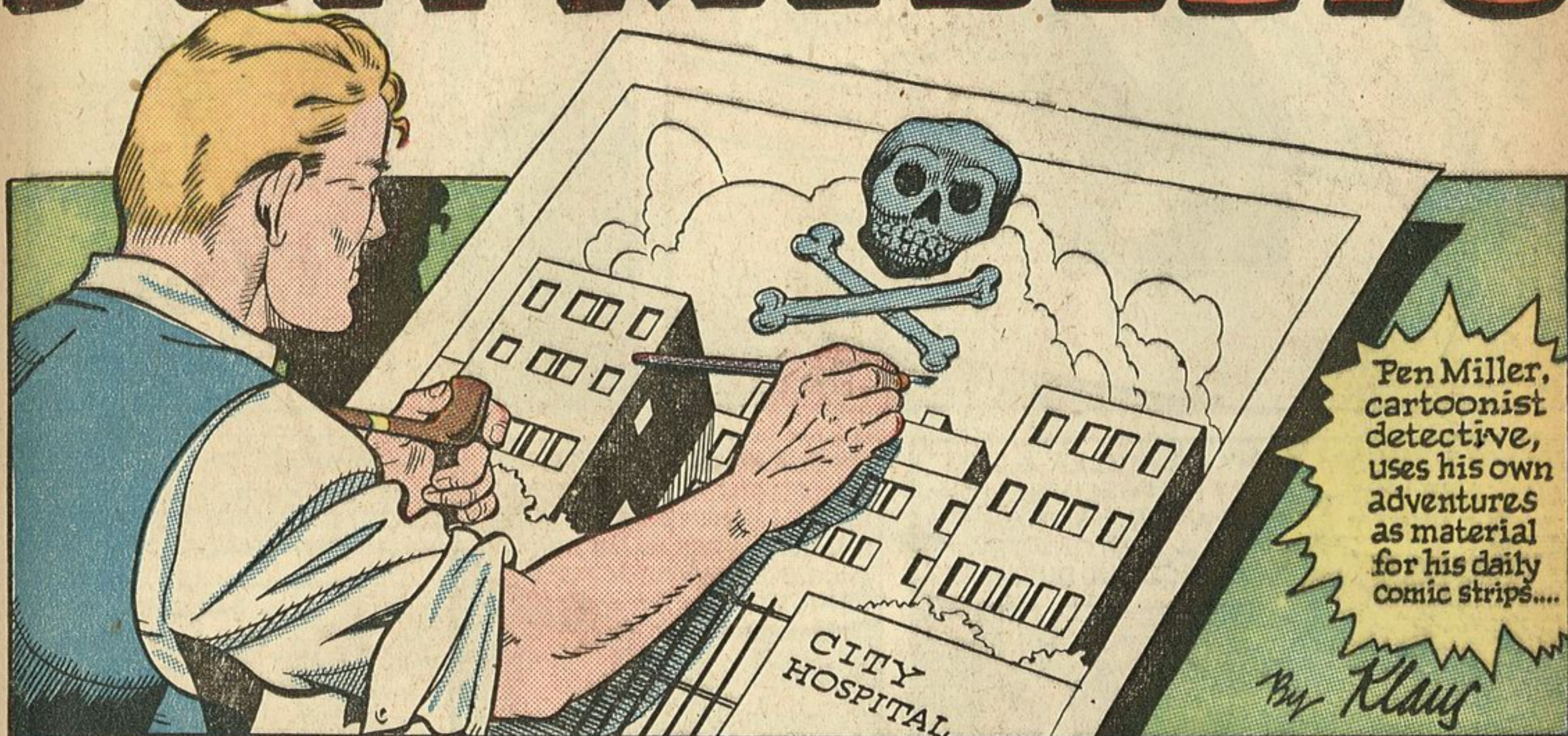






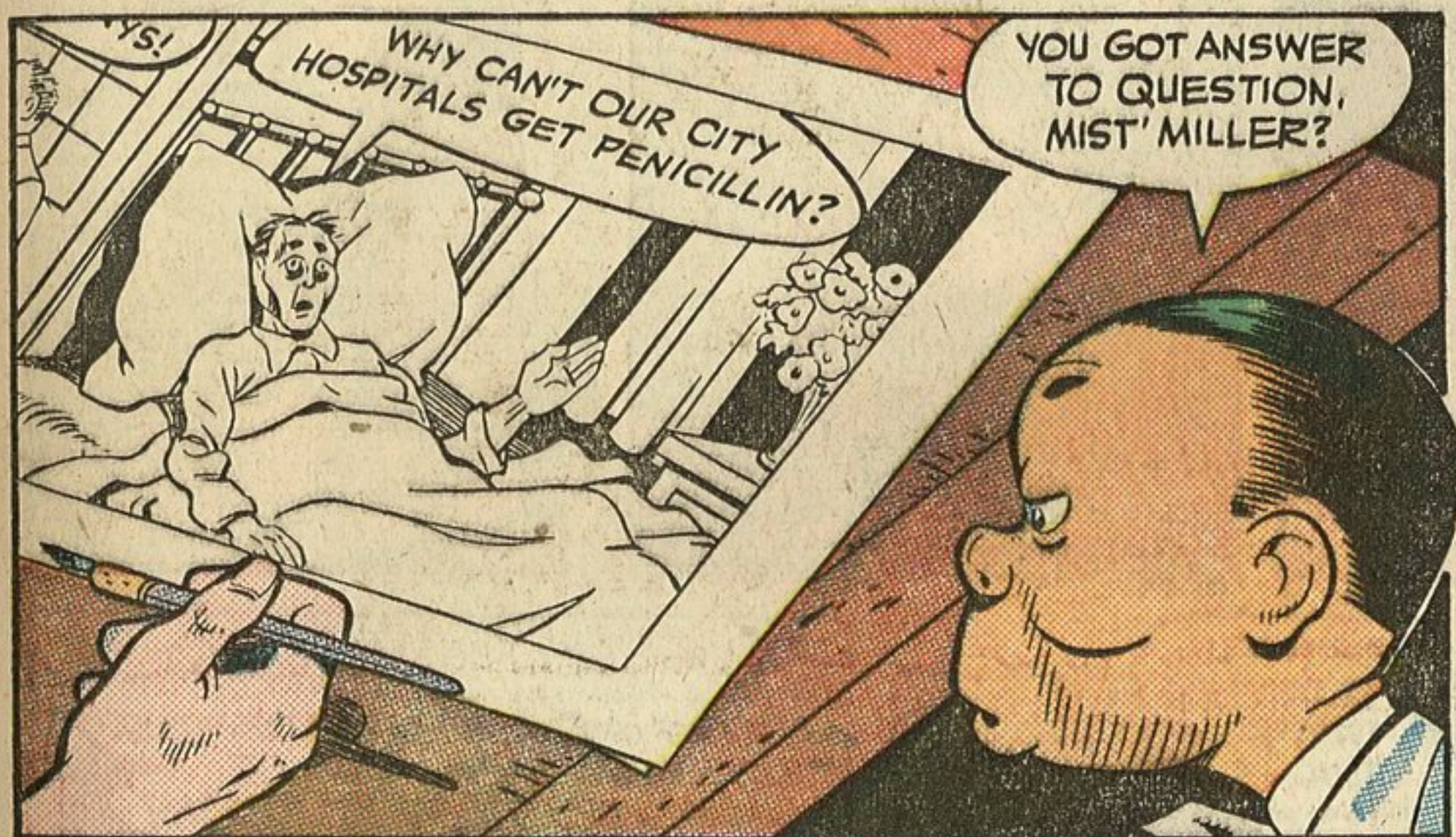
CRACK COMICS

PEN MILLER



Pen Miller, cartoonist detective, uses his own adventures as material for his daily comic strips....

By Klaus

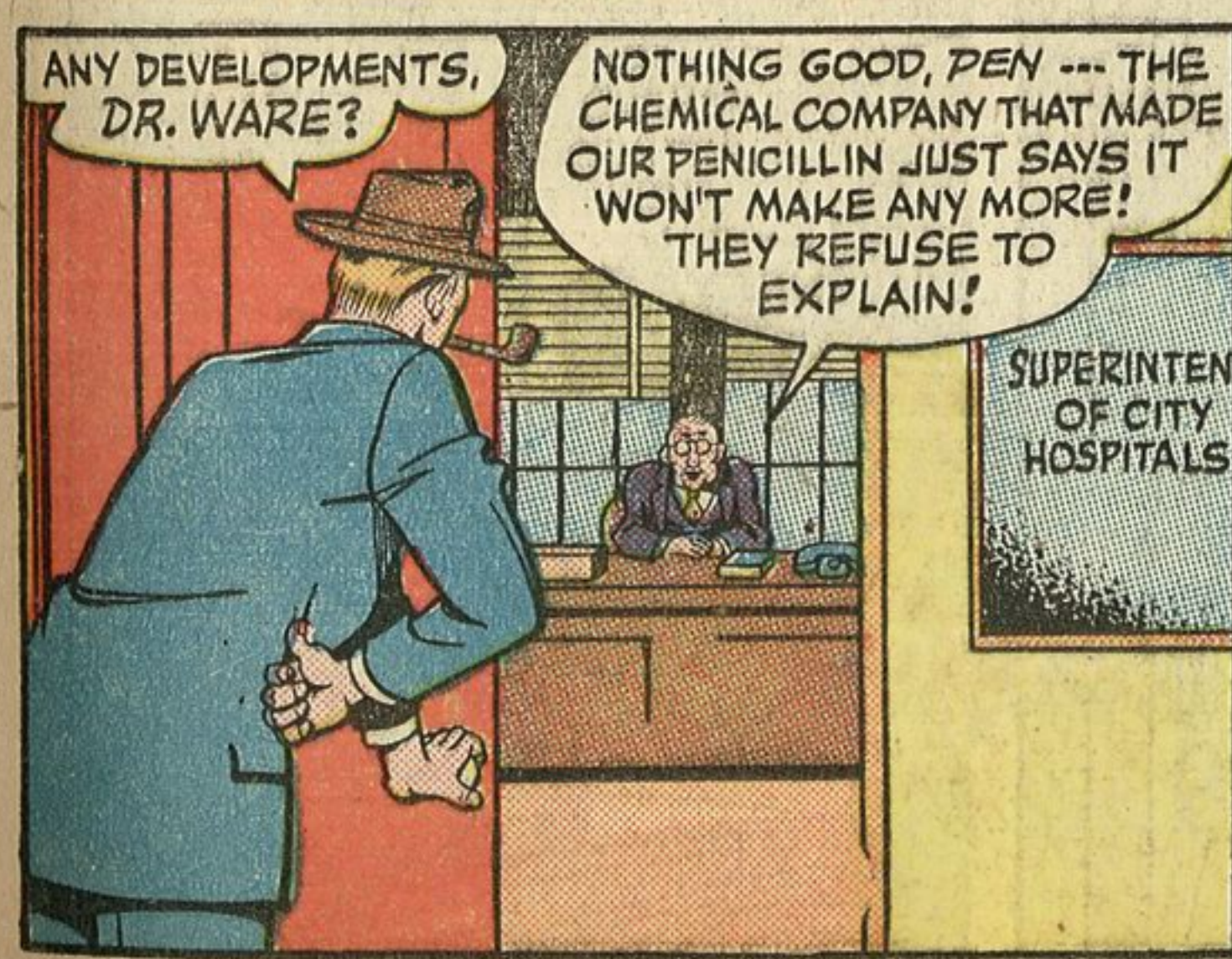


WHY CAN'T OUR CITY HOSPITALS GET PENICILLIN?

YOU GOT ANSWER TO QUESTION, MIST' MILLER?



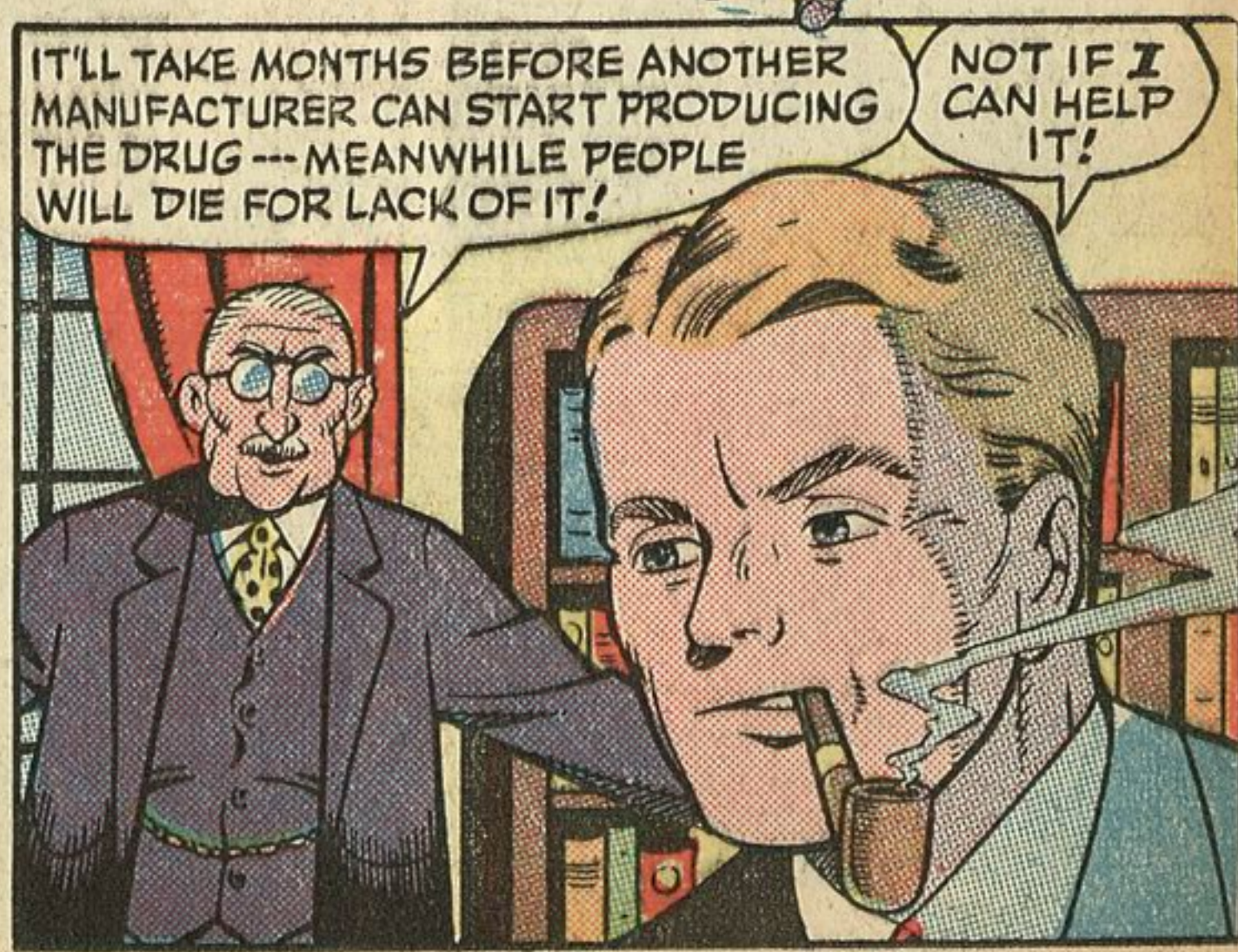
I'M AFRAID NOT, CHOP! BUT I'M GOING TO TRY TO FIND OUT!



ANY DEVELOPMENTS, DR. WARE?

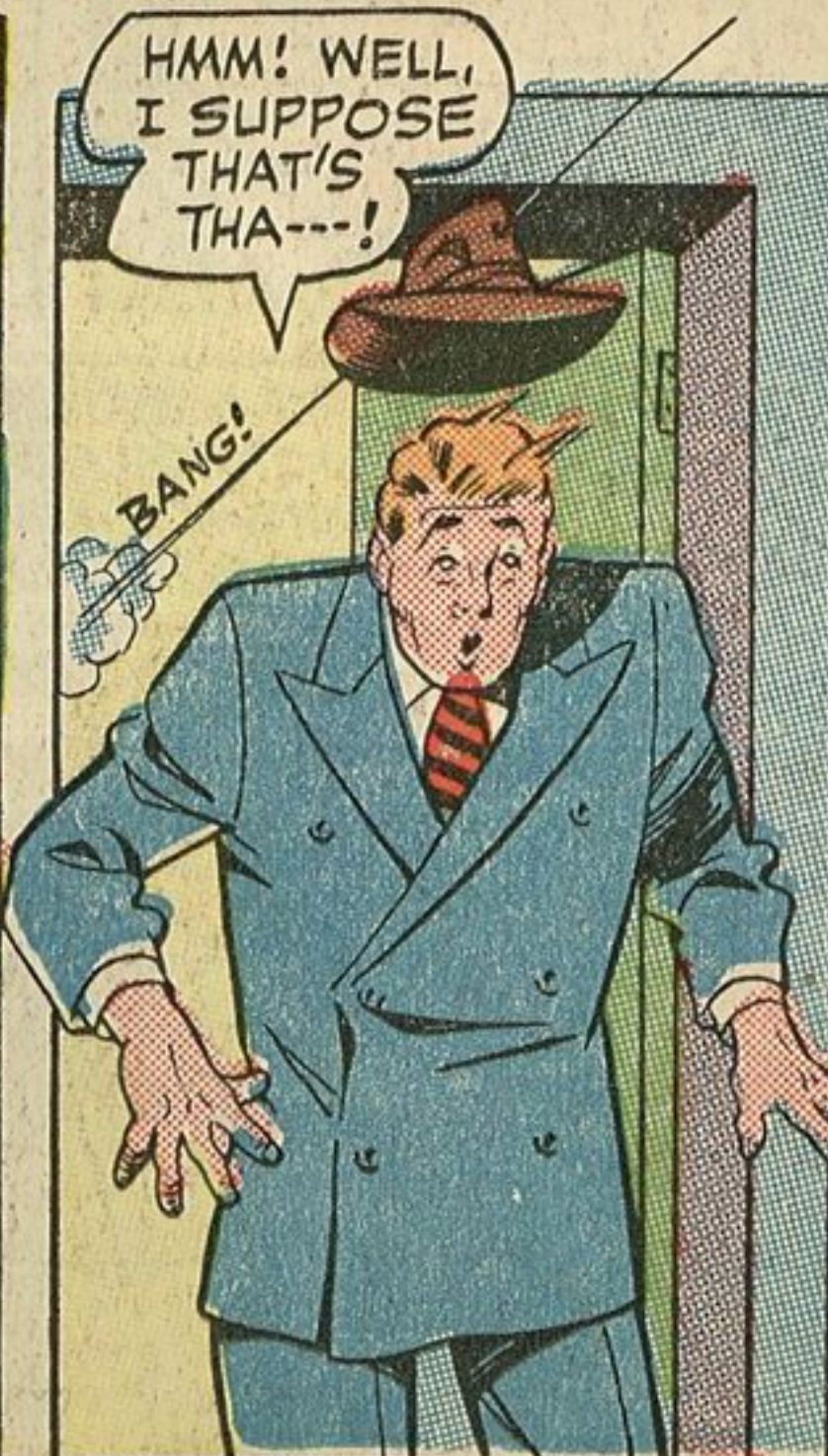
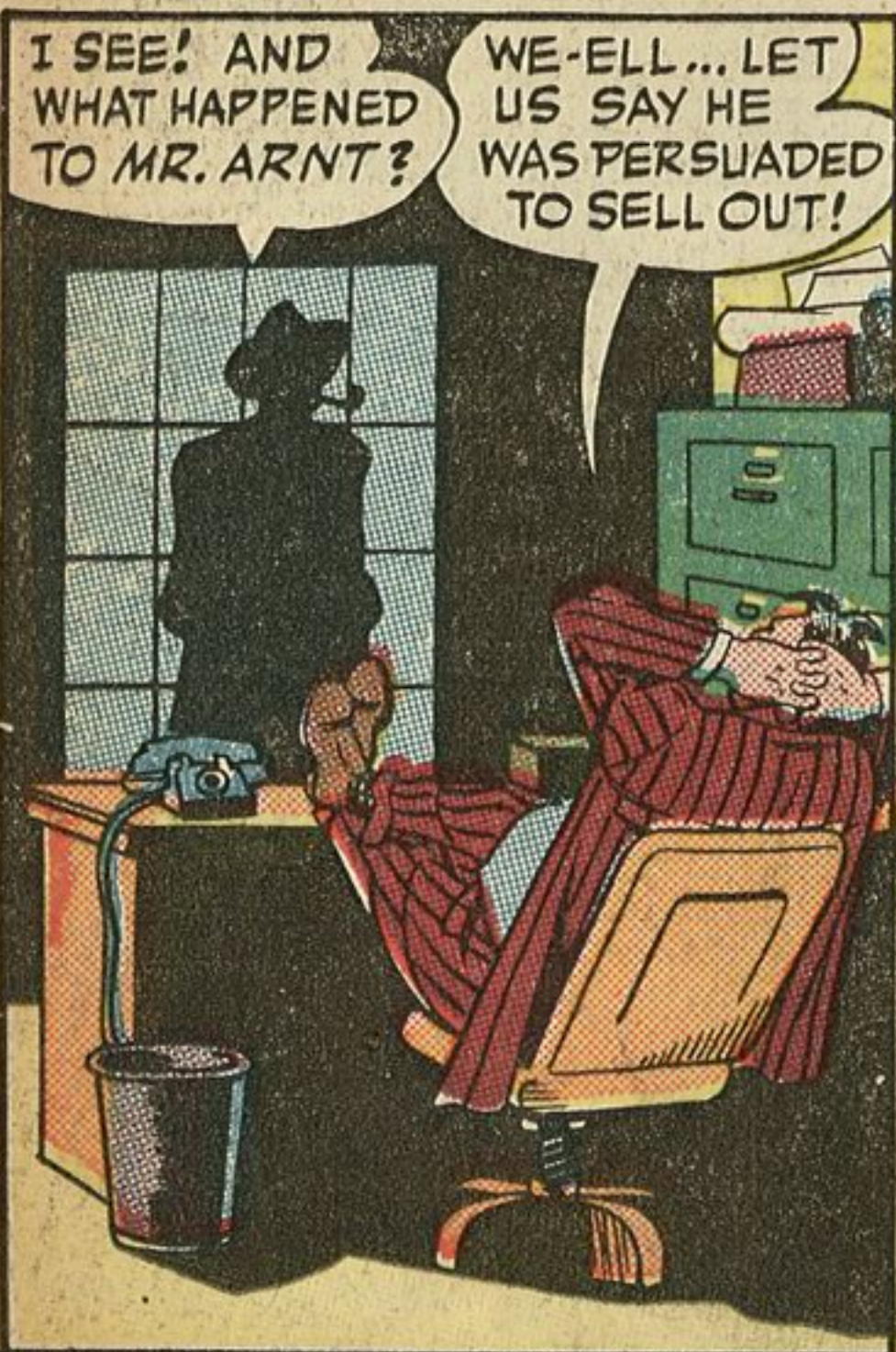
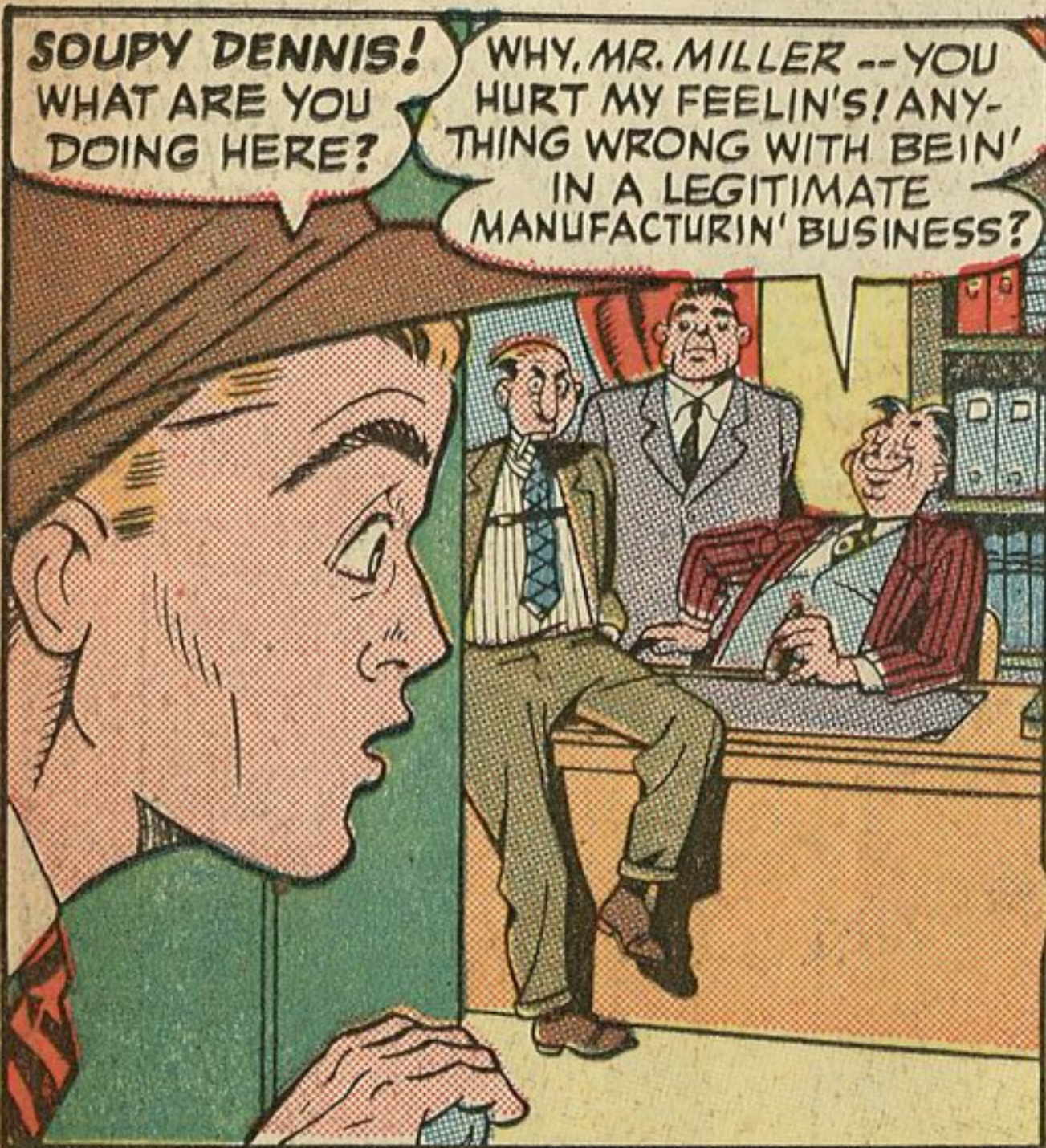
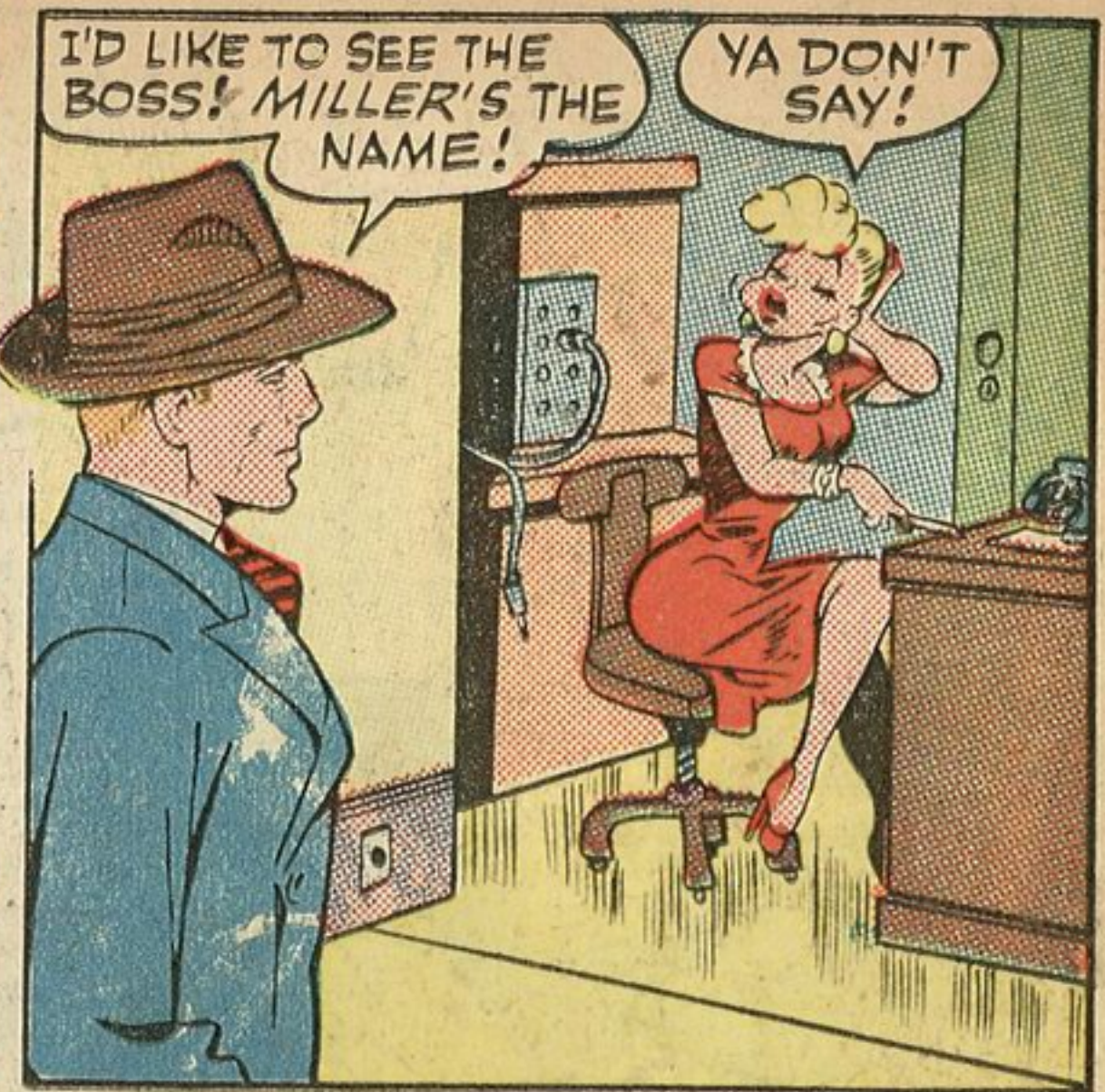
NOTHING GOOD, PEN --- THE CHEMICAL COMPANY THAT MADE OUR PENICILLIN JUST SAYS IT WON'T MAKE ANY MORE! THEY REFUSE TO EXPLAIN!

SUPERINTEN OF CITY HOSPITALS

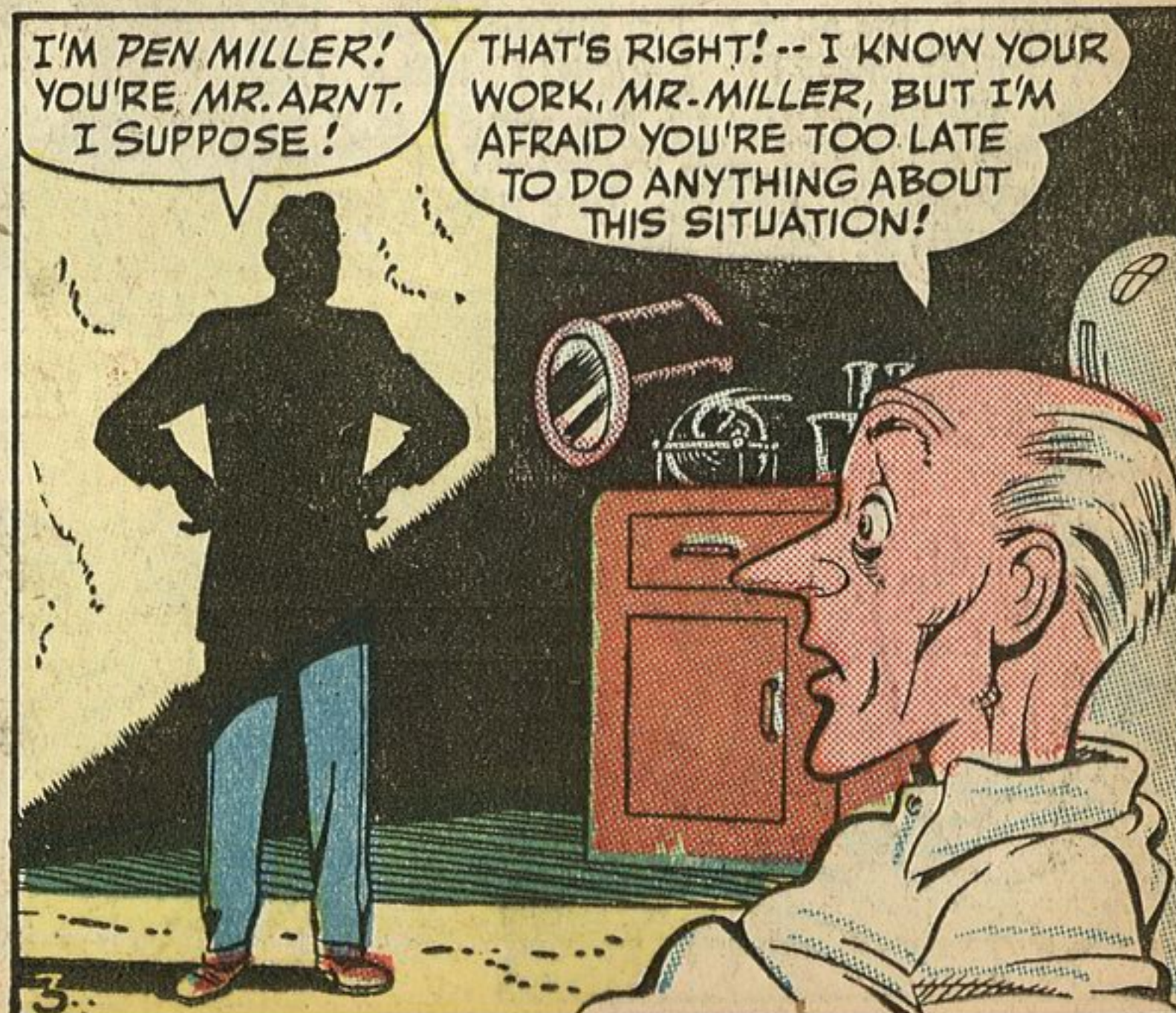
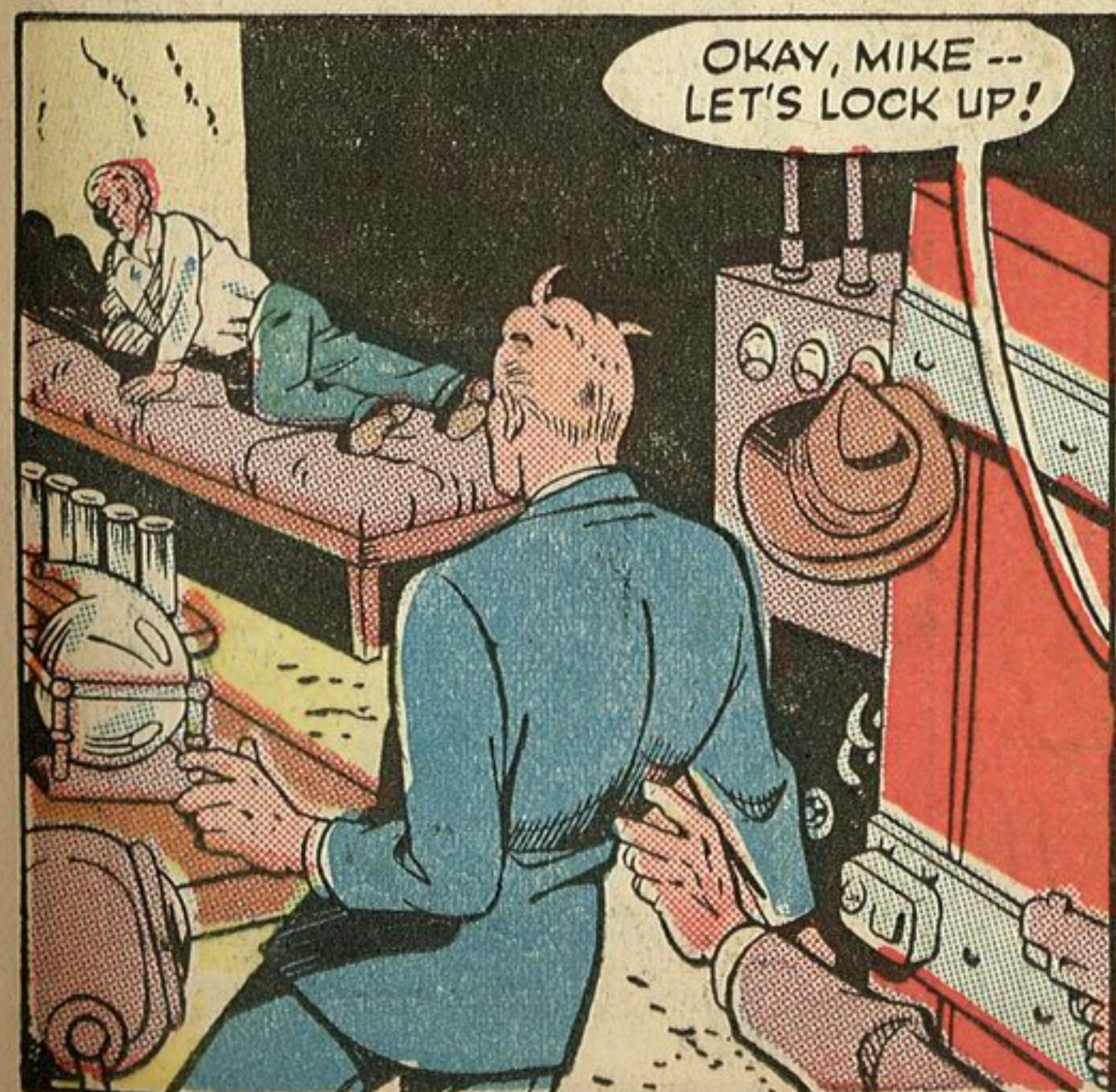
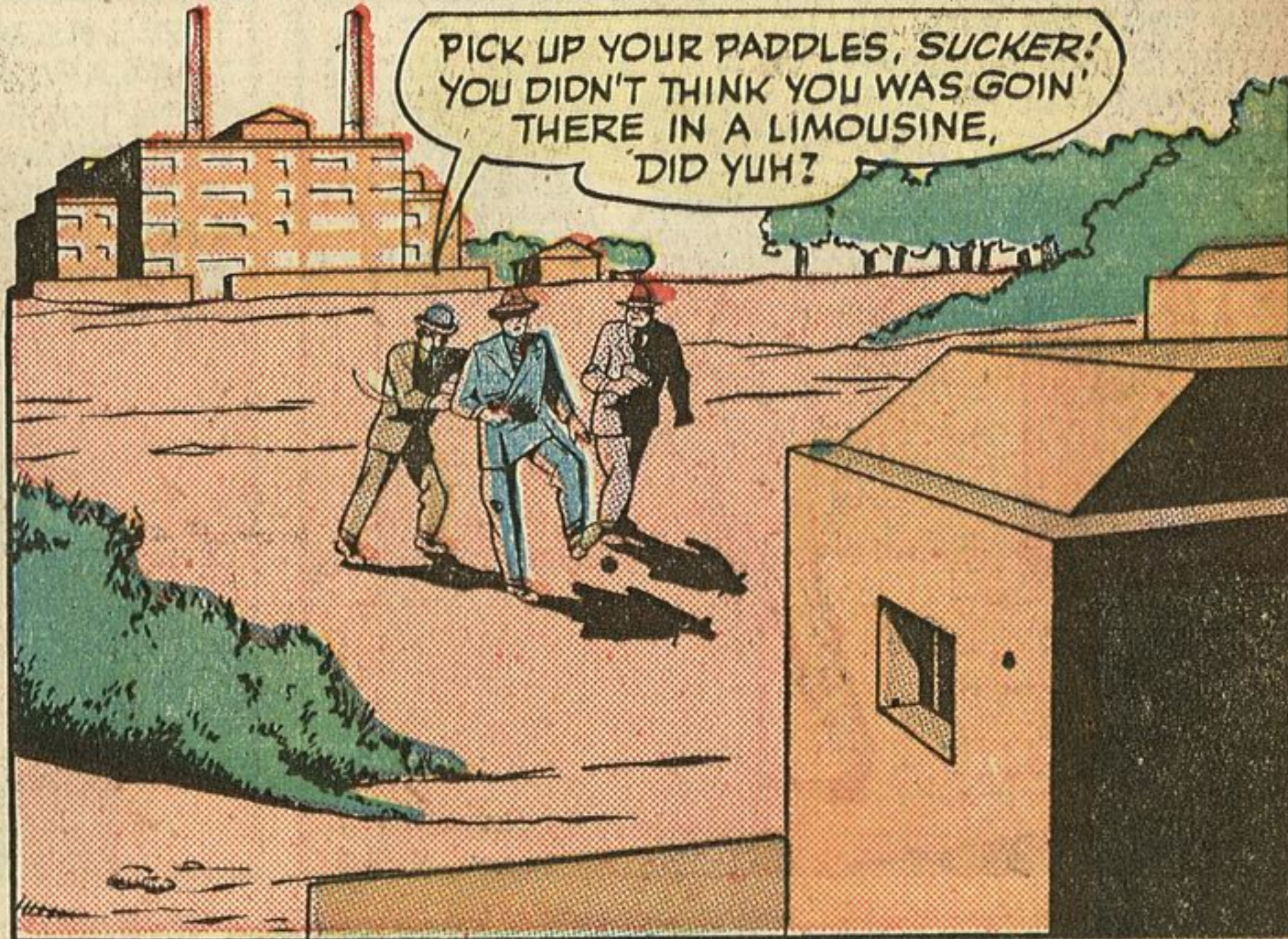
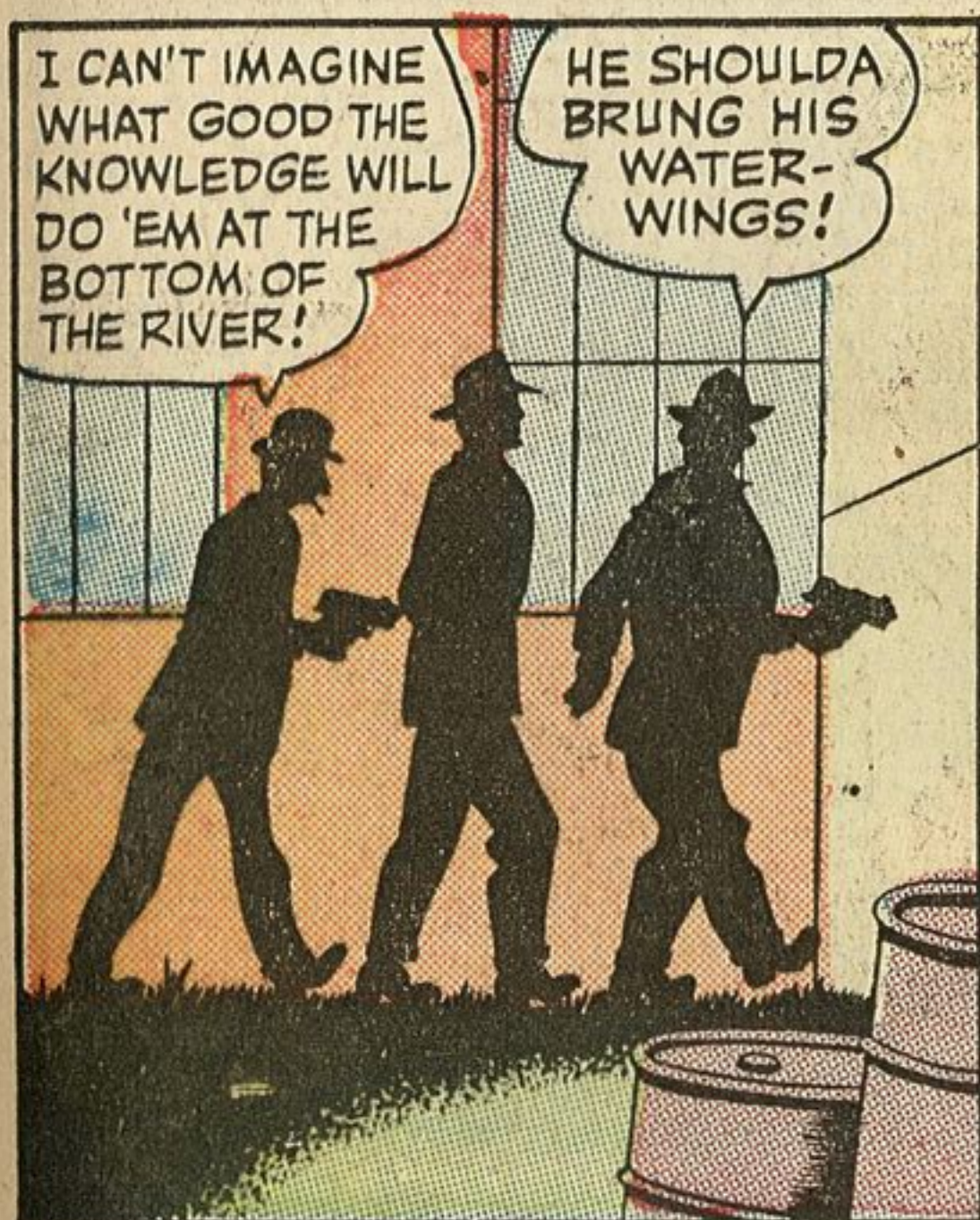


IT'LL TAKE MONTHS BEFORE ANOTHER MANUFACTURER CAN START PRODUCING THE DRUG --- MEANWHILE PEOPLE WILL DIE FOR LACK OF IT!

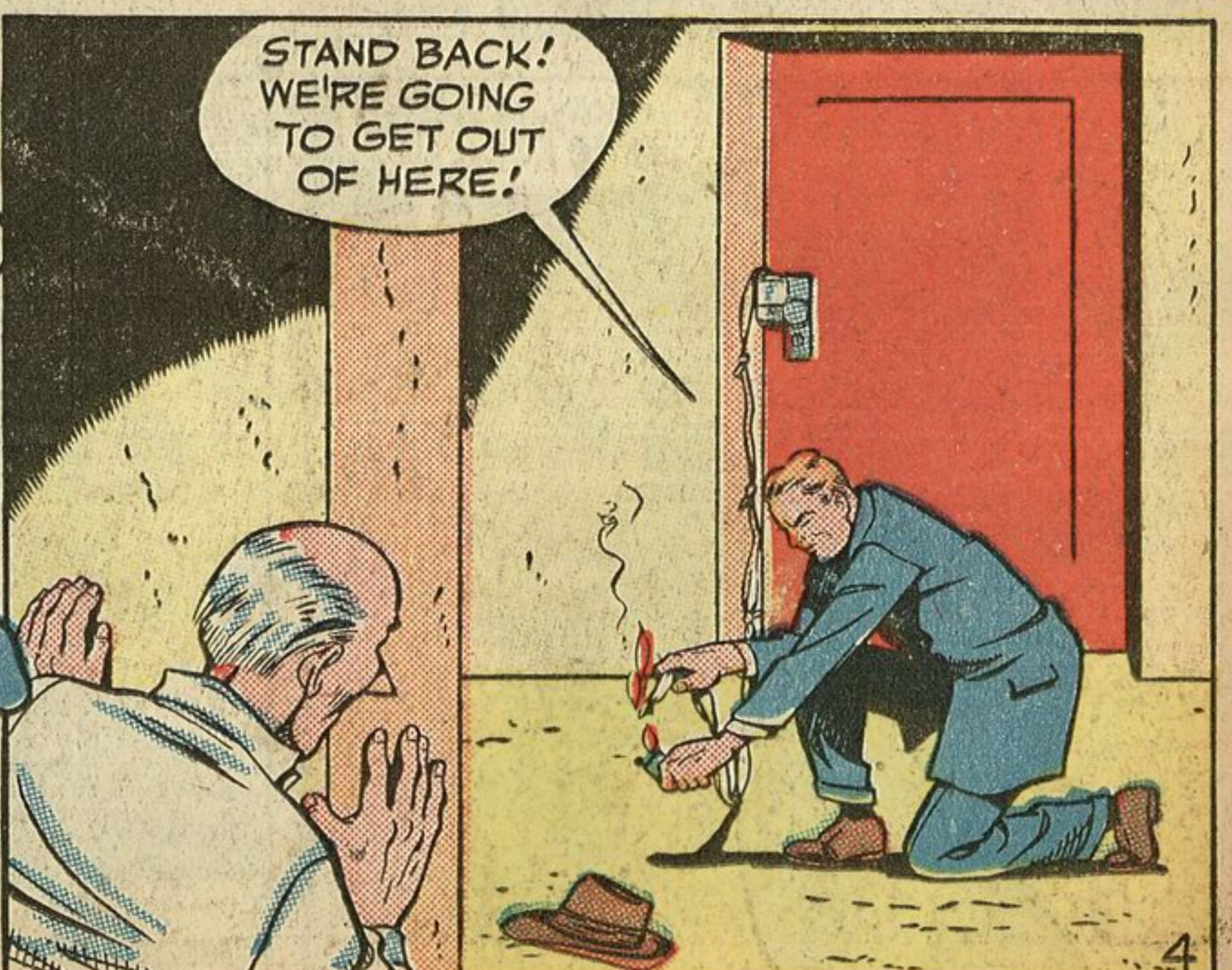
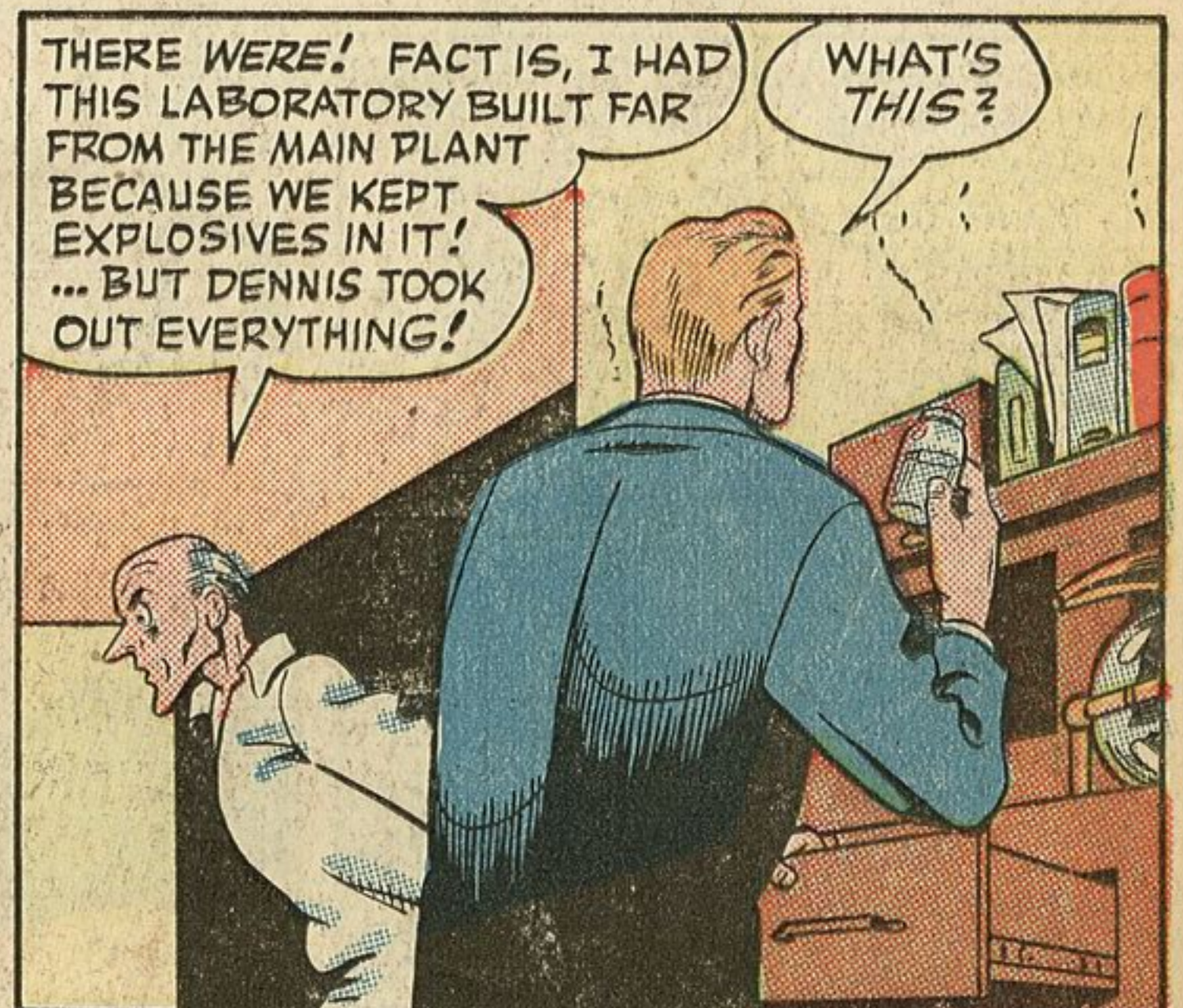
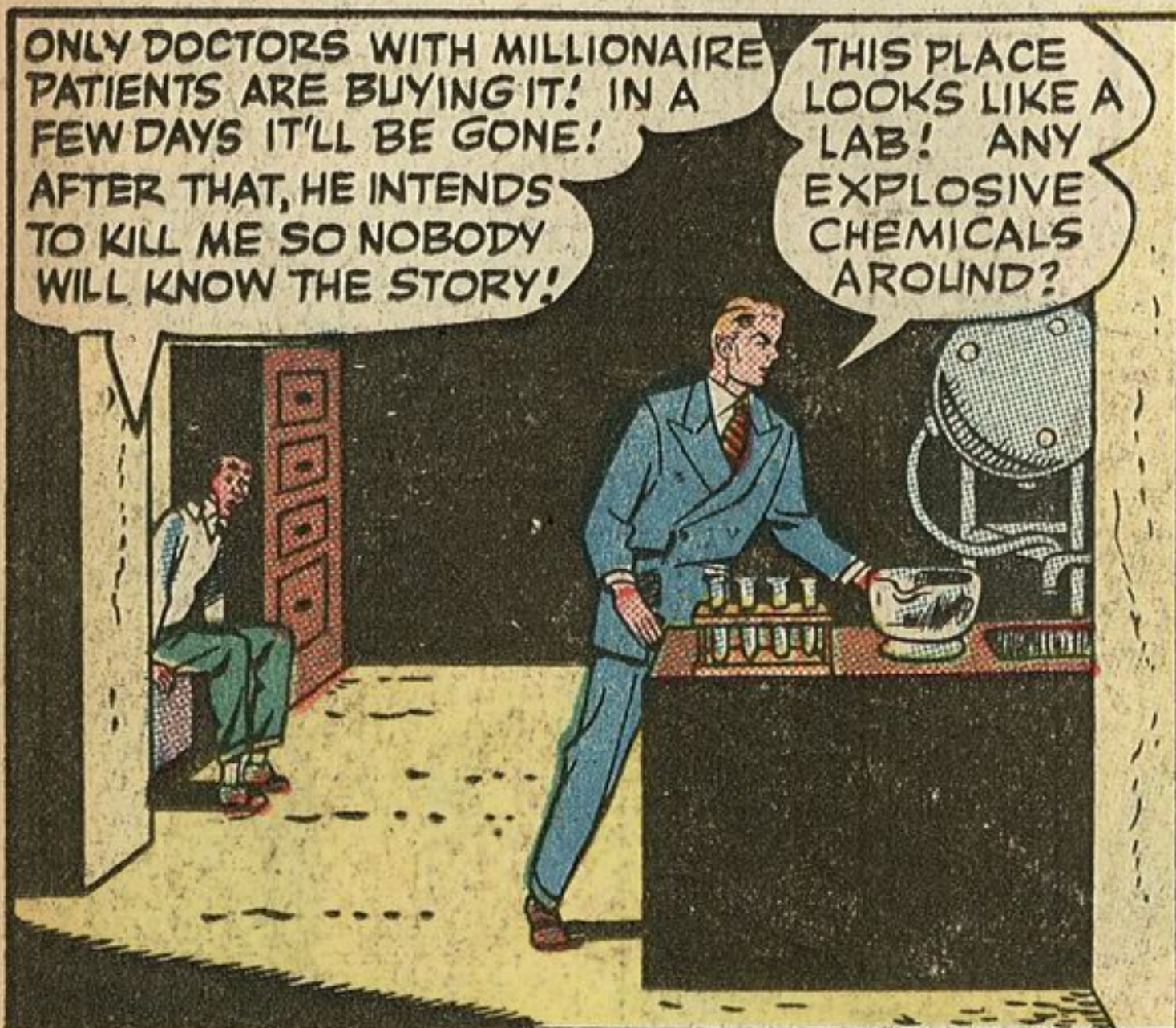
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

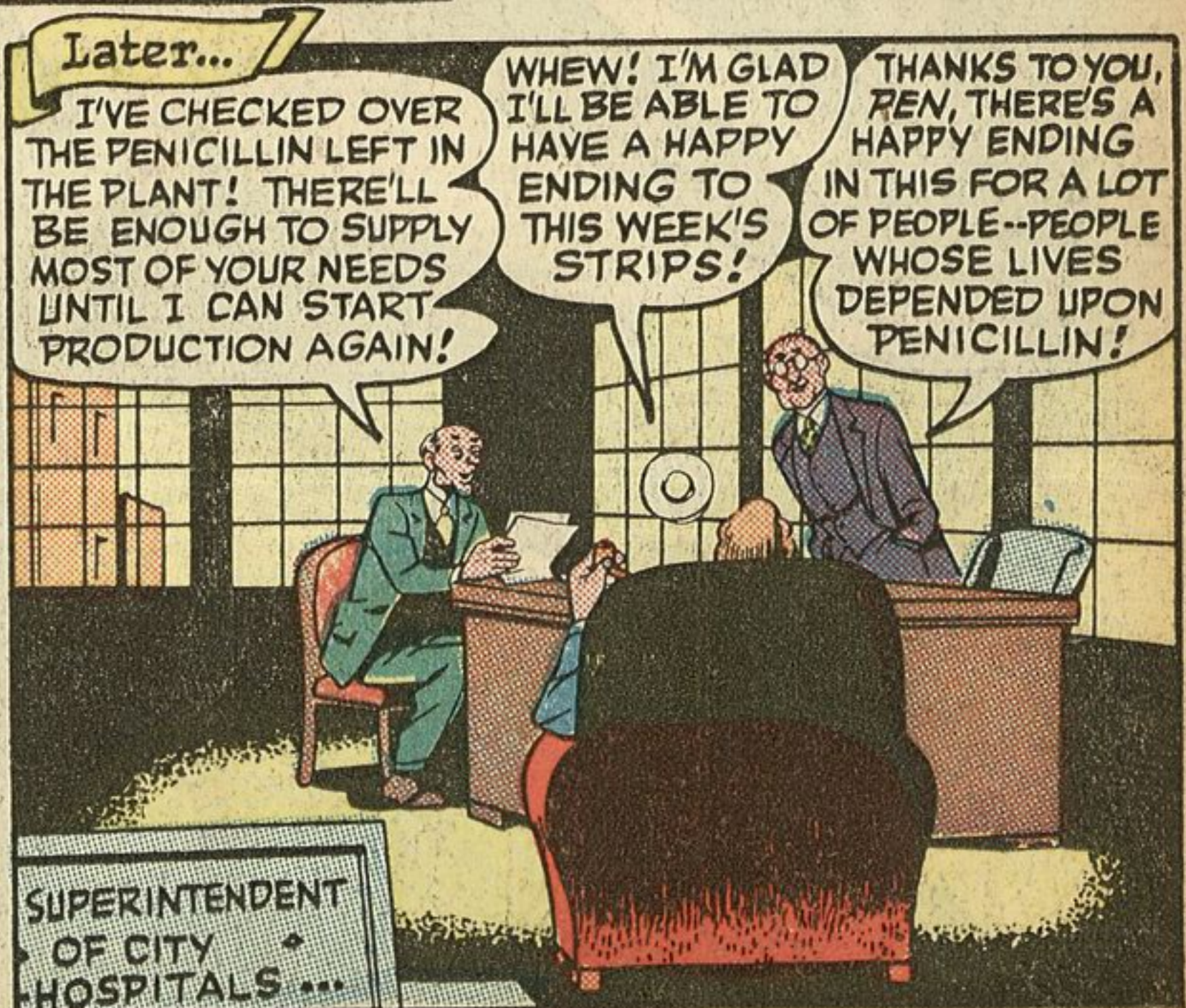
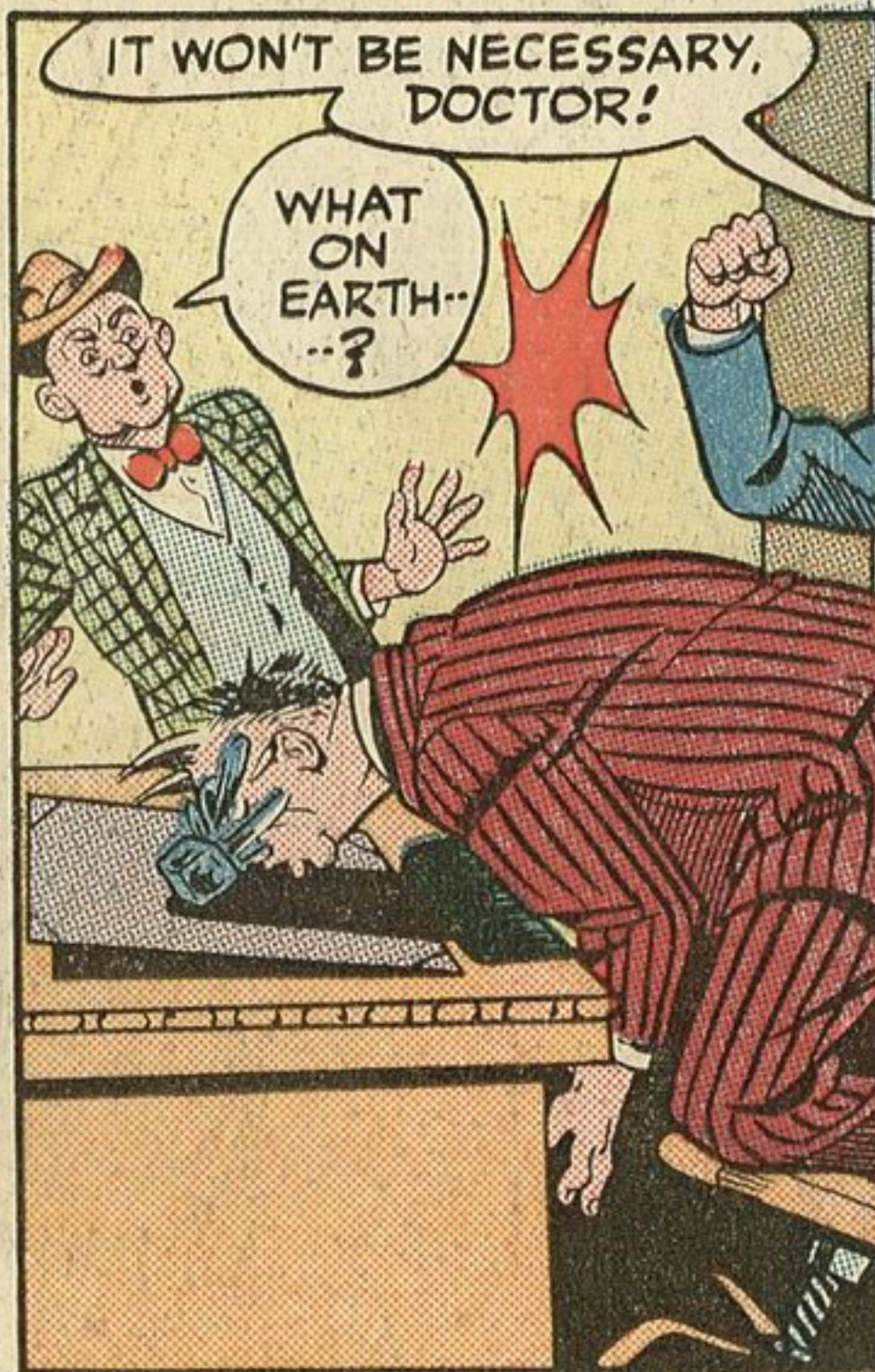
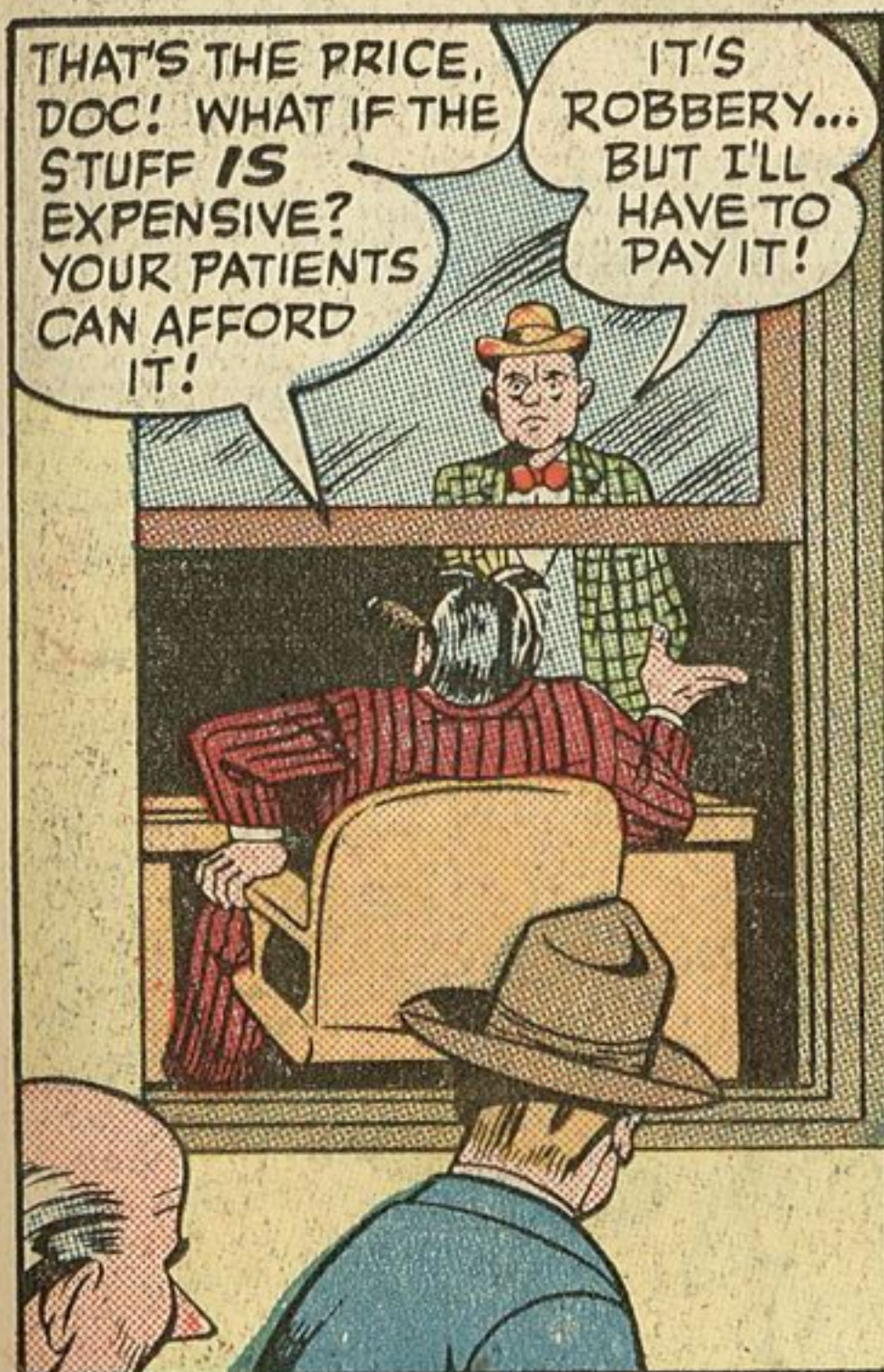
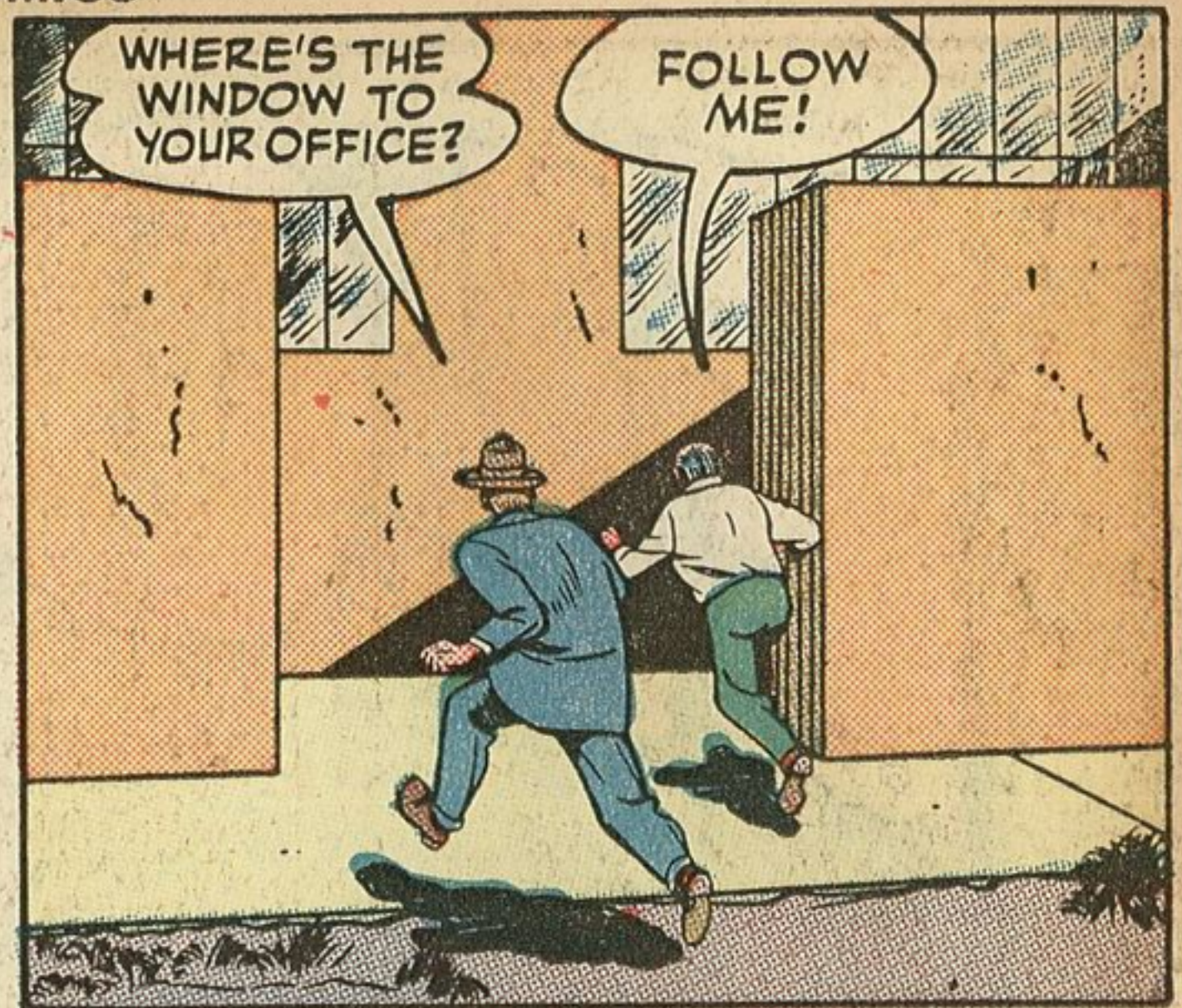
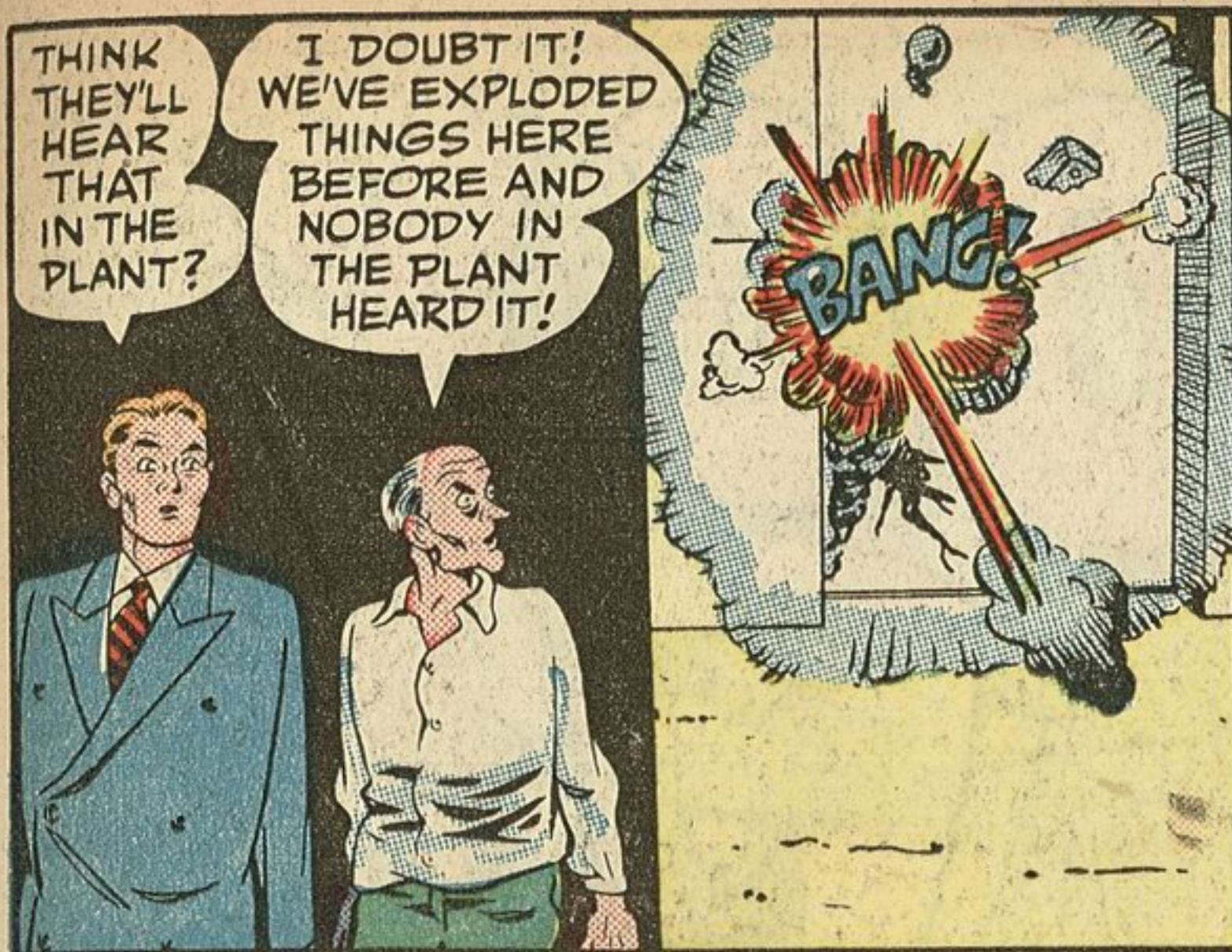


CRACK COMICS



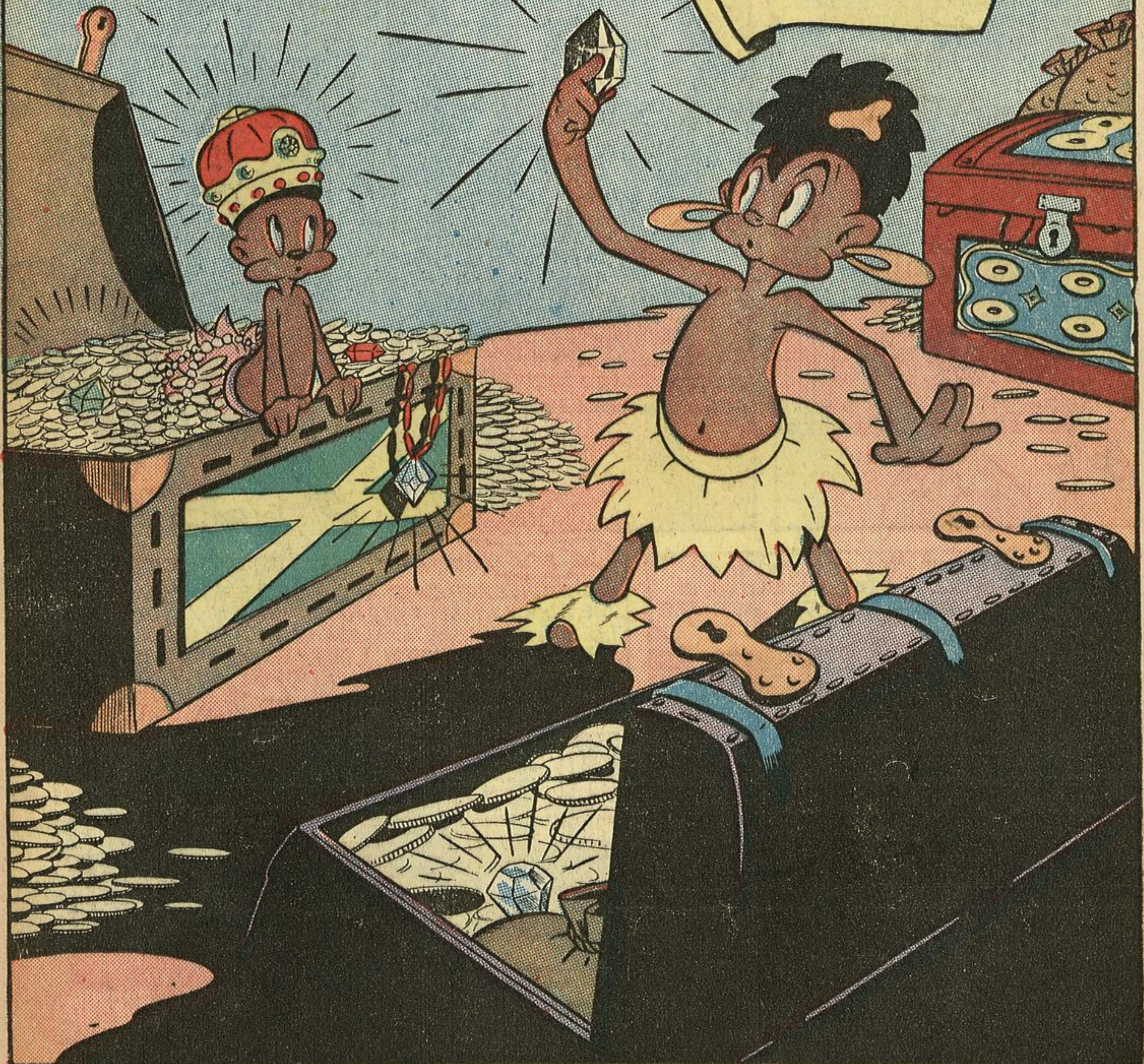
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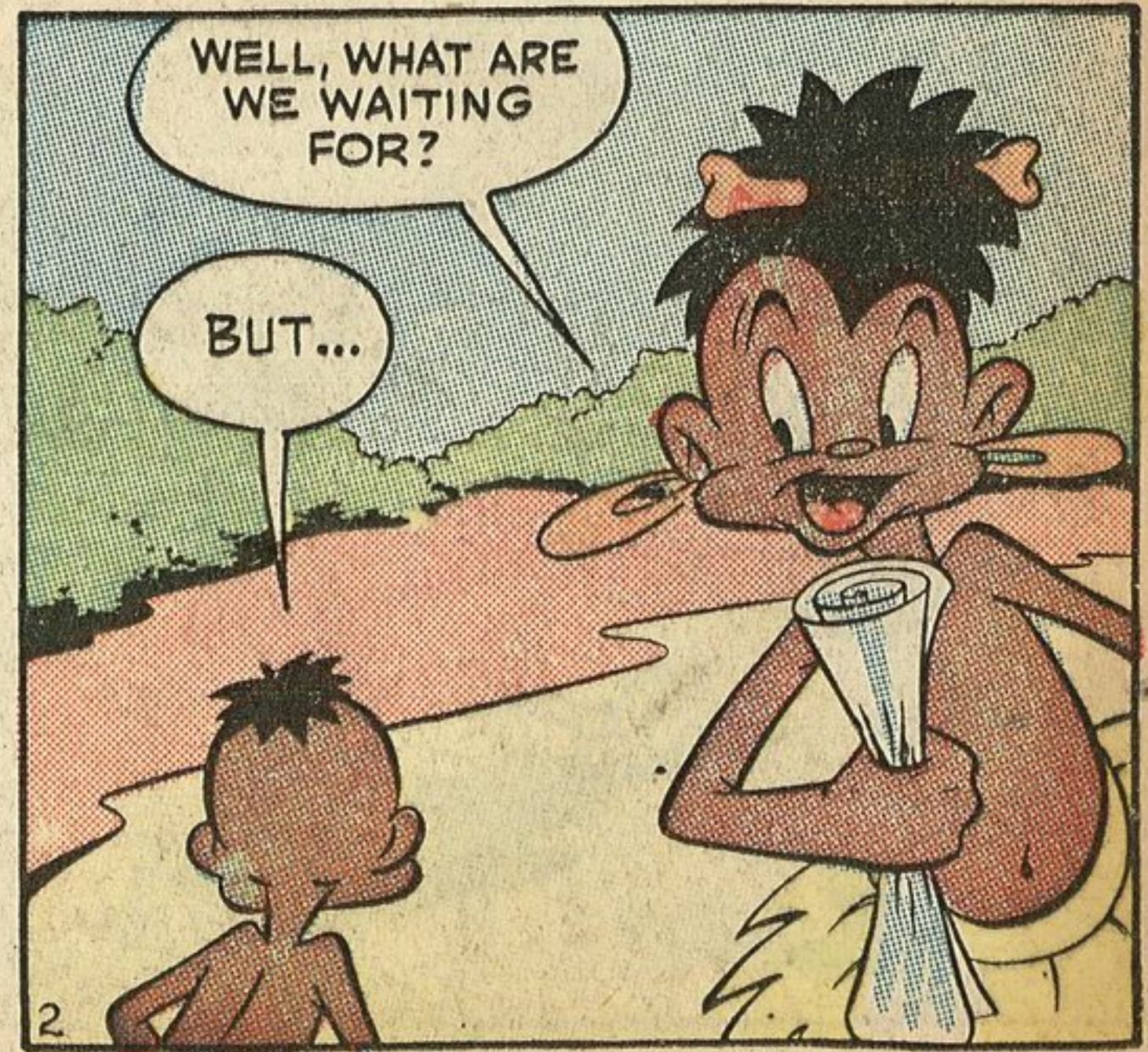
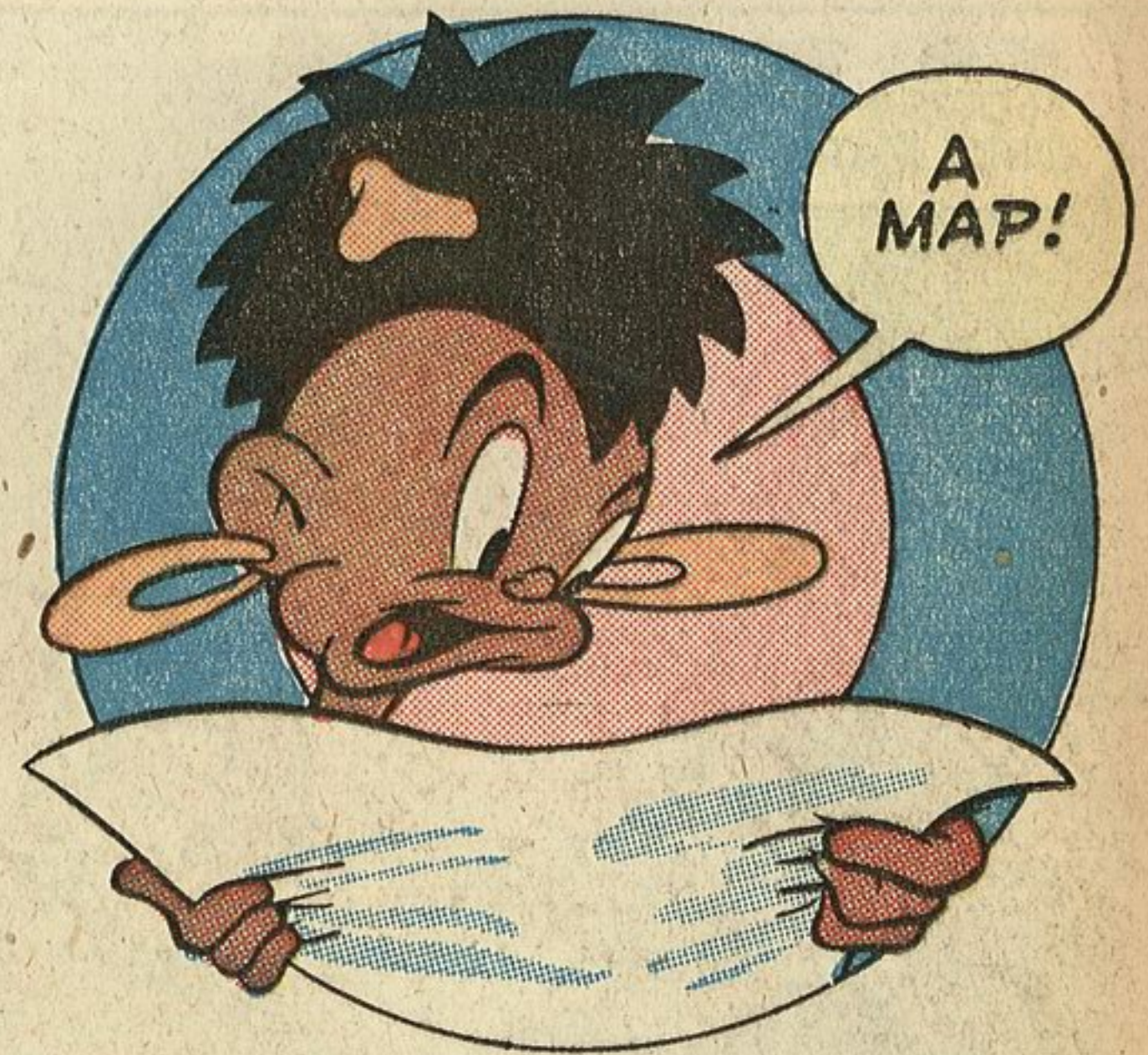
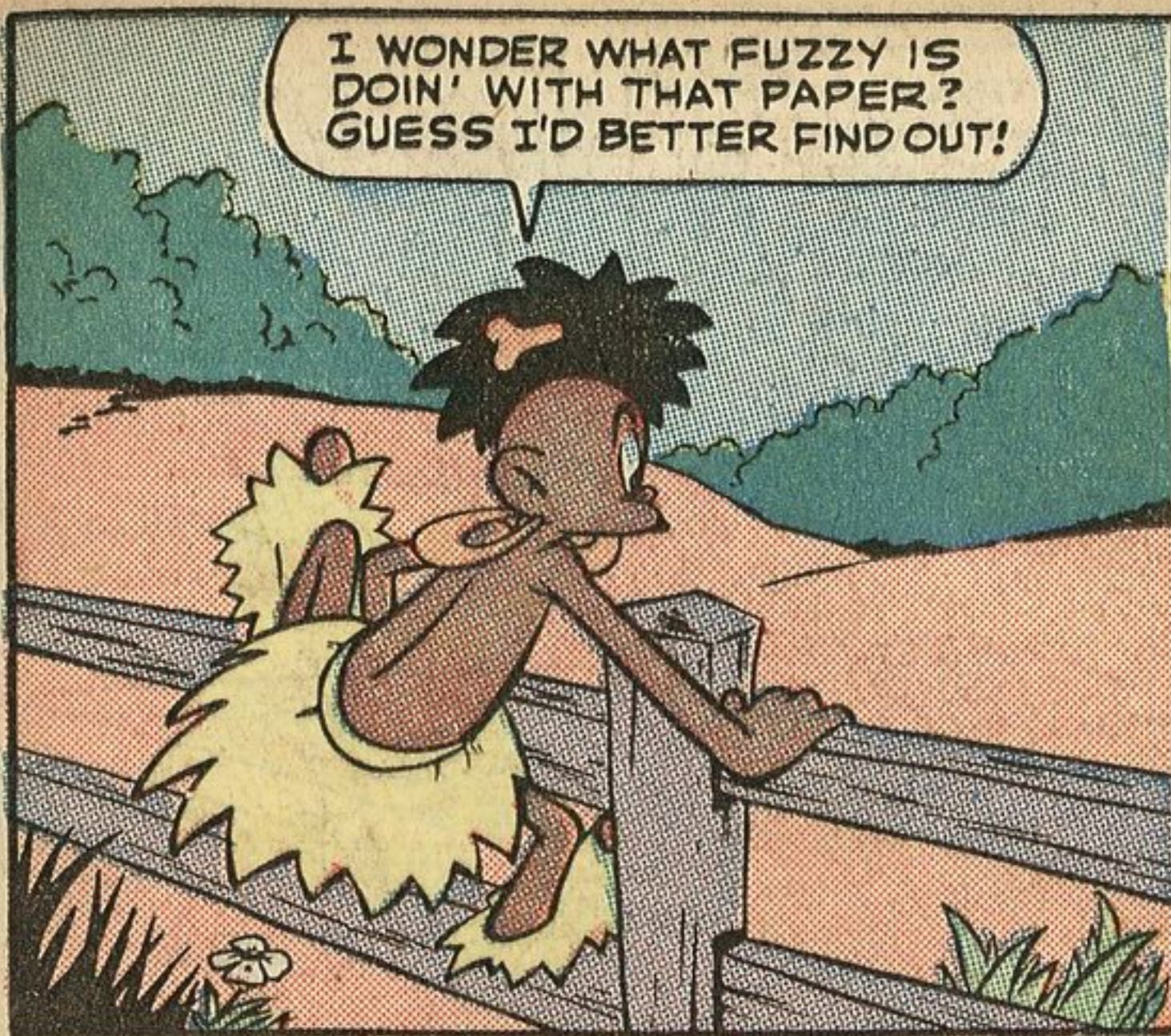


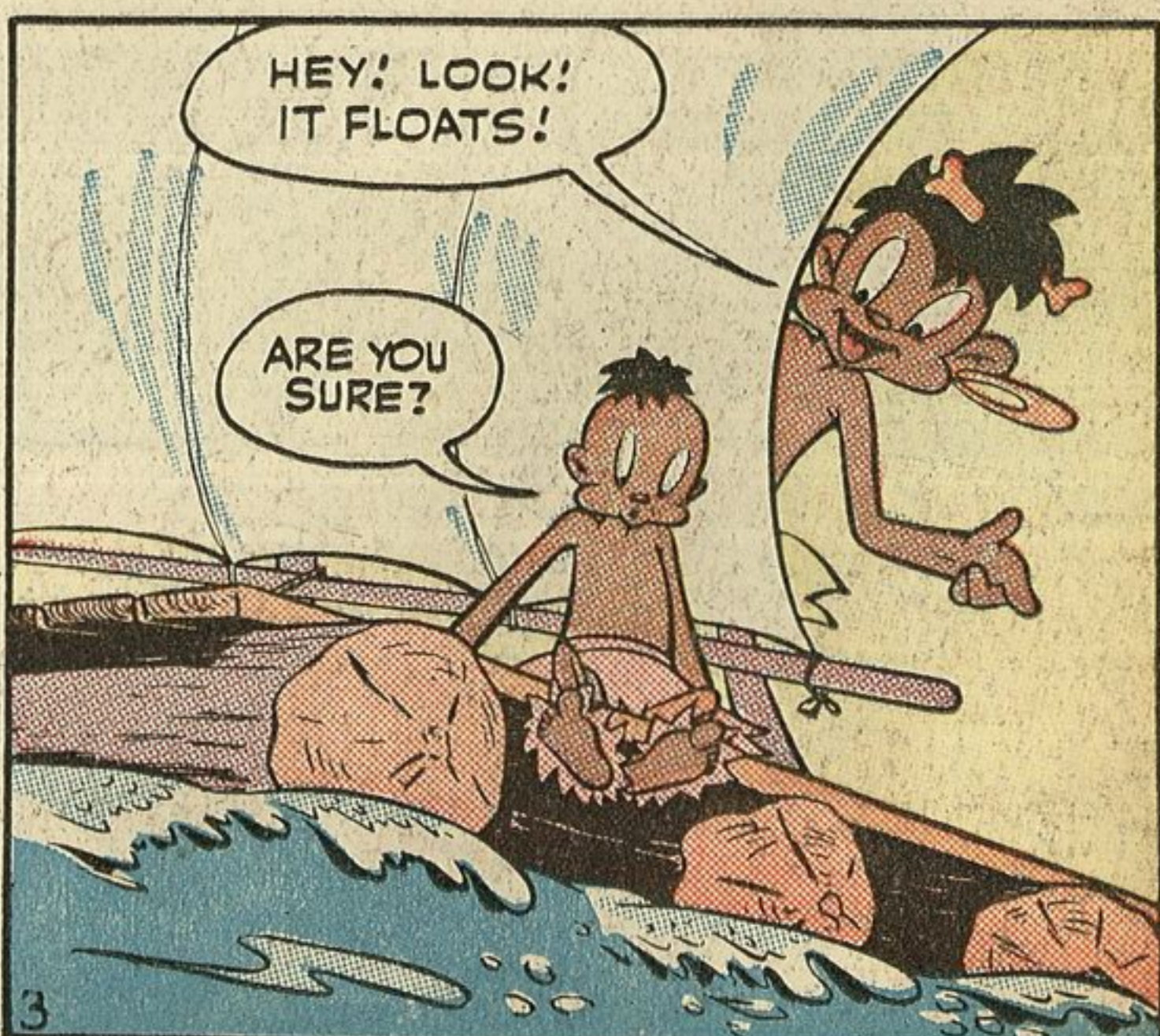
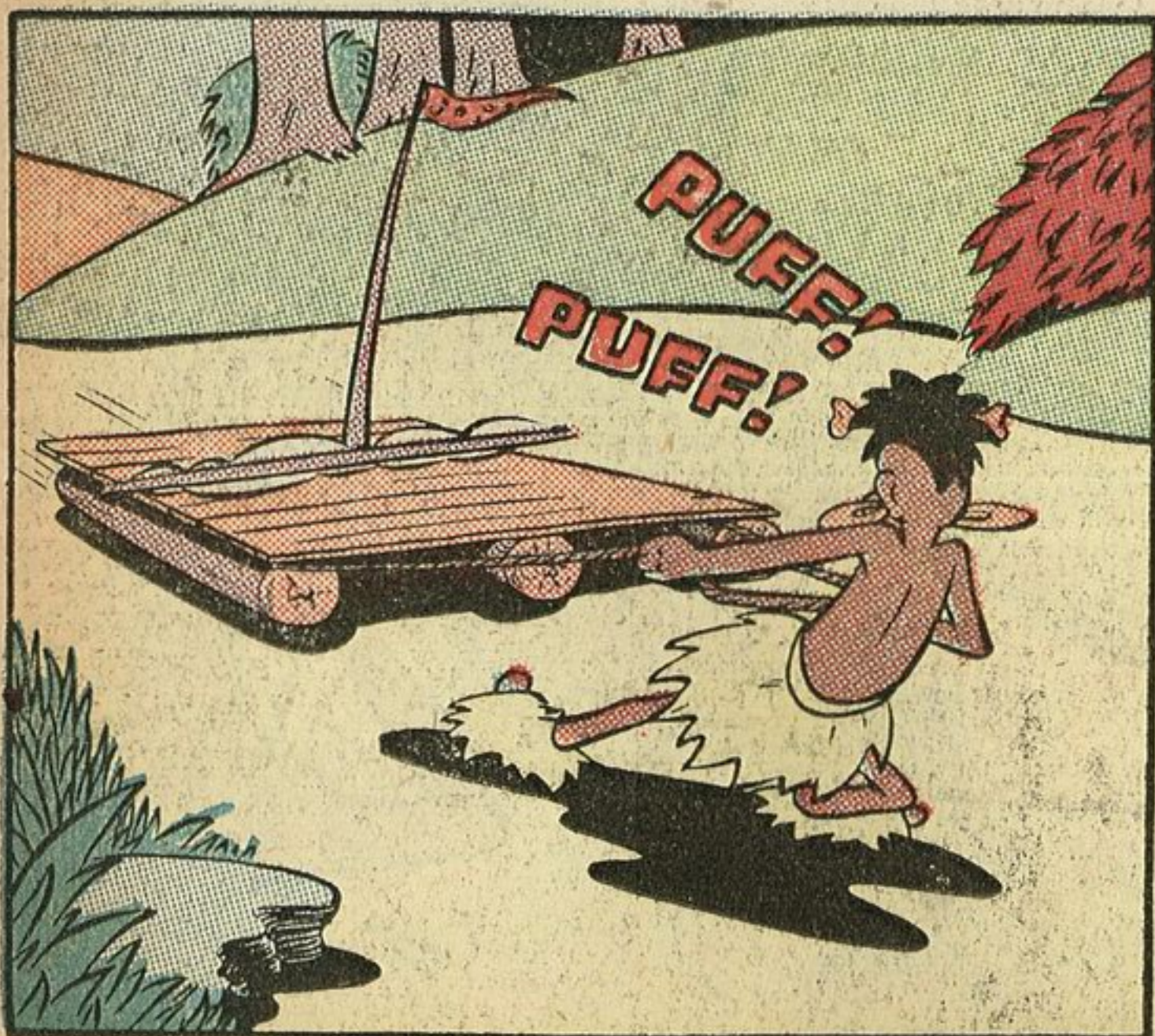
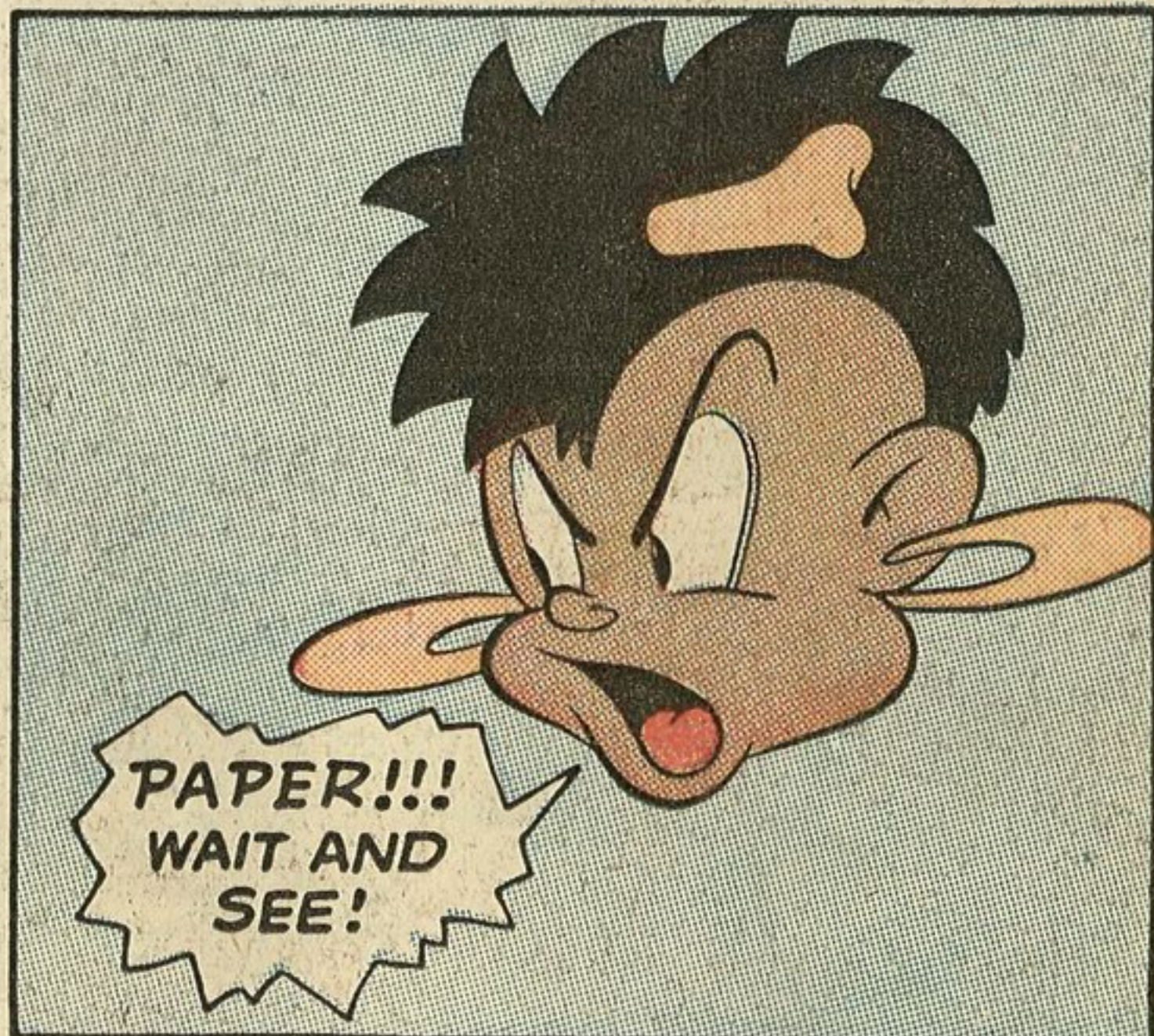
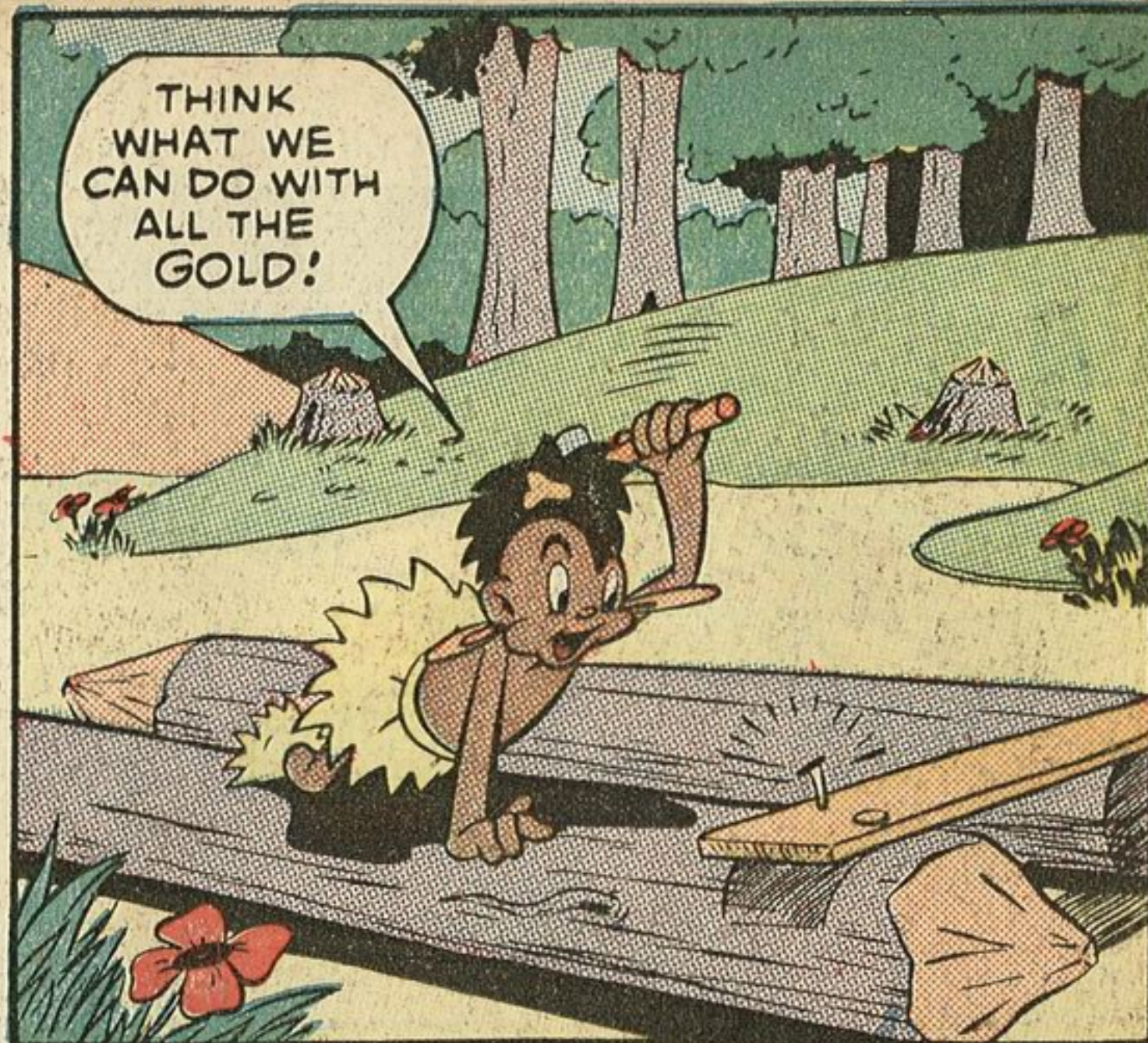


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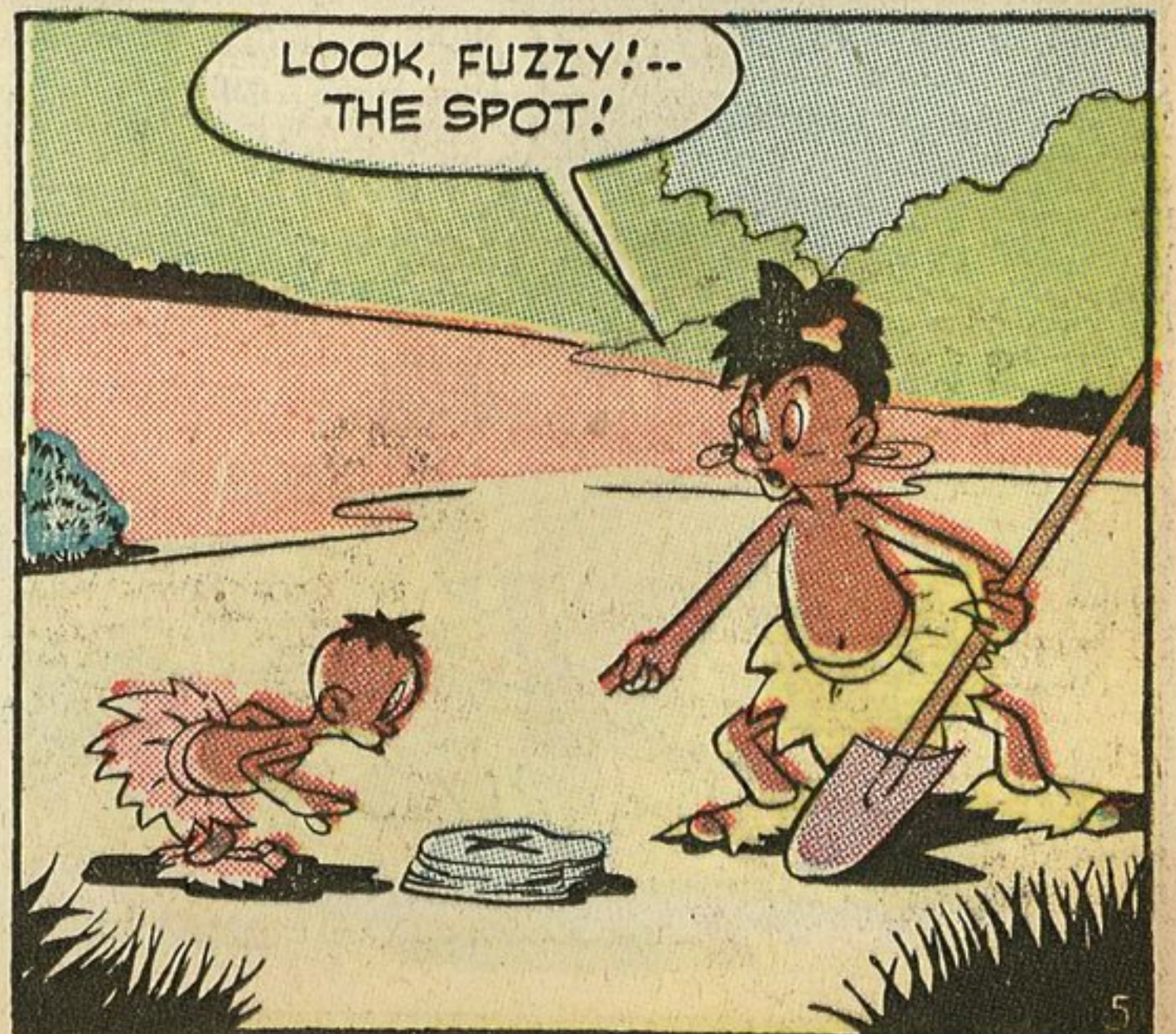
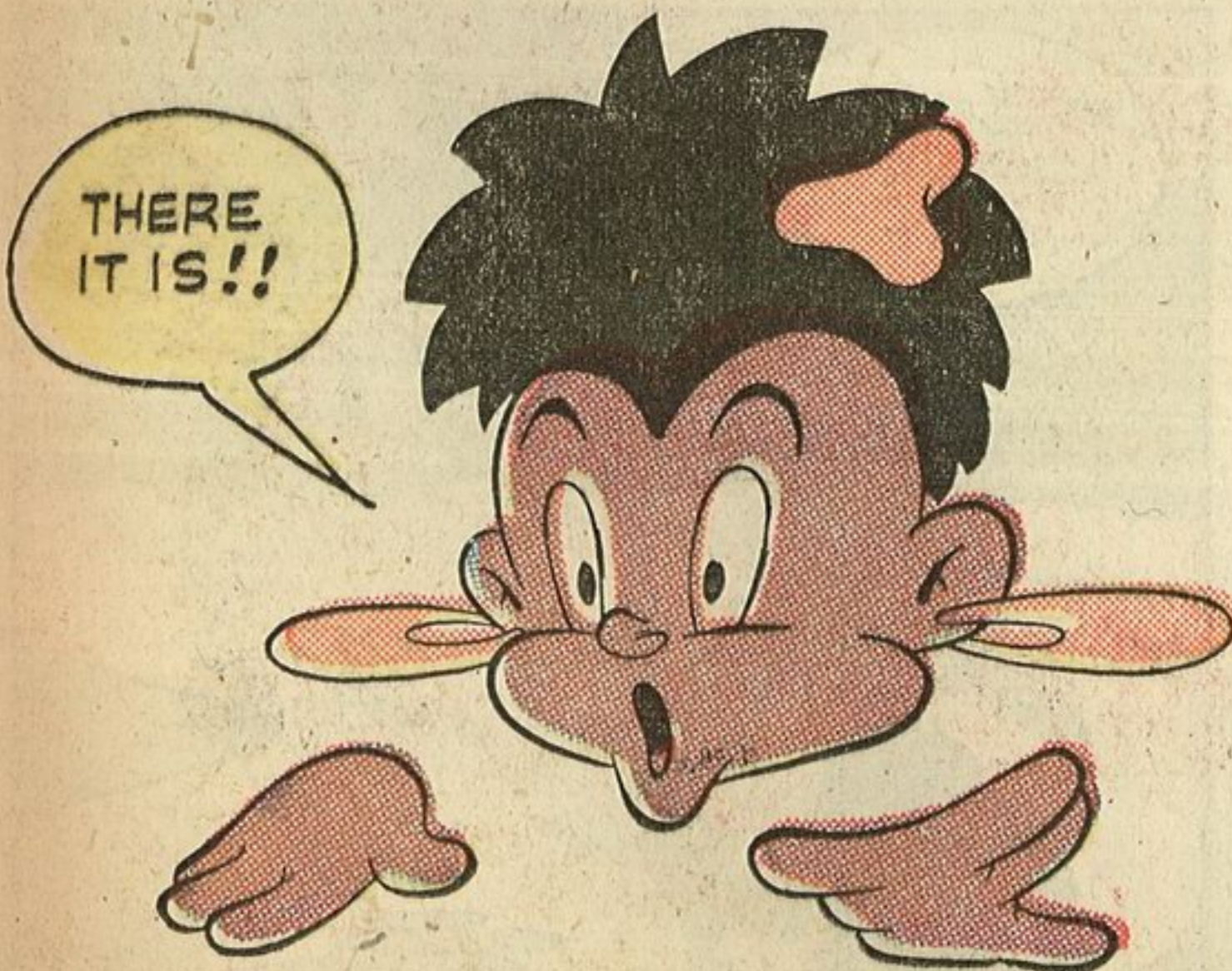
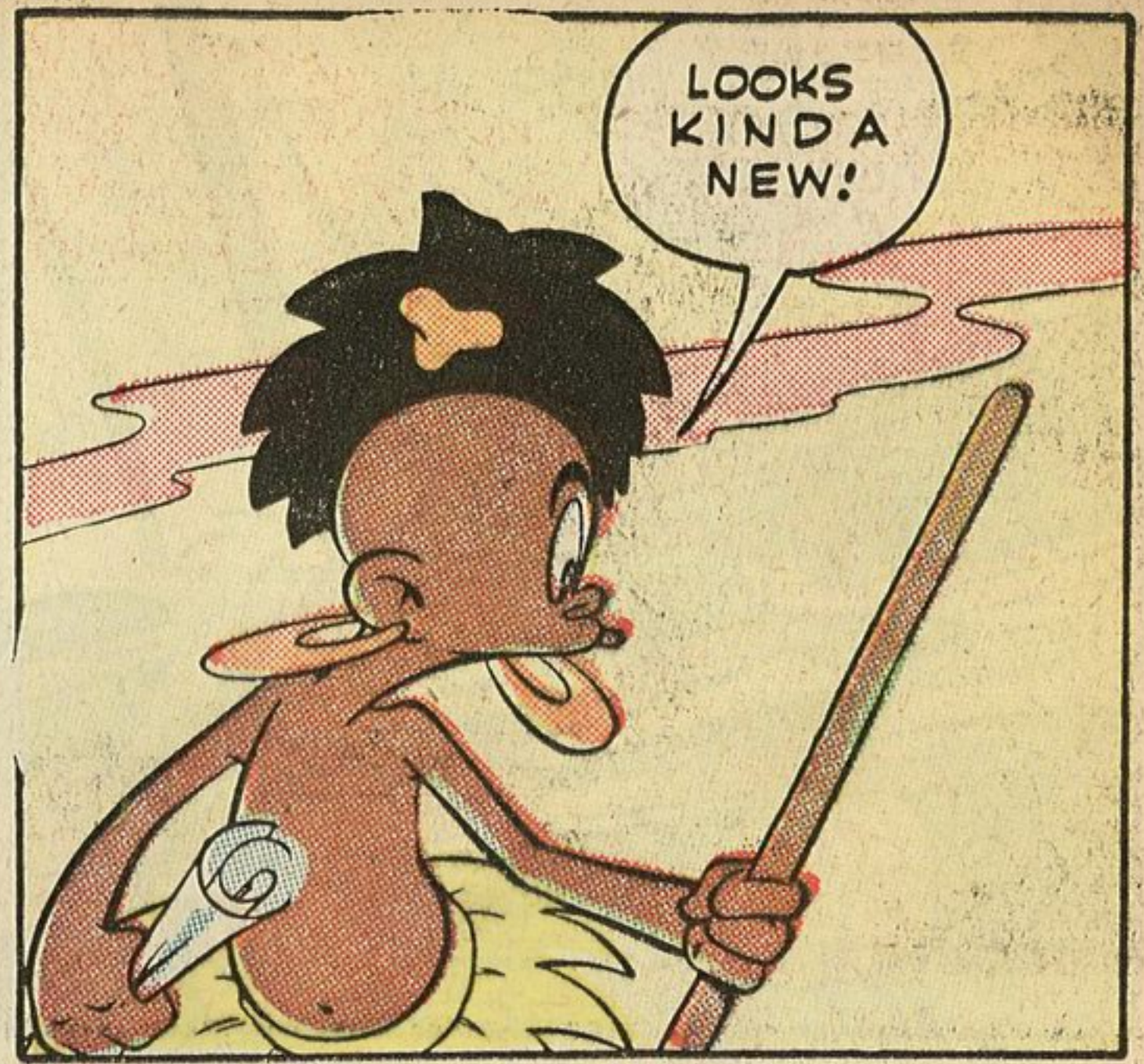
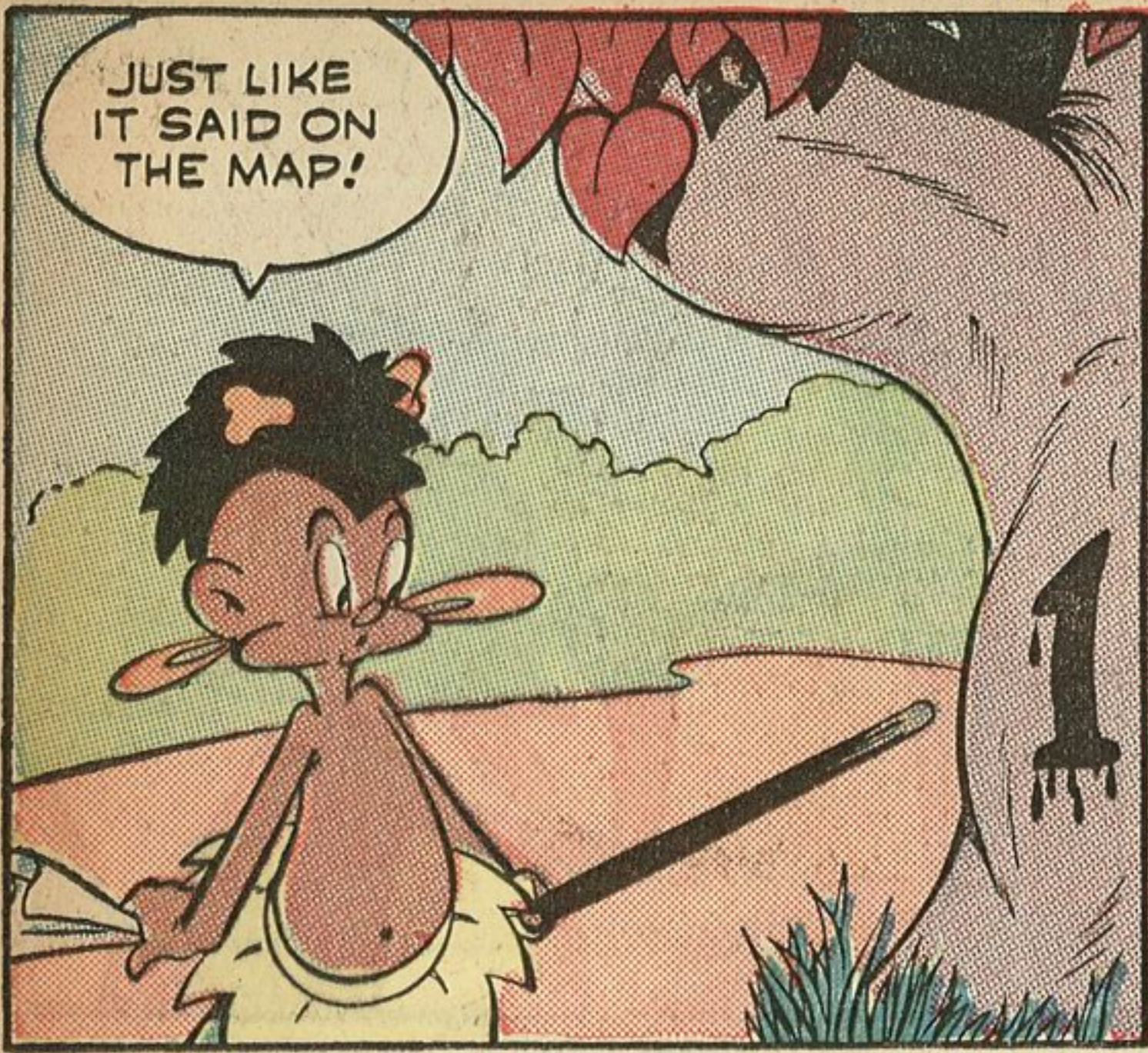
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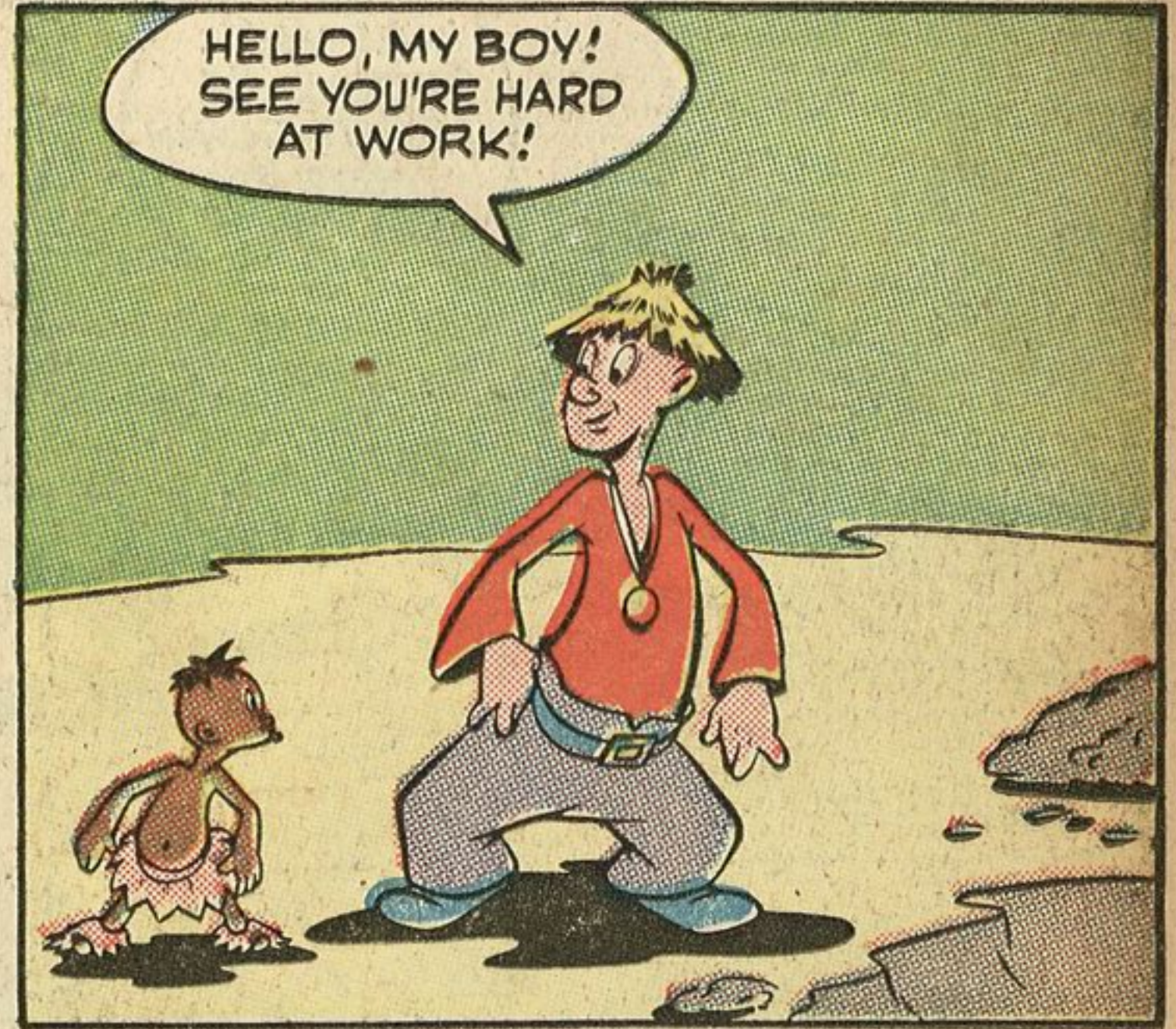
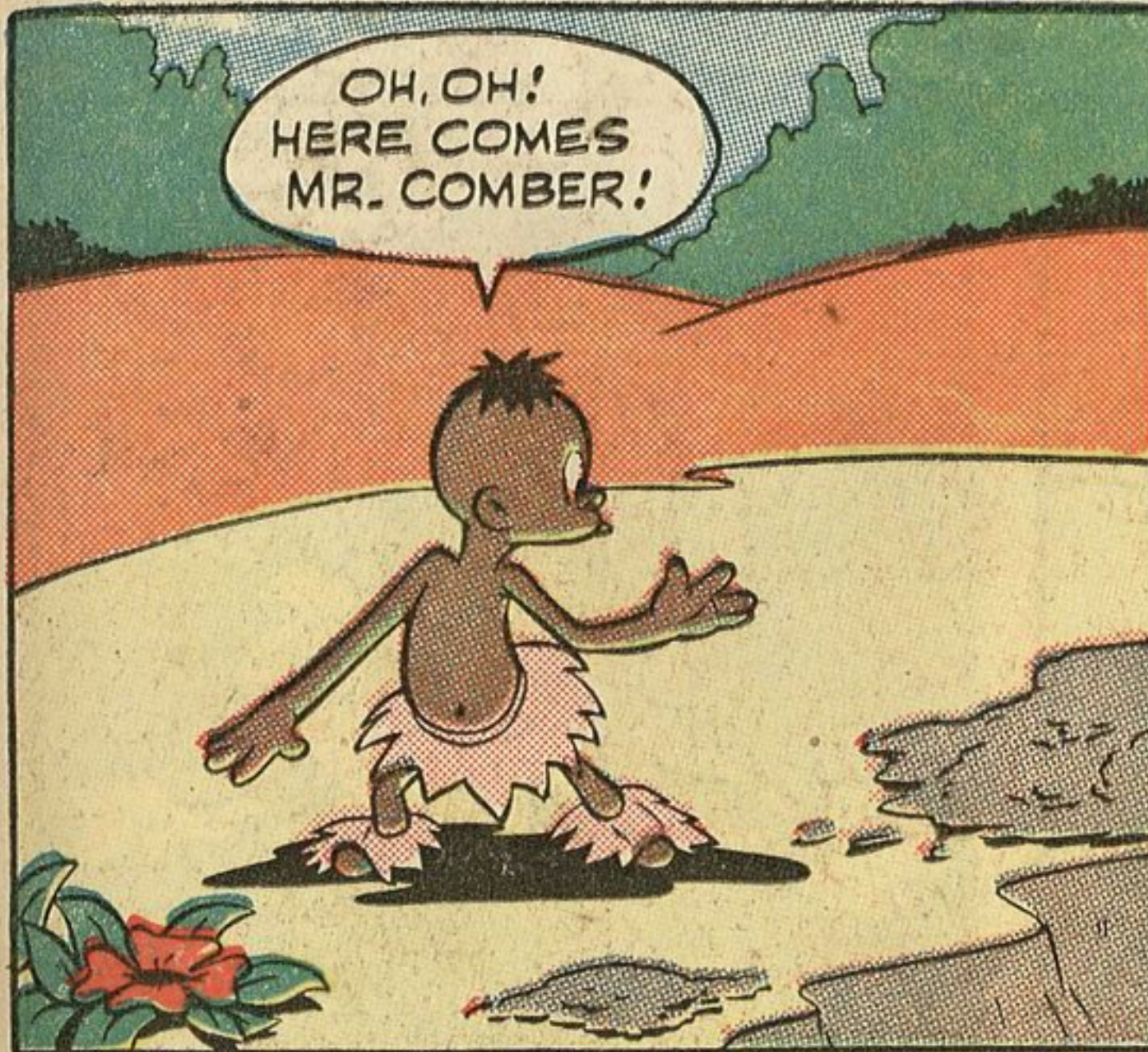


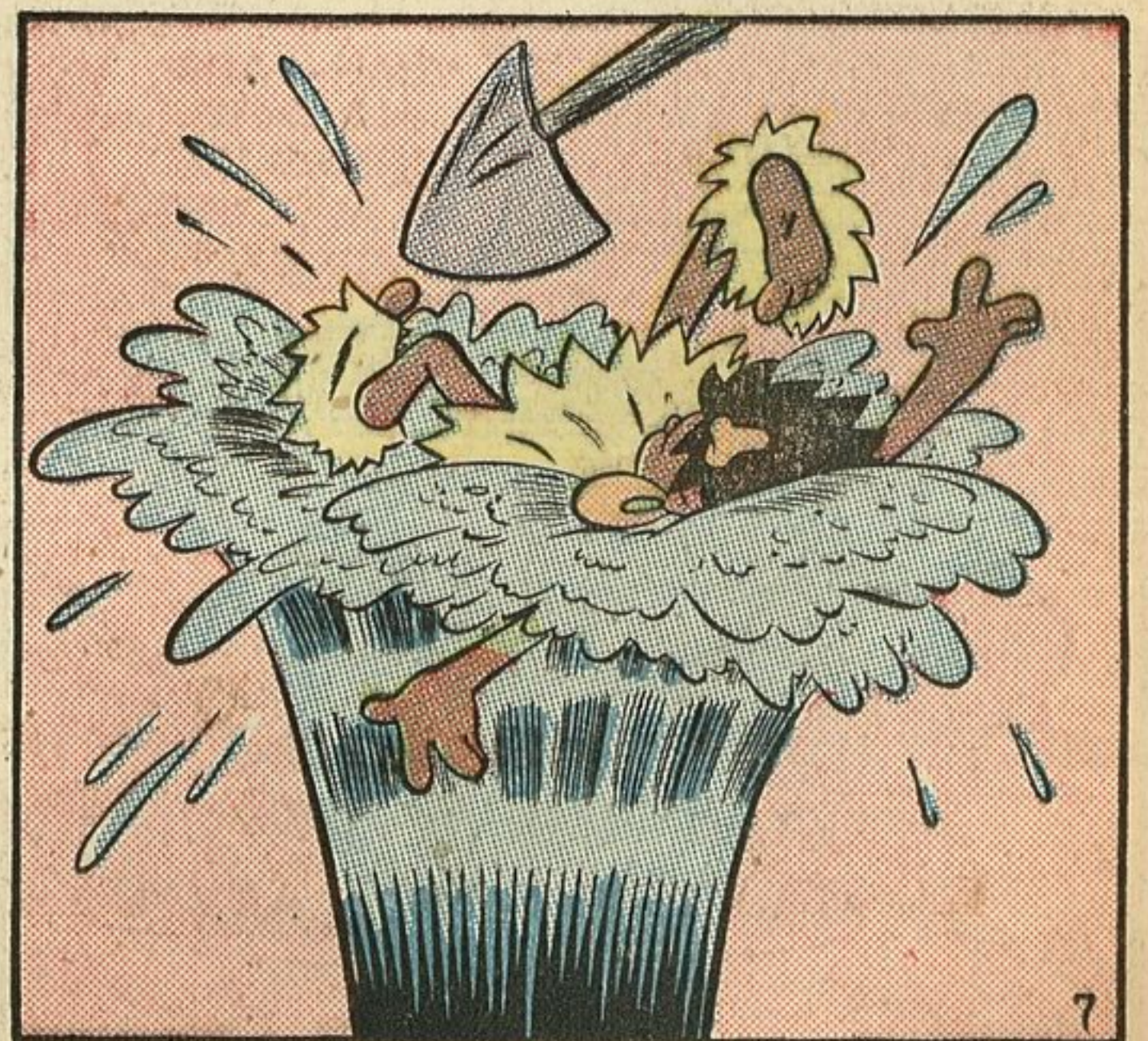
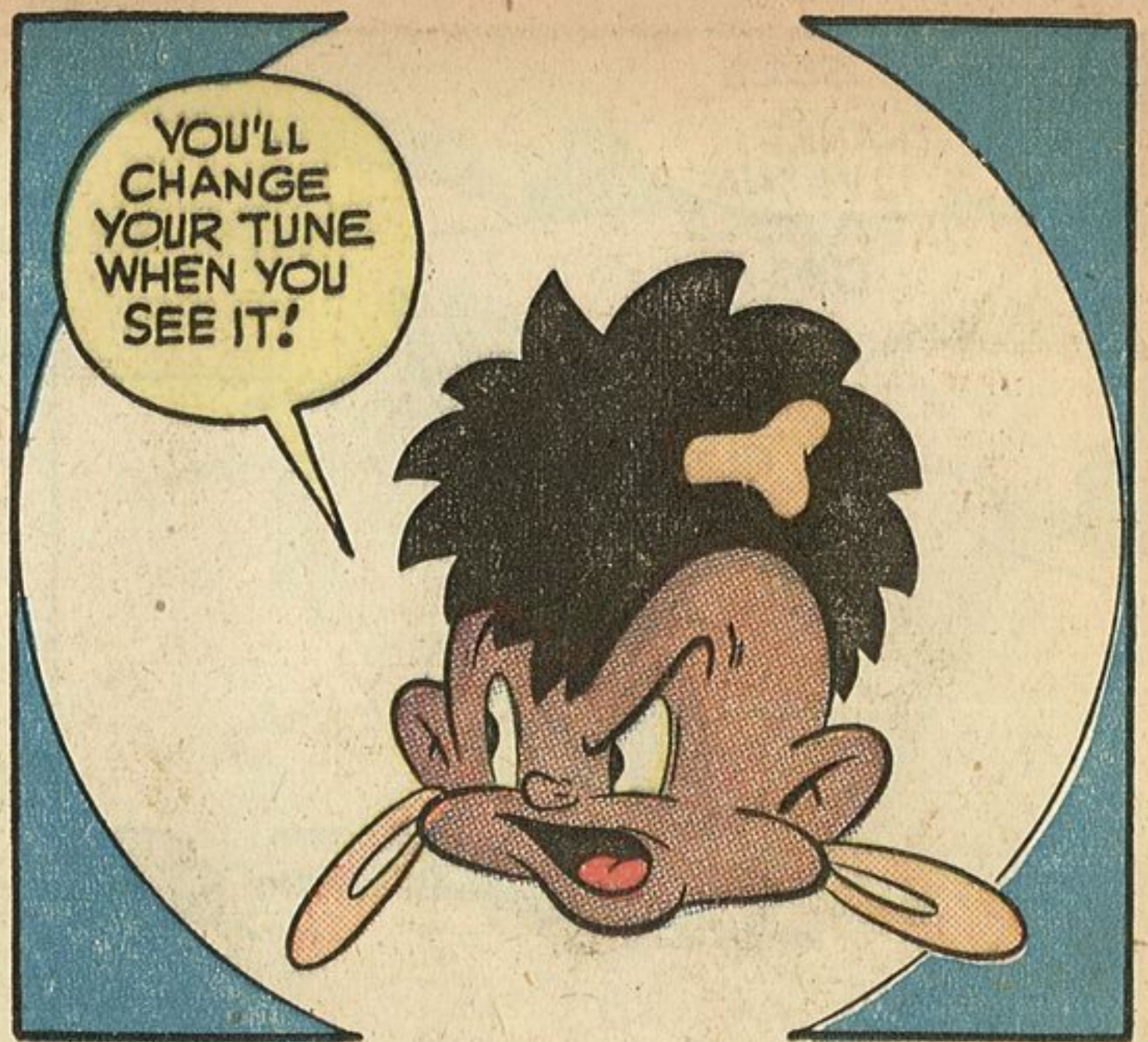


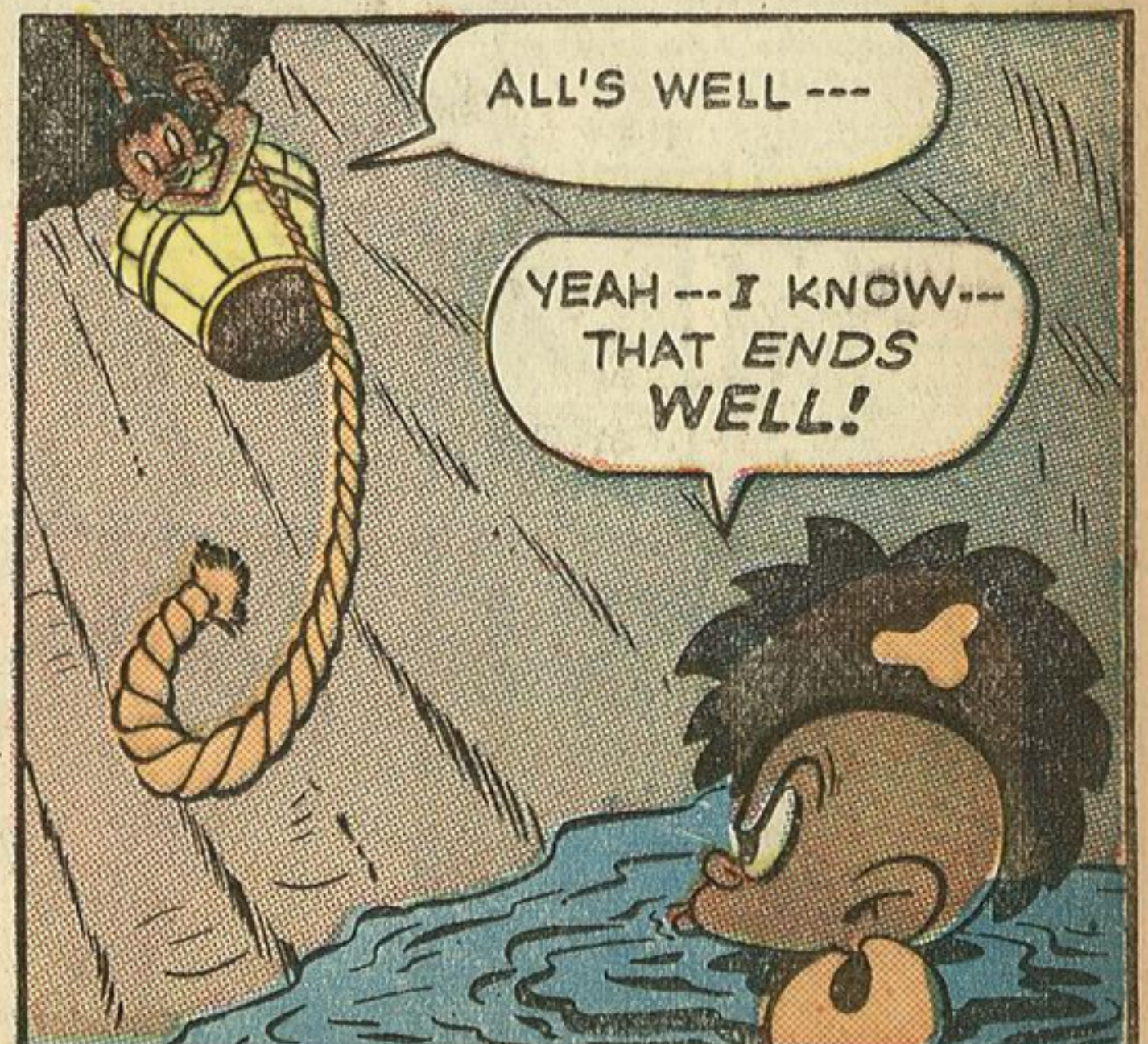
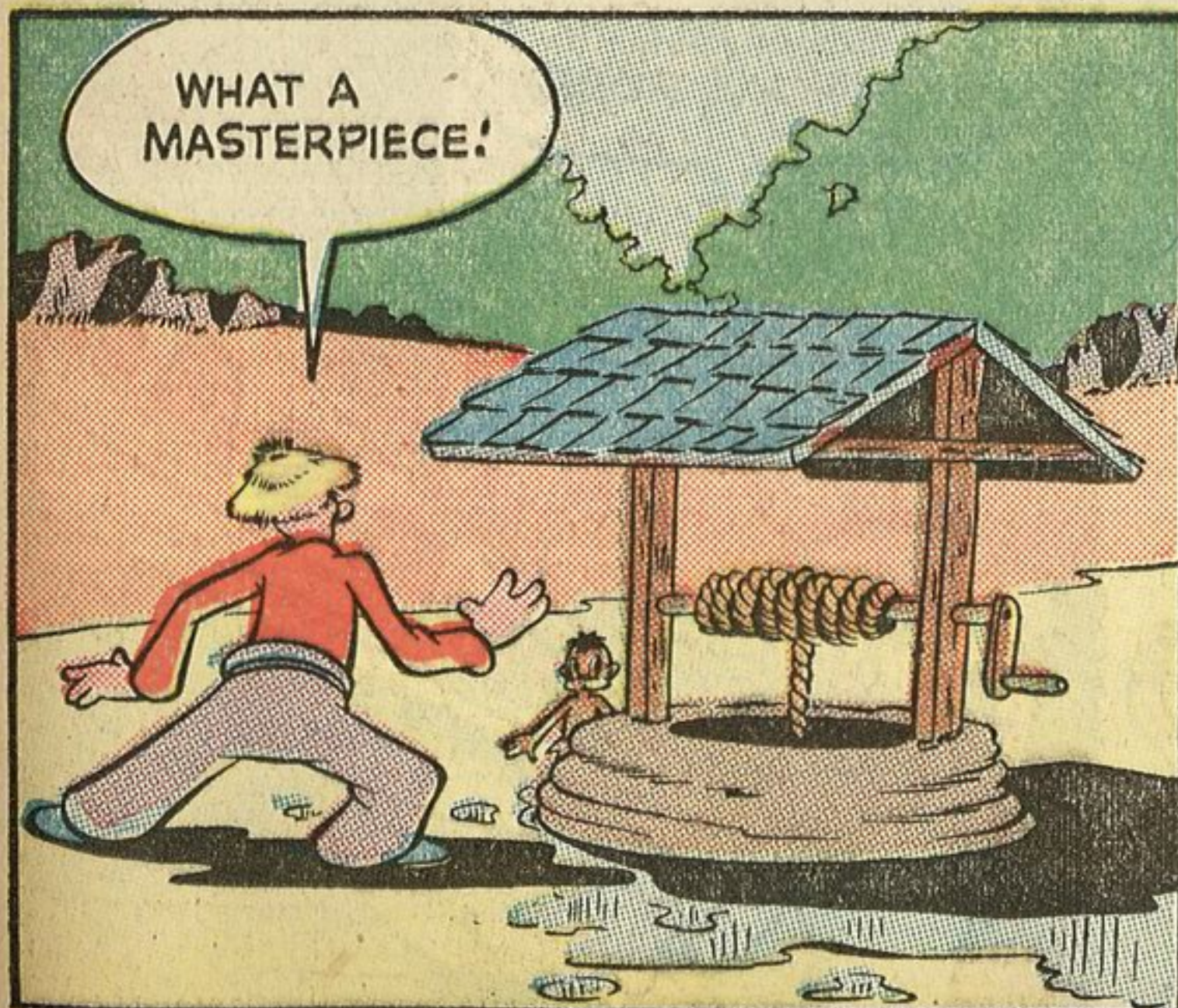
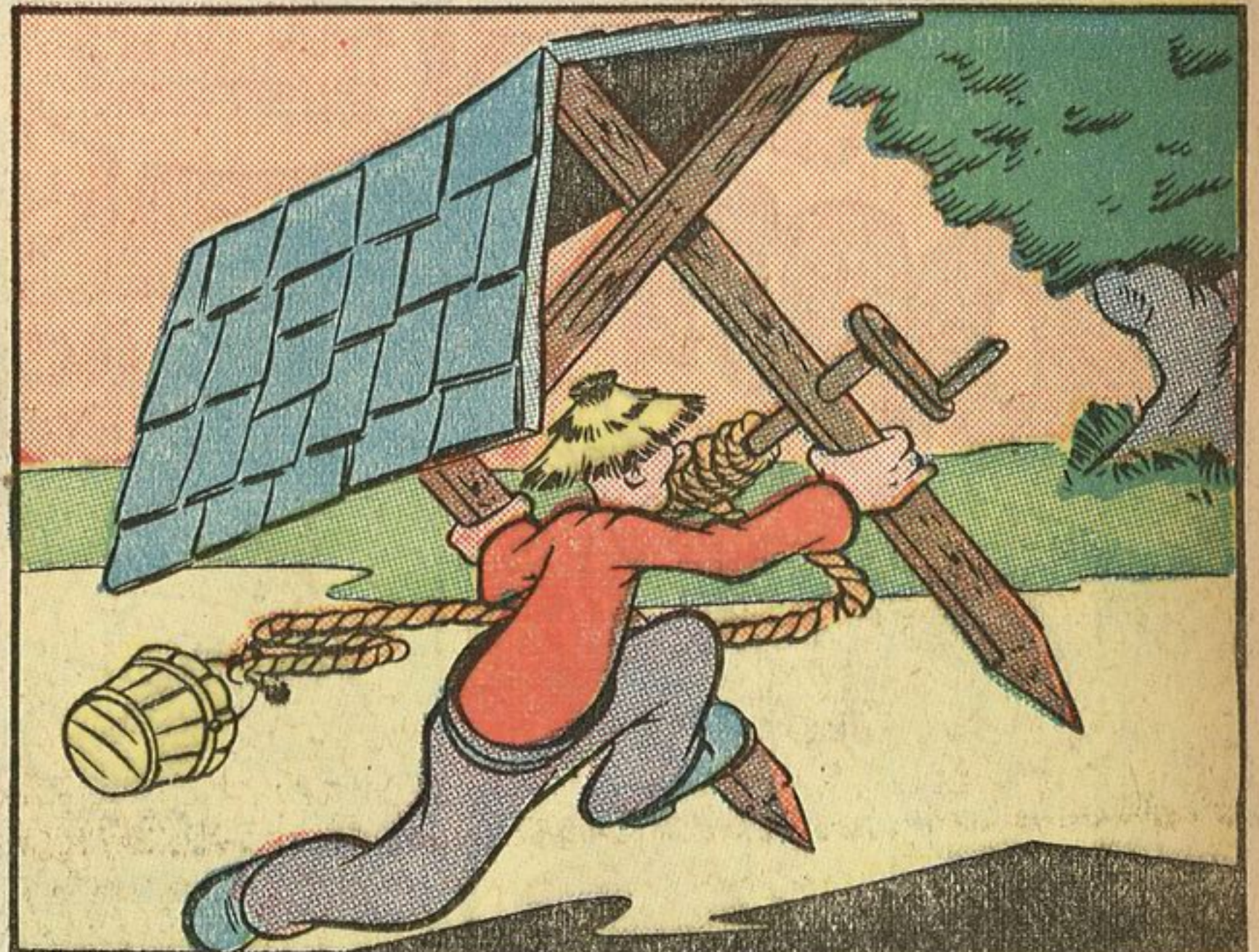
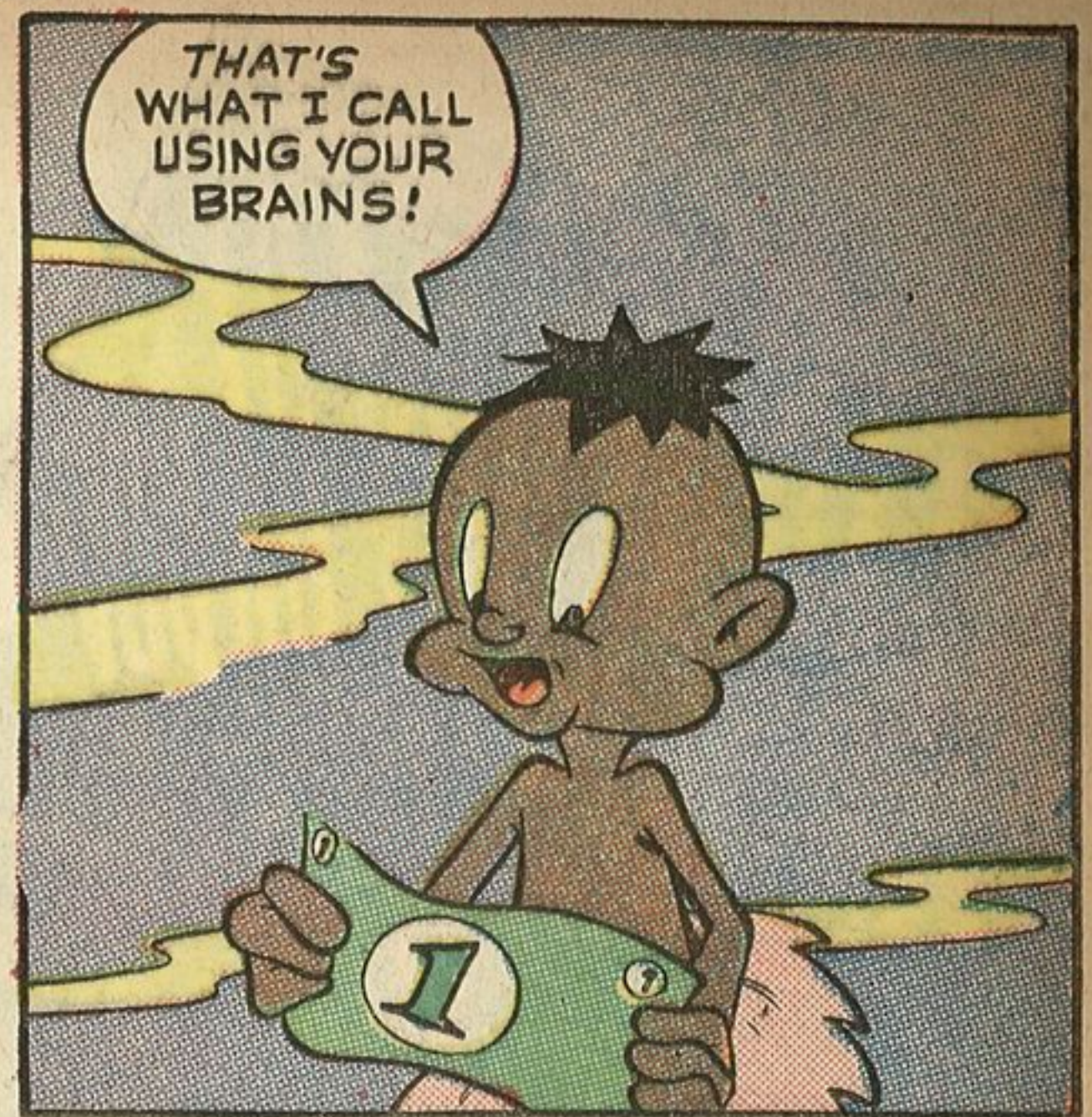
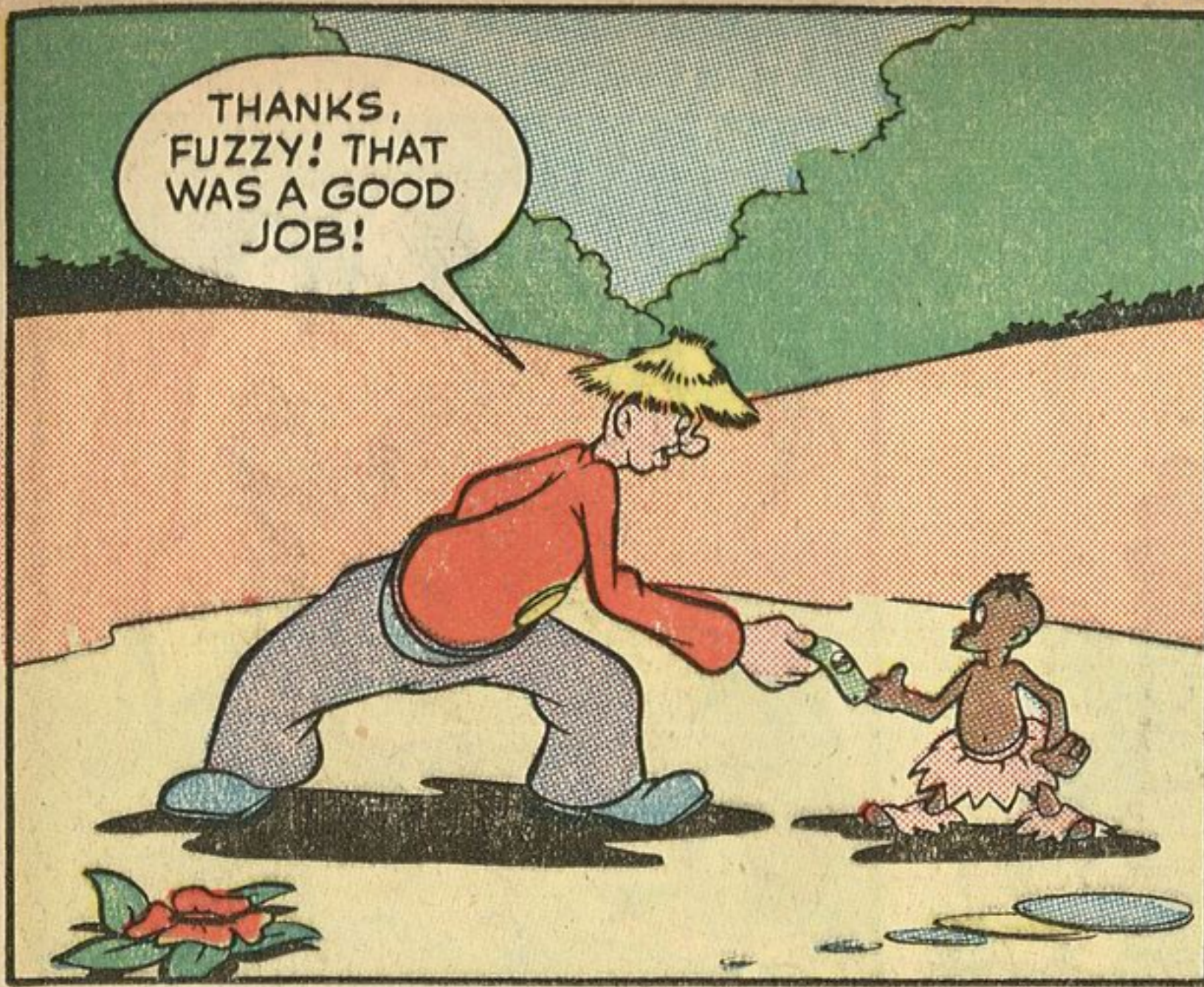


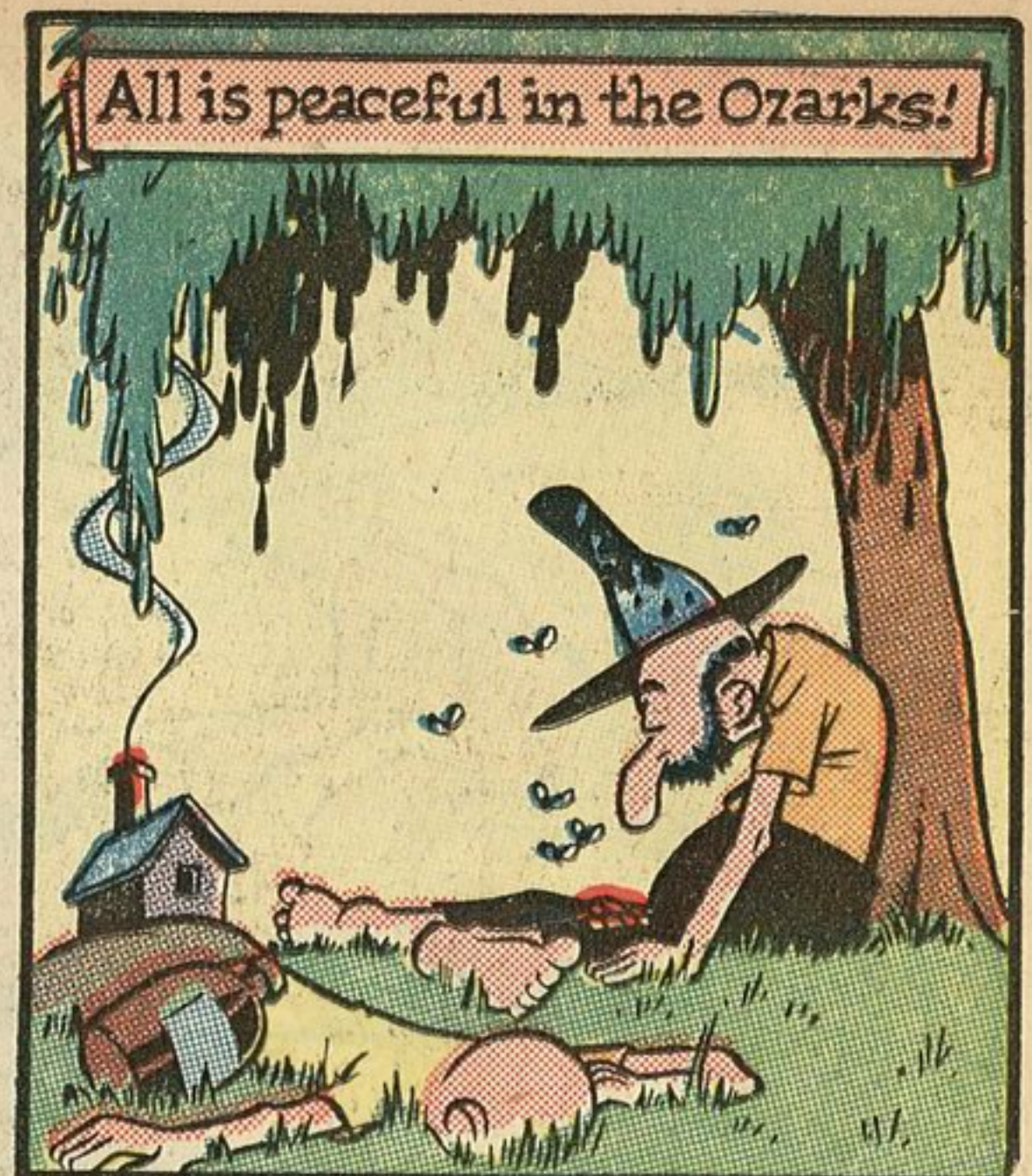
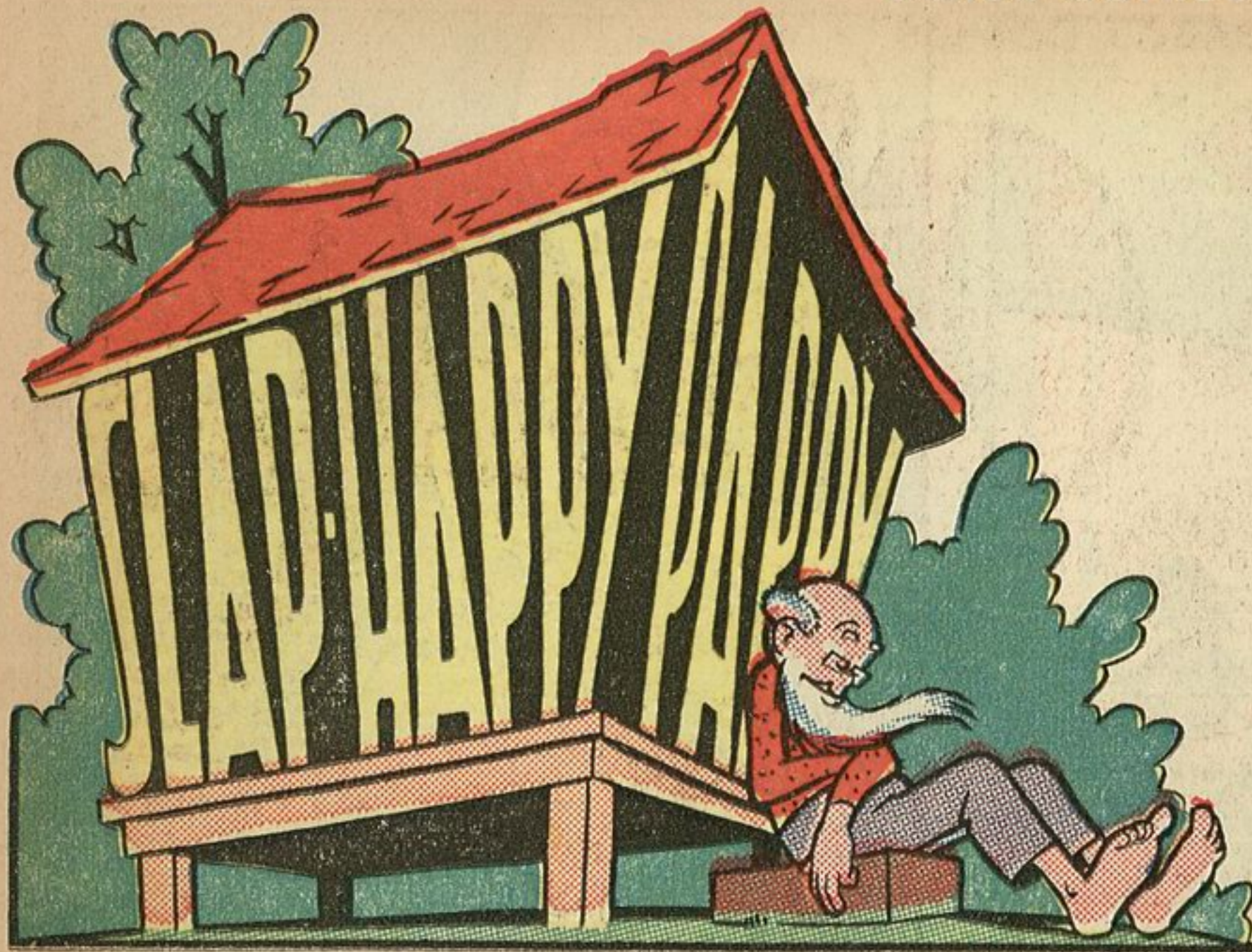




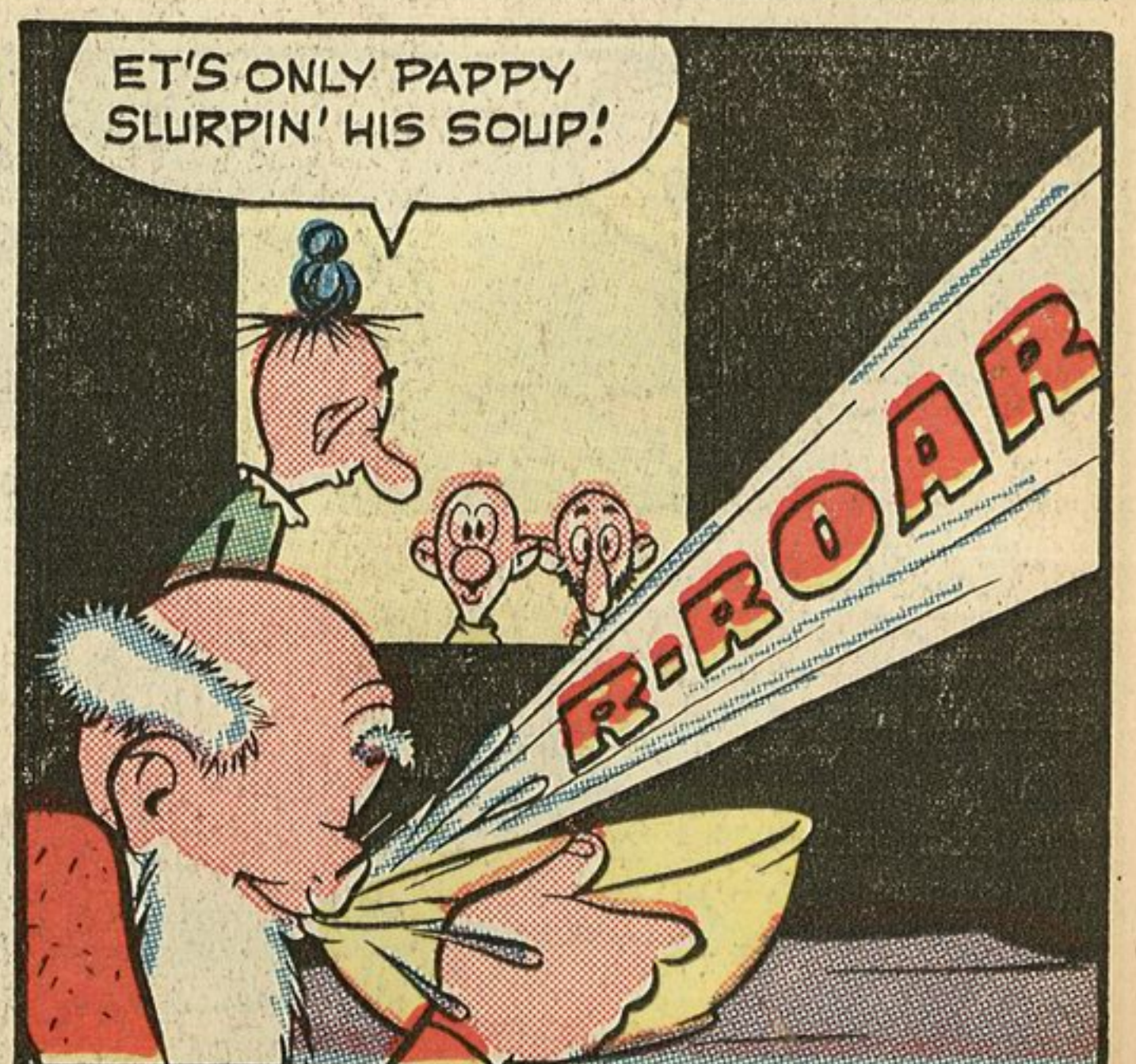
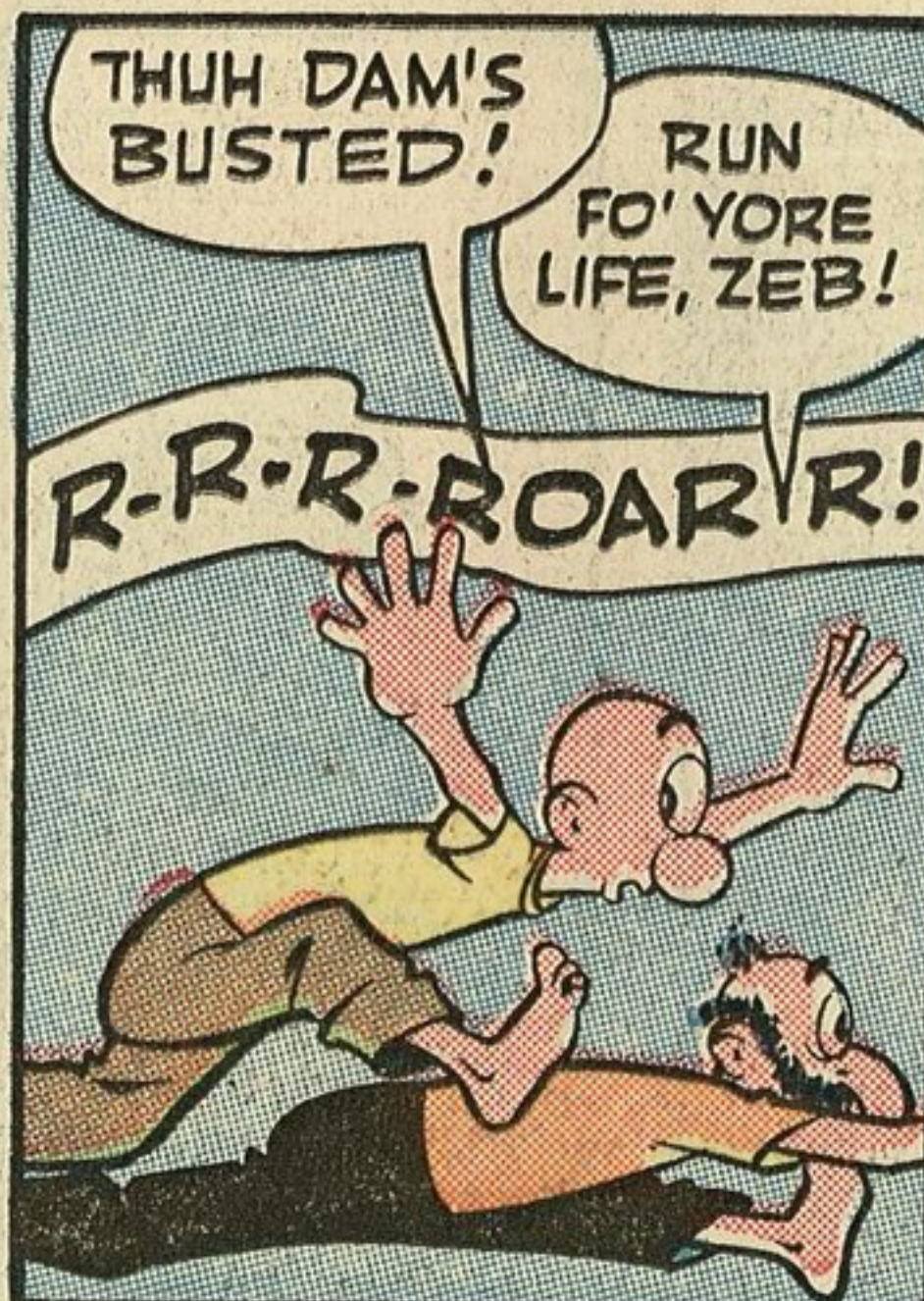
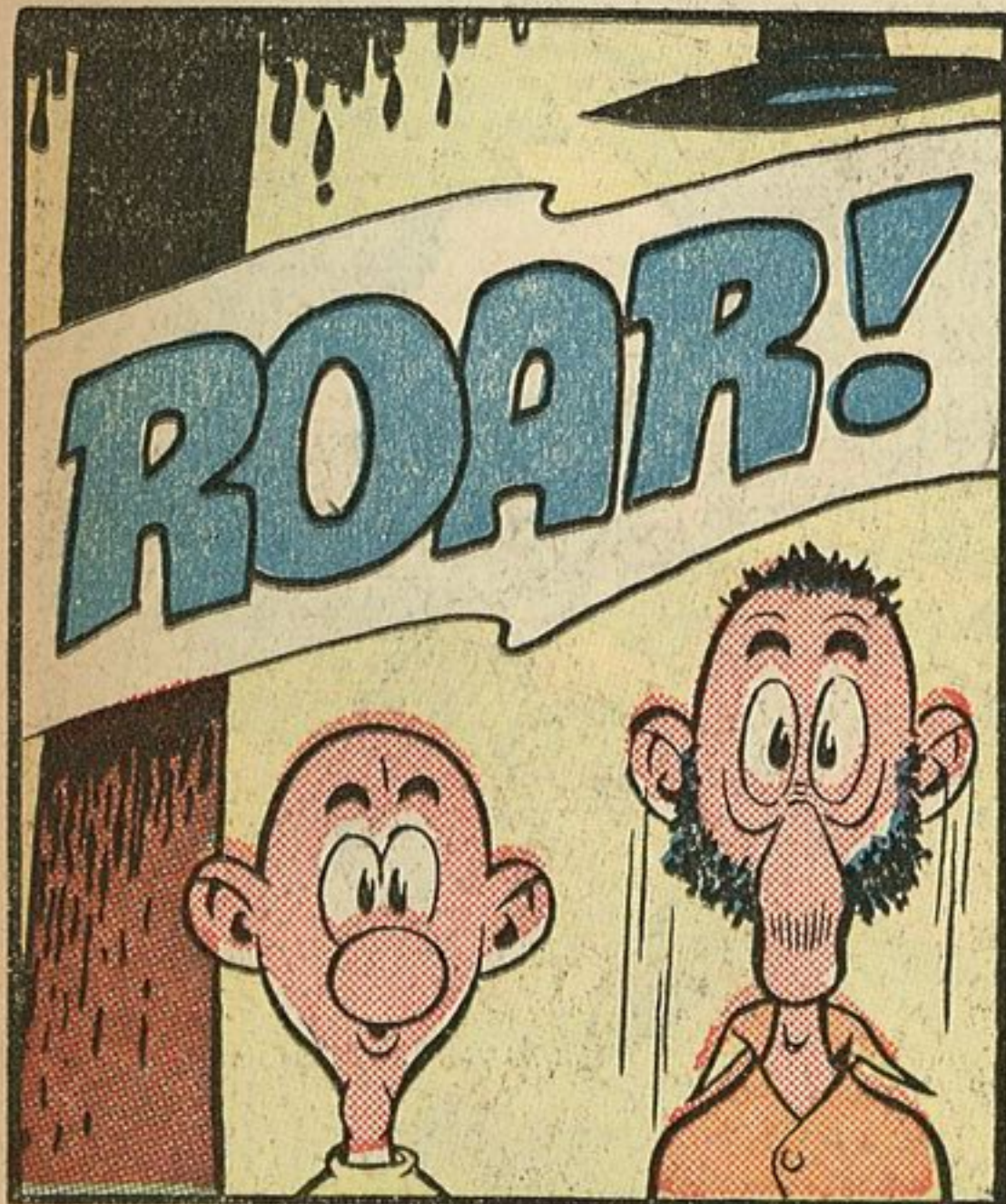








All is peaceful in the Ozarks!



Hack O'HARA



Hack O'Hara doesn't get rich driving a cab--but he does find plenty of excitement!

There's something about this tough cabby that seems to invite trouble... and he loves it --SOMETIMES!



WHERE TO, MISTER?

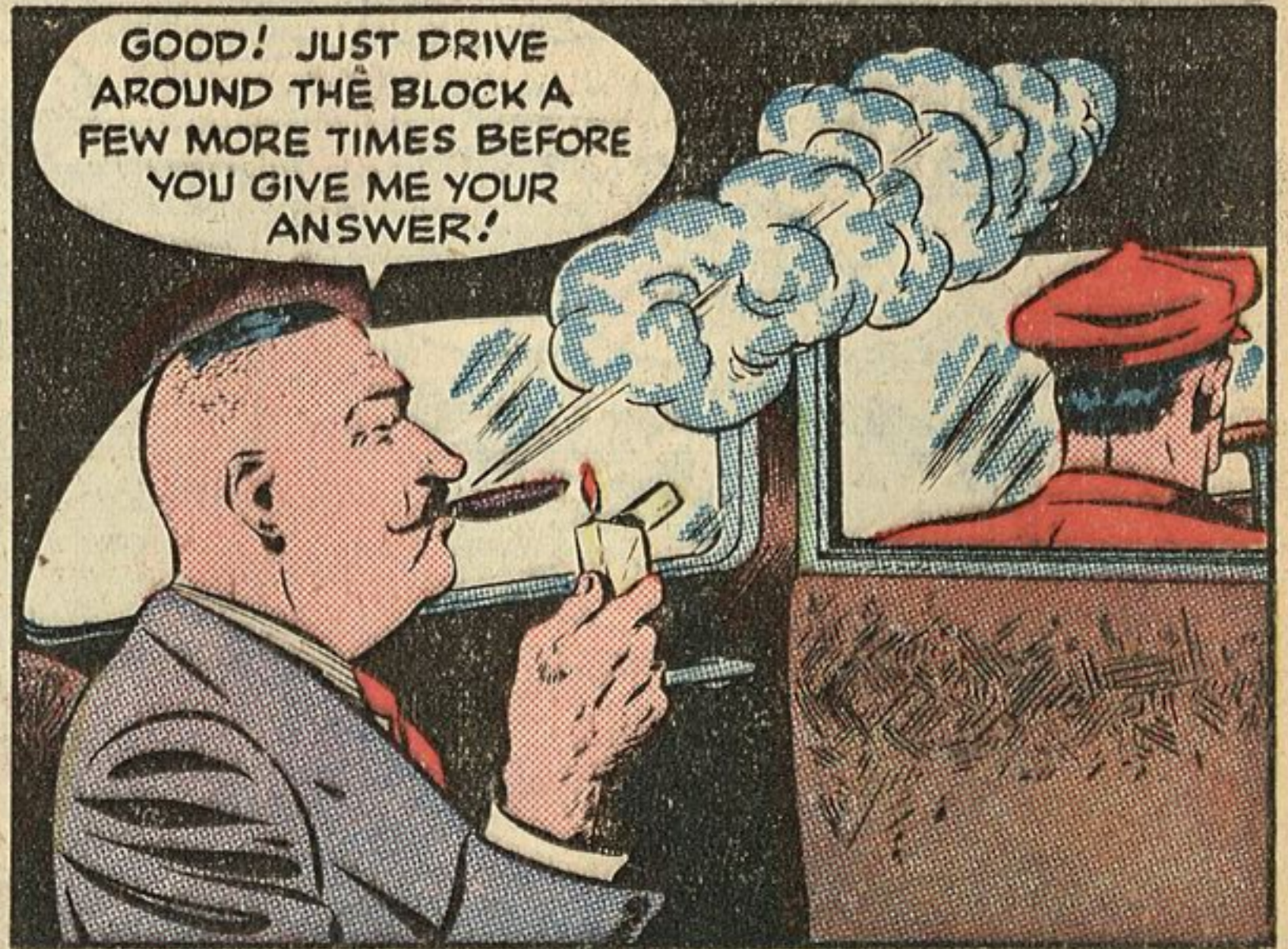
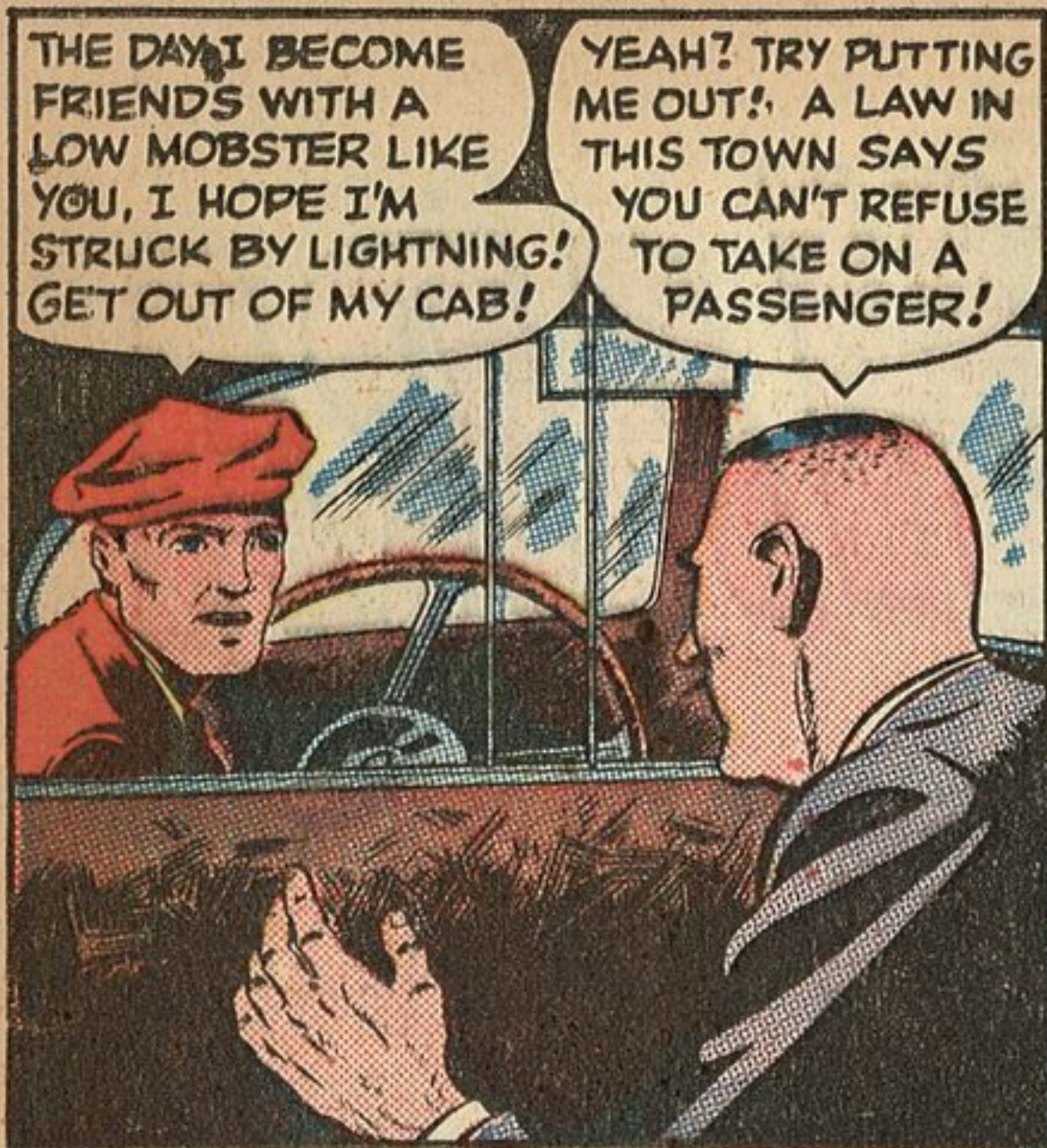
JUST AROUND THE BLOCK A COUPLE OF TIMES, HACK!

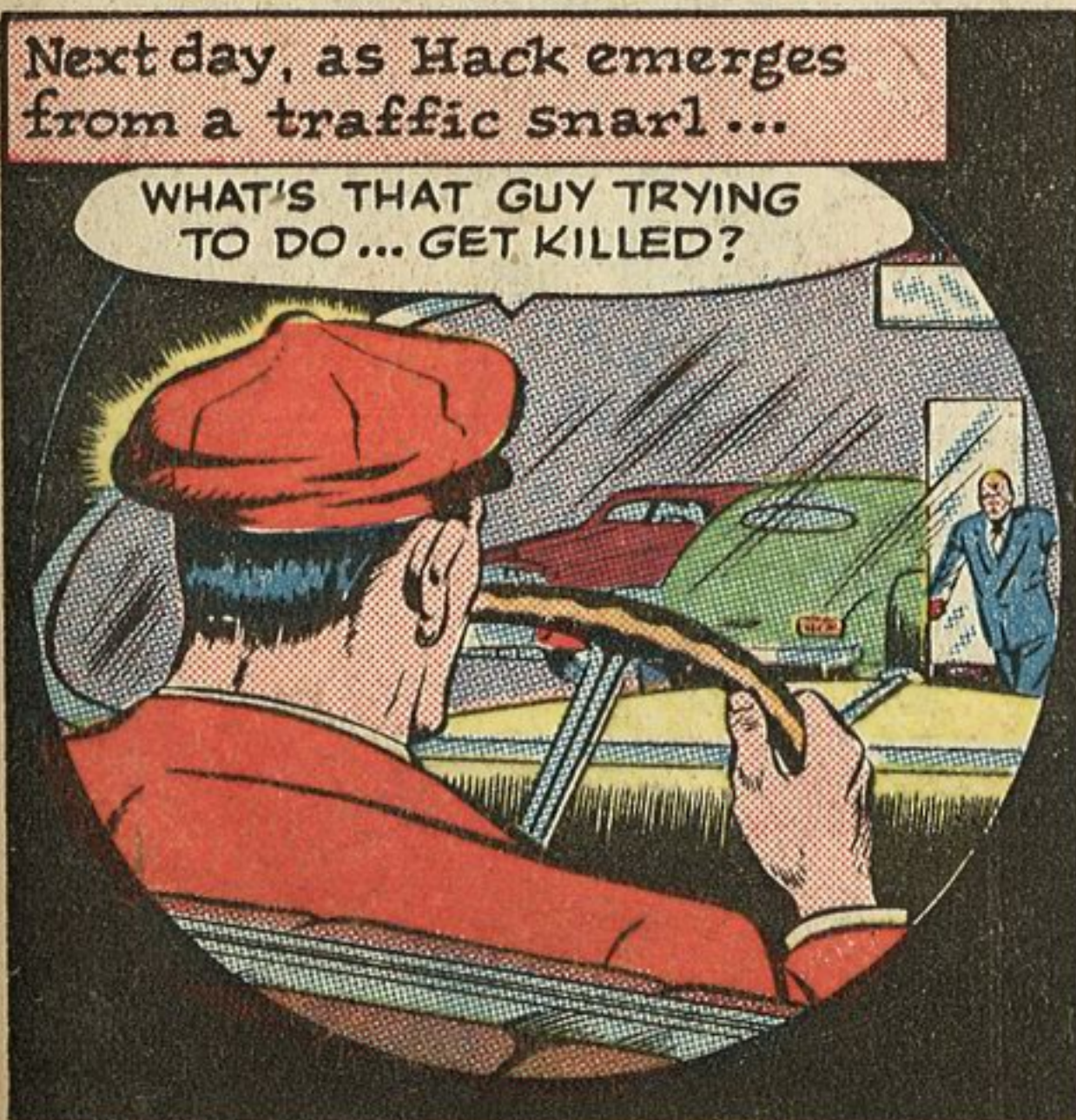
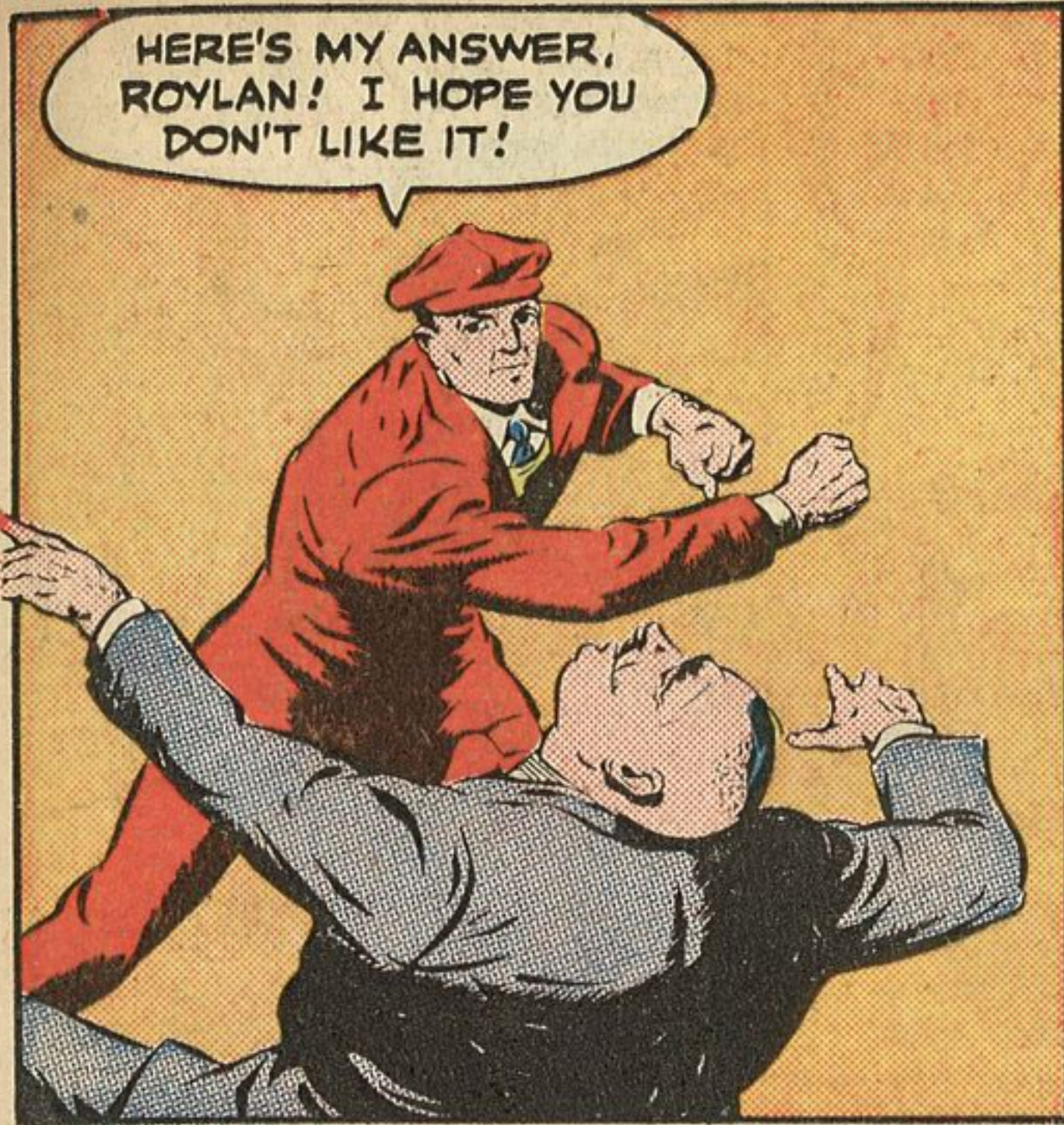


HUH? OH, IT'S YOU, ROYLAN! I THOUGHT I SMELLED A NASTY ODOR!

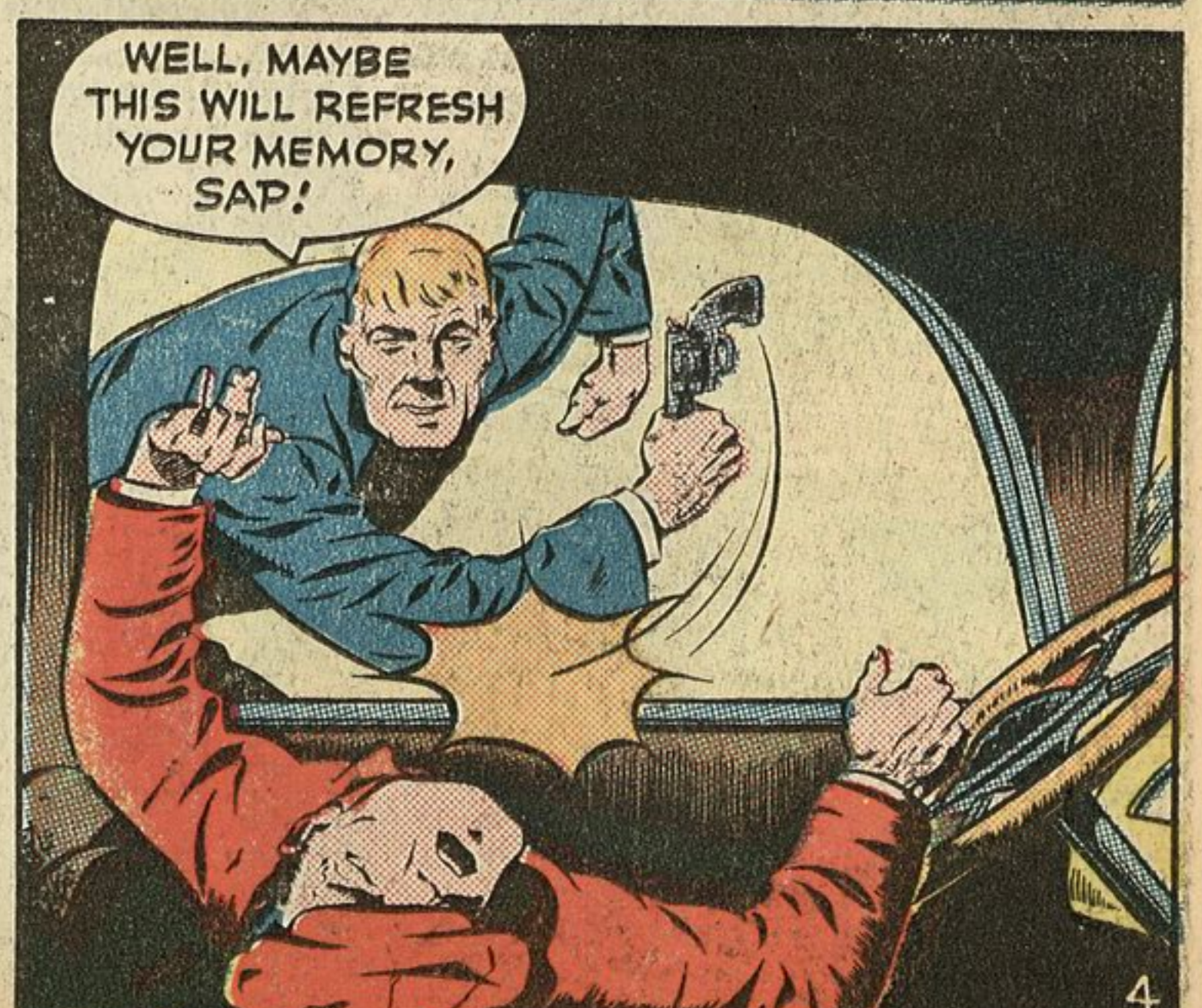
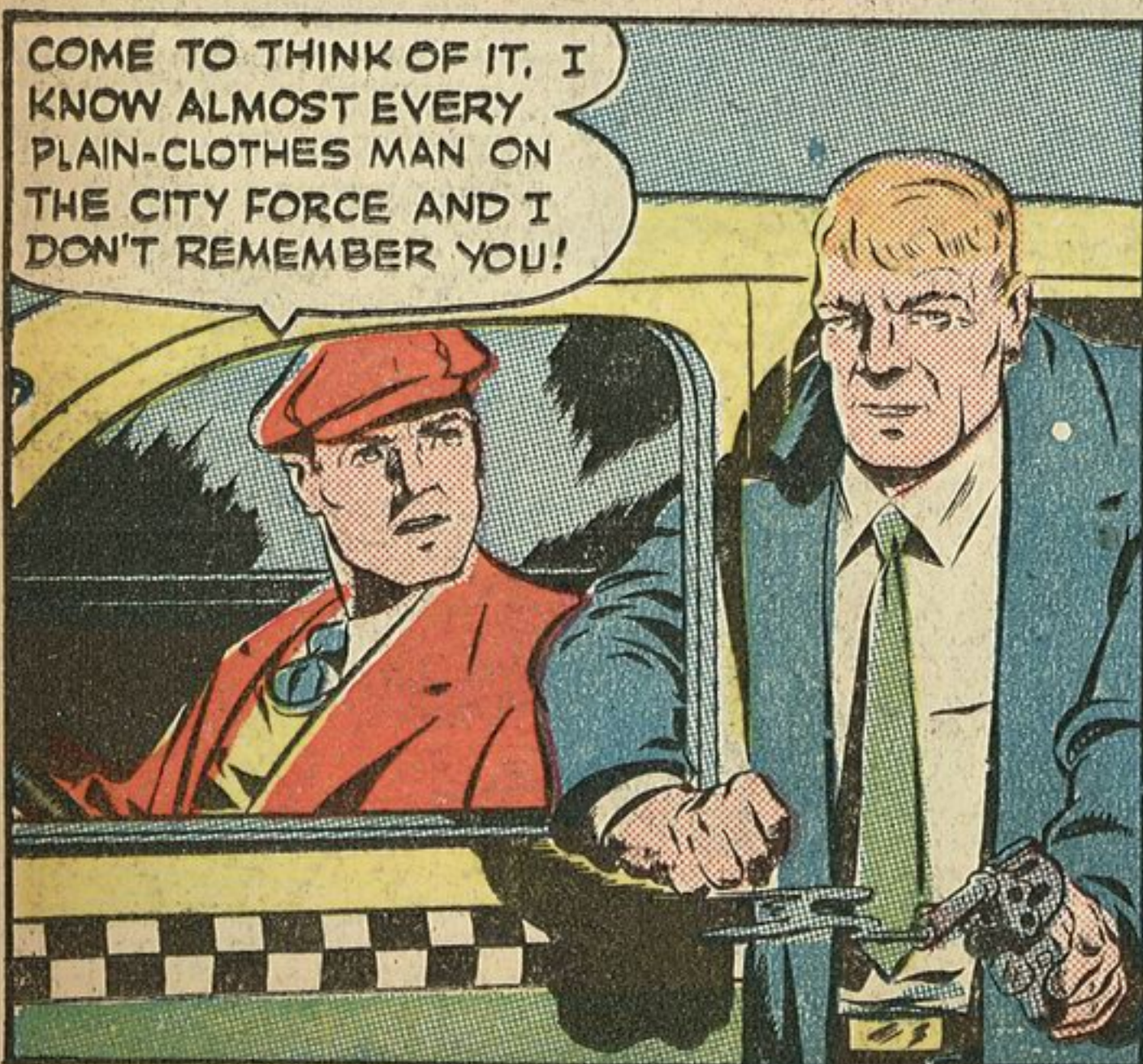
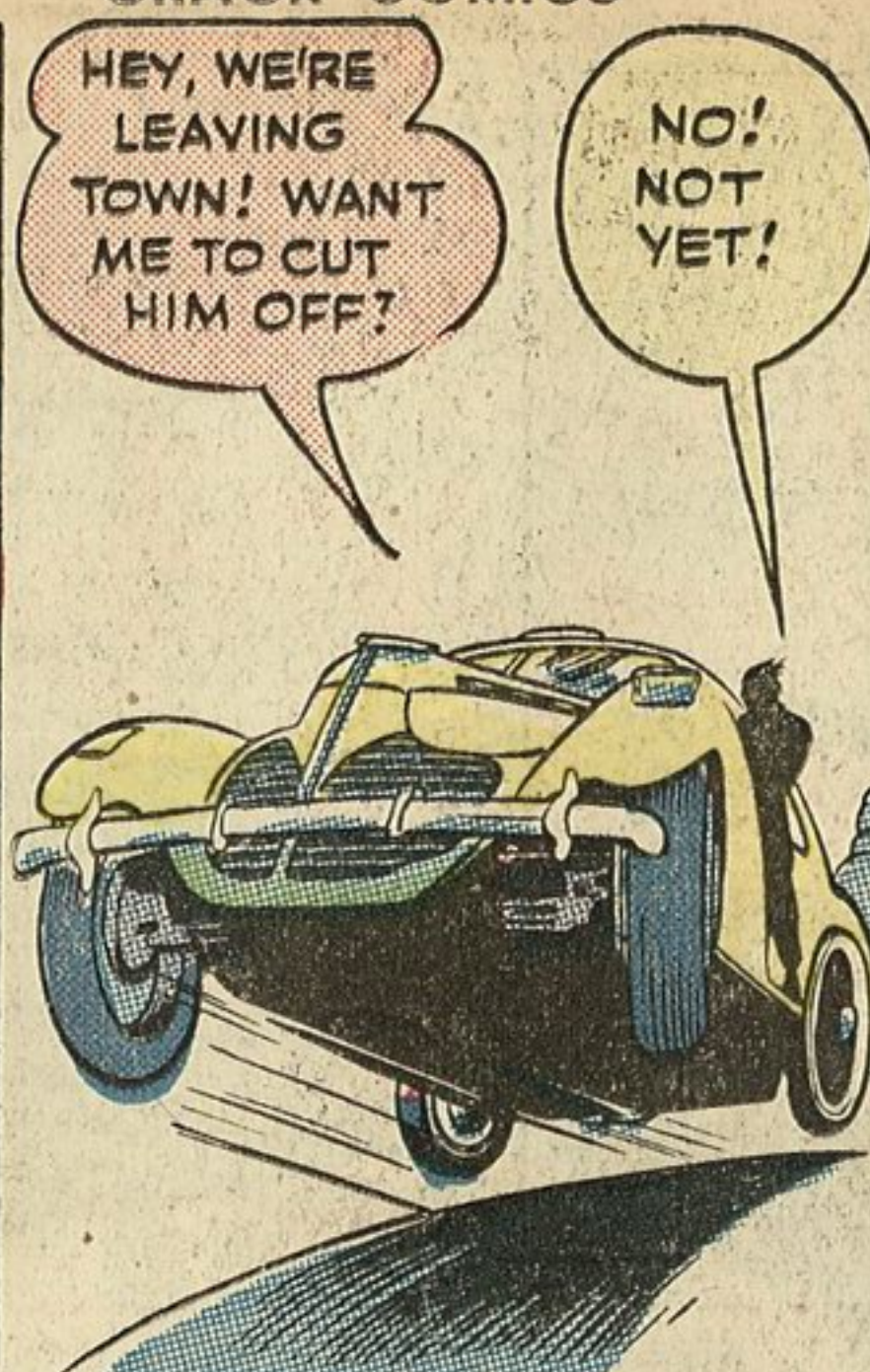
WHY DON'T YOU BE NICE, O'HARA? WE CAN BE FRIENDS, YOU KNOW!

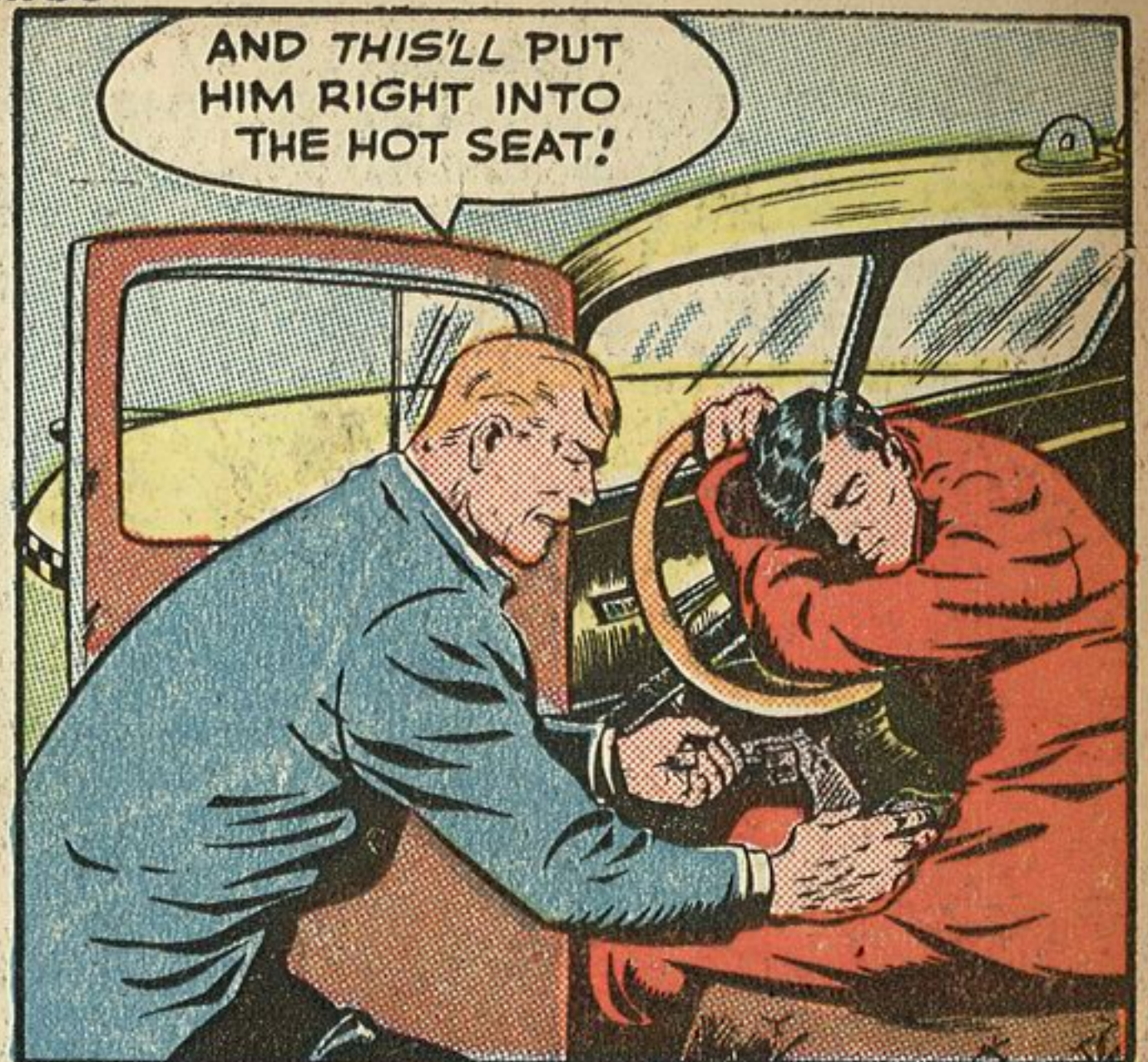
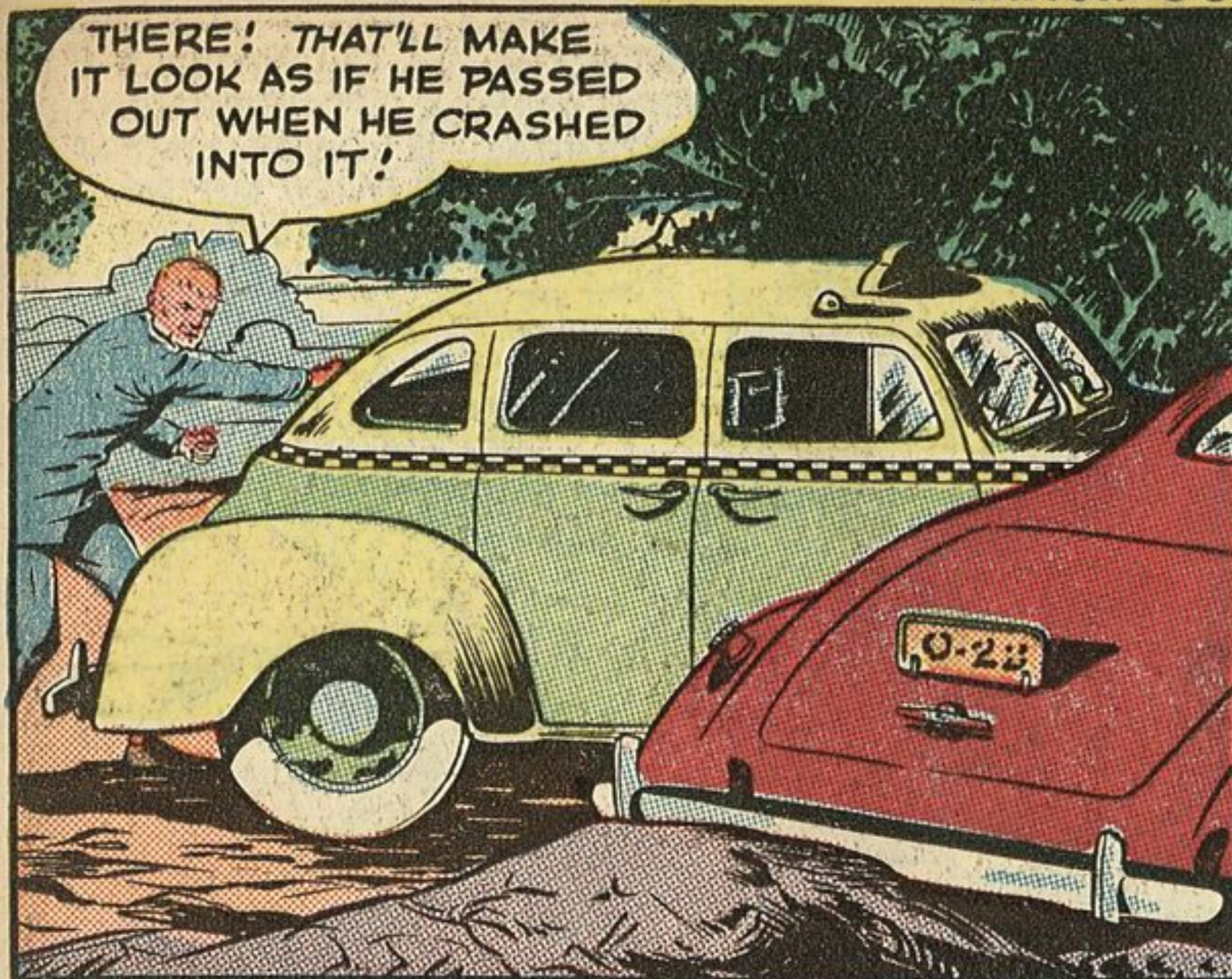
CRACK COMICS





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When Hack regains consciousness...

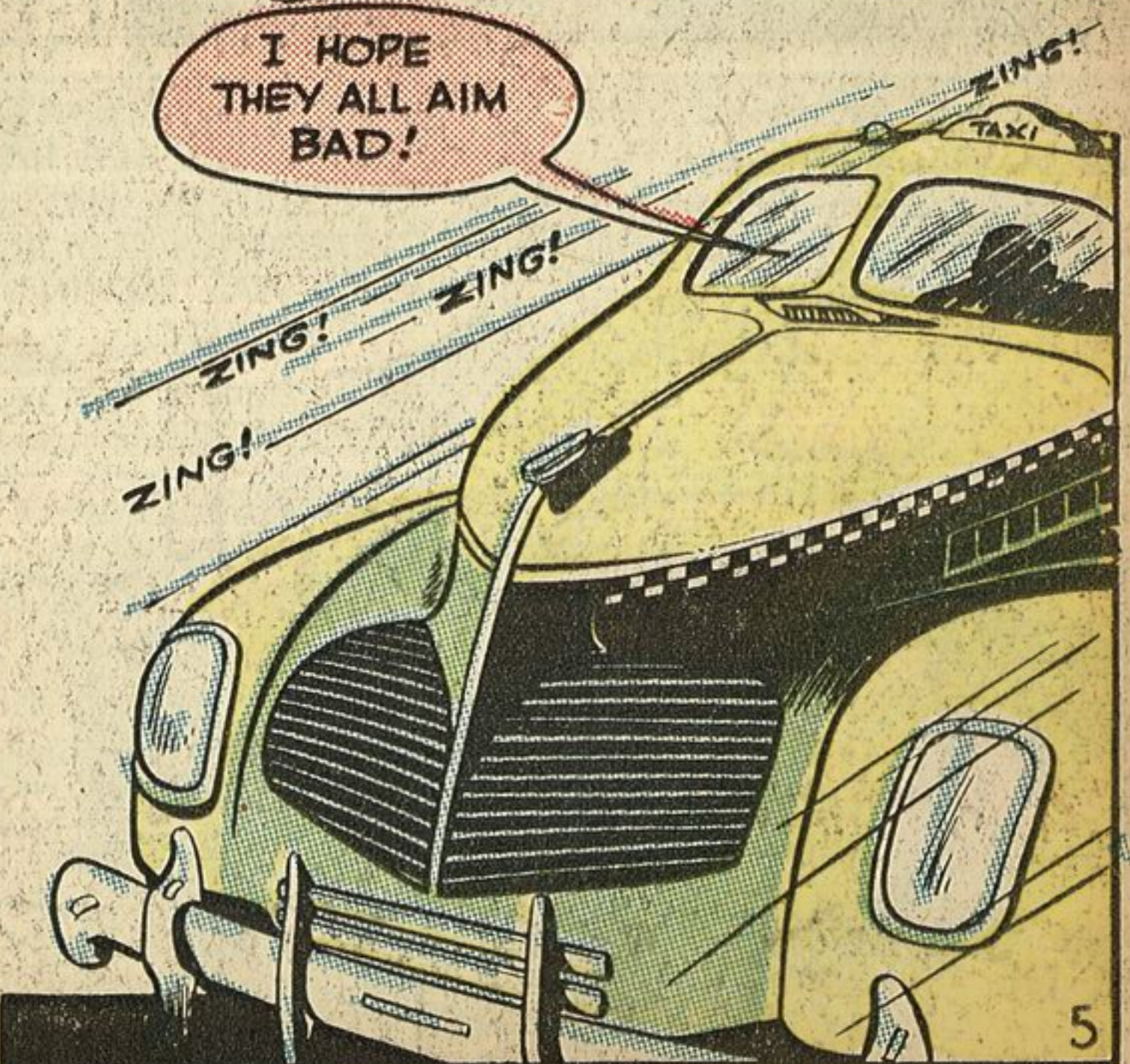
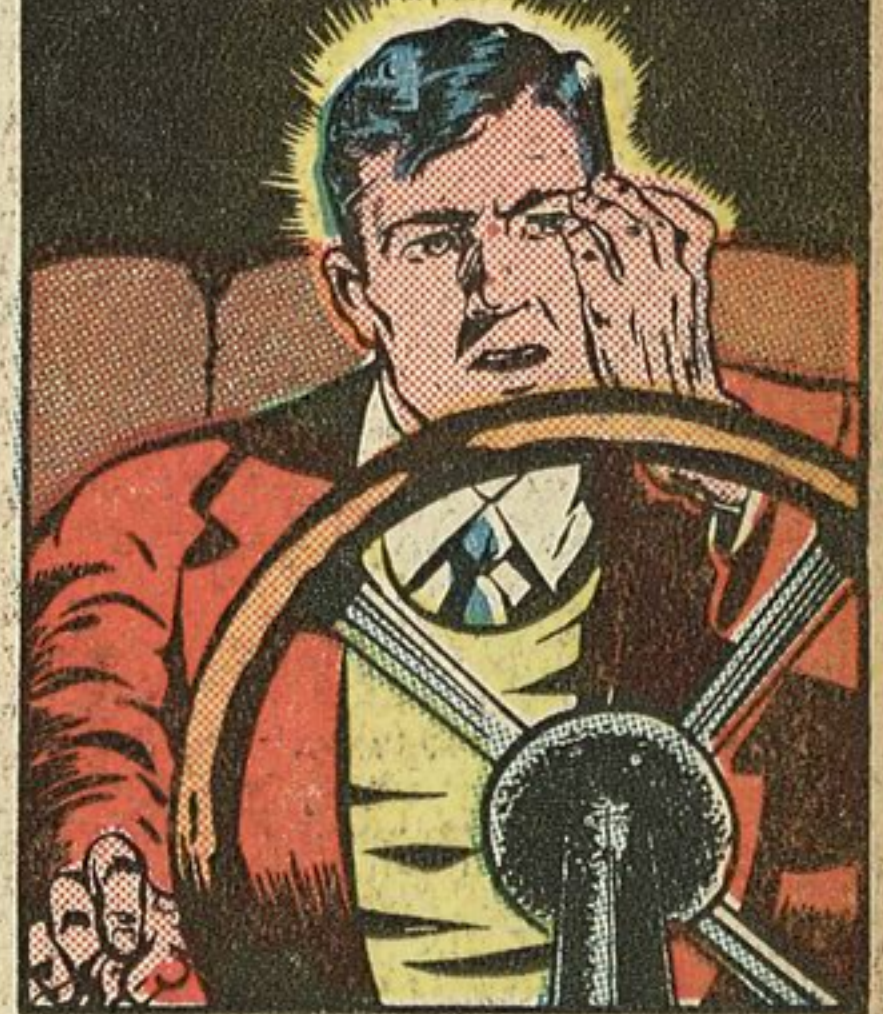
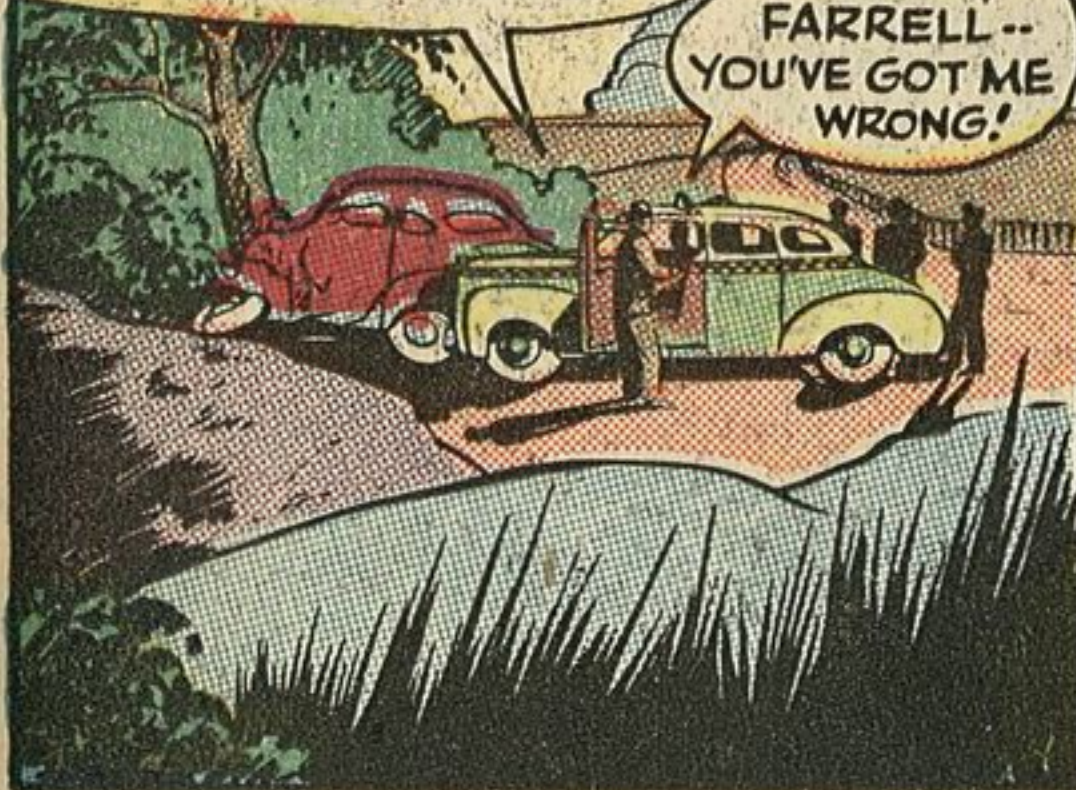
PRETTY BIG JOB YOU PULLED FOR FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS, O'HARA! BUMPING OFF THE D.A.'S ACE SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR IS NO SMALL POTATOES! WE FOUND THIS GUN IN YOUR LAP!

HUH?... WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR?... SO THAT'S WHO HE WAS! LOOK, FARRELL-- YOU'VE GOT ME WRONG!

YOU CAN'T COVER UP WITH THAT INNOCENT LINE, O'HARA!... YOU DIDN'T MAKE THIS FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS HACKING!

FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS? IN MY POCKET? ... THAT'S WHAT ROYLAN OFFERED!... I SEE IT NOW ... BUT I'LL NEVER CONVINCE THESE FLATFOOTS! I'LL HAVE TO CLEAR MYSELF THE HARD WAY!

OW-W! MY HEAD STILL HURTS!



CRACK COMICS

At Spades Roylan's apartment...

NICE WORK, ROCKS! HERE'S YOUR DOUGH! NOW, GET OUT OF TOWN BEFORE SOMEBODY SEES YOU! USE THE BACK DOOR!

DON'T WORRY, ROYLAN! BY THIS TIME, THE COPS HAVE RIPPED APART ALL OF O'HARA'S ALIBIS! HE'S SUNK!

O'HARA!

SLAM!

RIGHT! A SOCK IN THE TEETH TO ONE OF YOUR HOODS DOWN AT THE POOL ROOM GOT ME YOUR ADDRESS! I'VE BEEN THINKING OVER YOUR OFFER!

YOU'RE TOO LATE, O'HARA! THE JOB'S DONE!

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT! AND YOU'RE COMING WITH ME TO THE COPS TO TELL THEM **HOW** IT WAS DONE!



STILL PULLING FAST ONES, EH, ROYLAN? YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME ALL MY DOUGH! WH...WHA...? O'HARA ... HERE?

BLAST YOU, ROCKS! NOW, YOU'VE DONE IT! GET O'HARA-- QUICK!



HE'S GETTING MORE THAN THAT!

BANG! BANG!



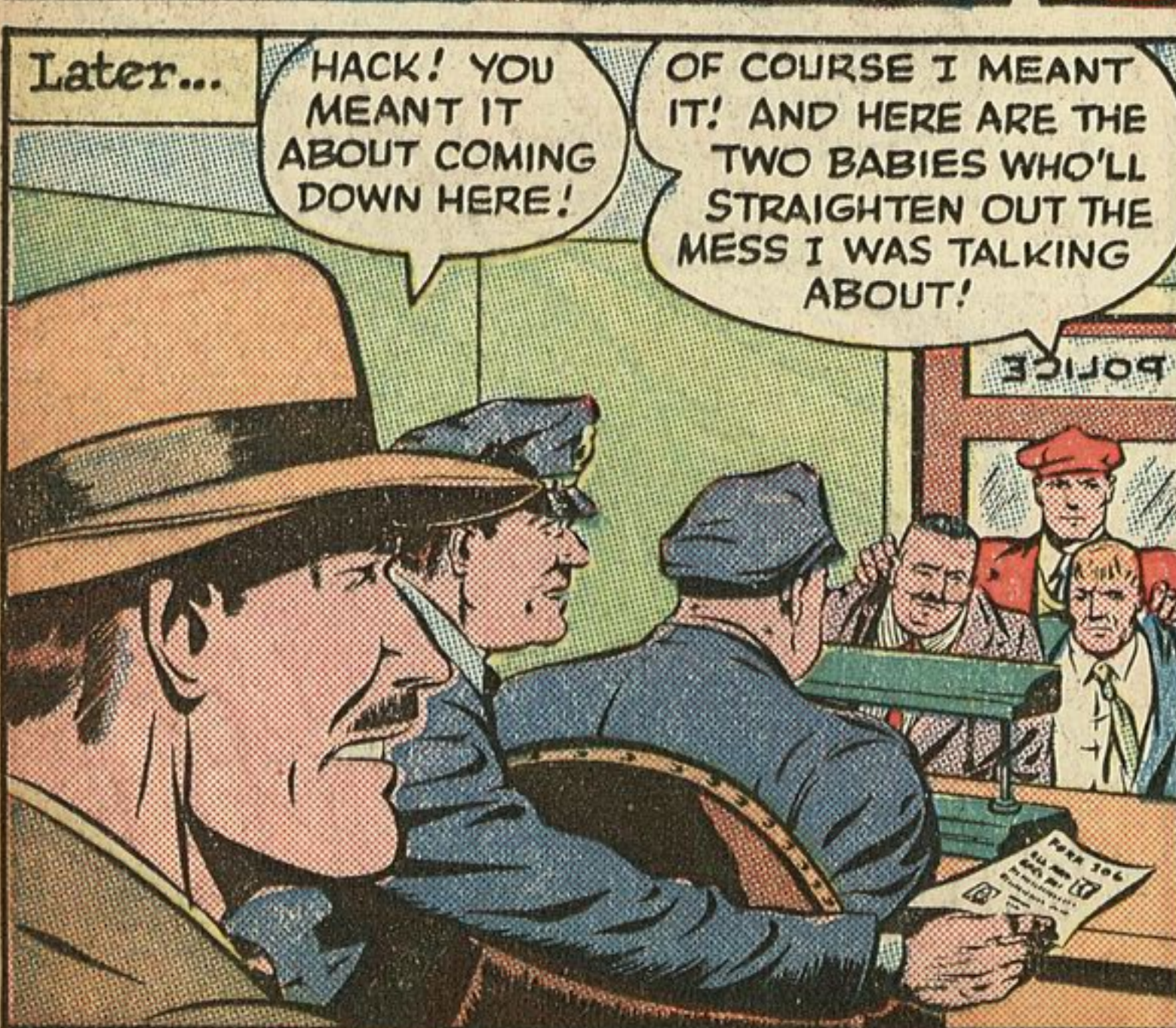
Later...

HACK! YOU MEANT IT ABOUT COMING DOWN HERE!

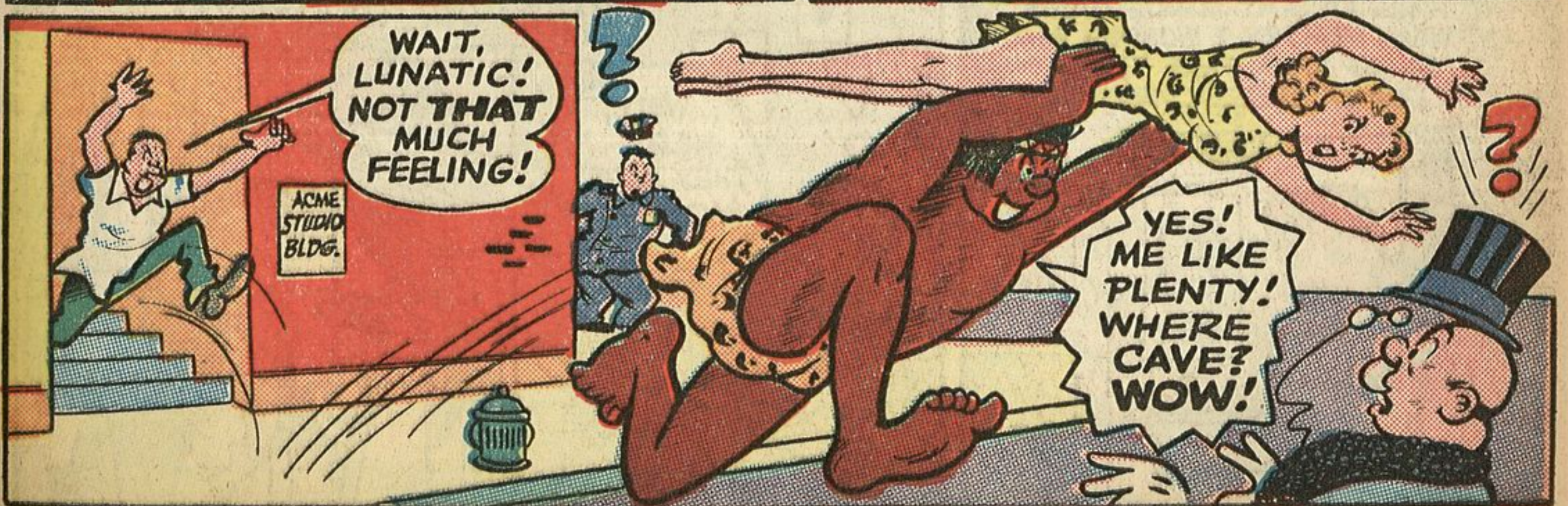
OF COURSE I MEANT IT! AND HERE ARE THE TWO BABIES WHO'LL STRAIGHTEN OUT THE MESS I WAS TALKING ABOUT!

I WANTED TO GET RID OF THAT SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR AND GET EVEN WITH O'HARA AT THE SAME TIME!

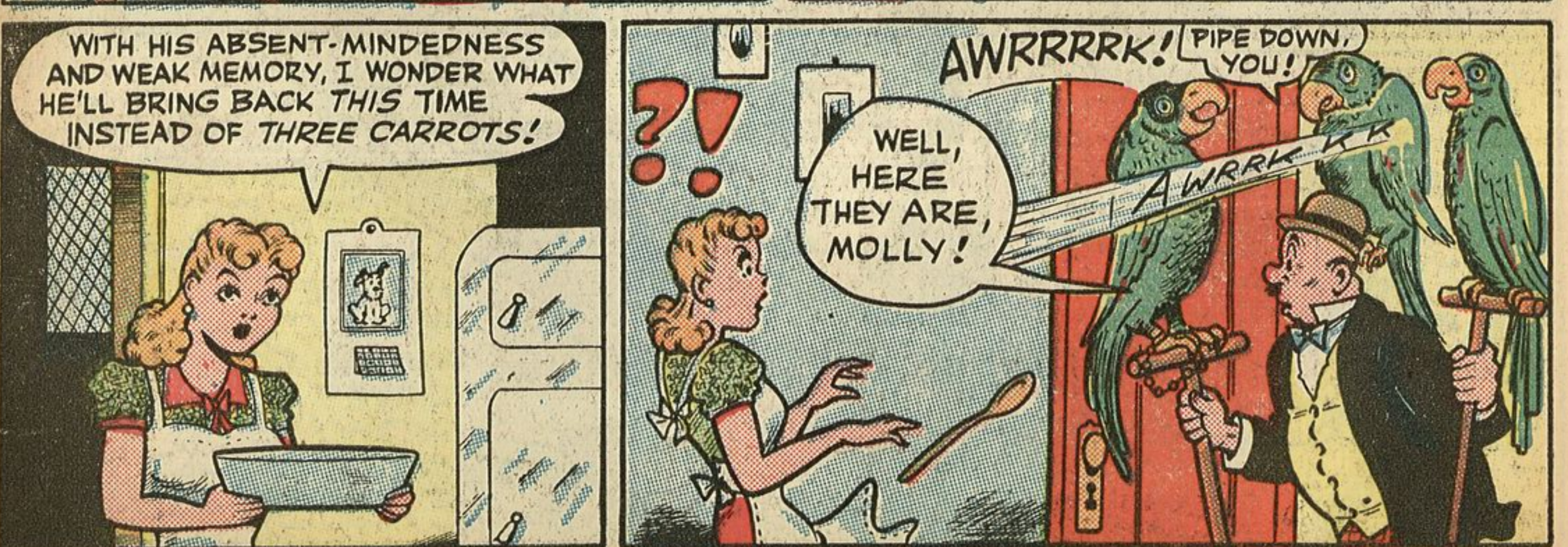
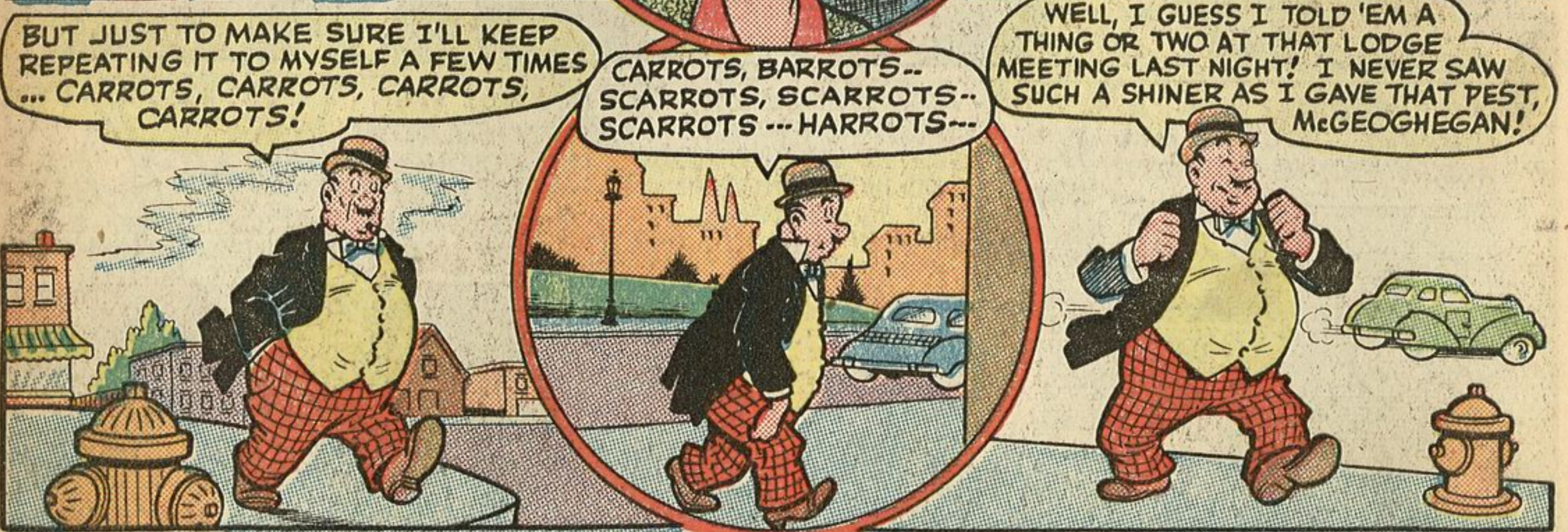
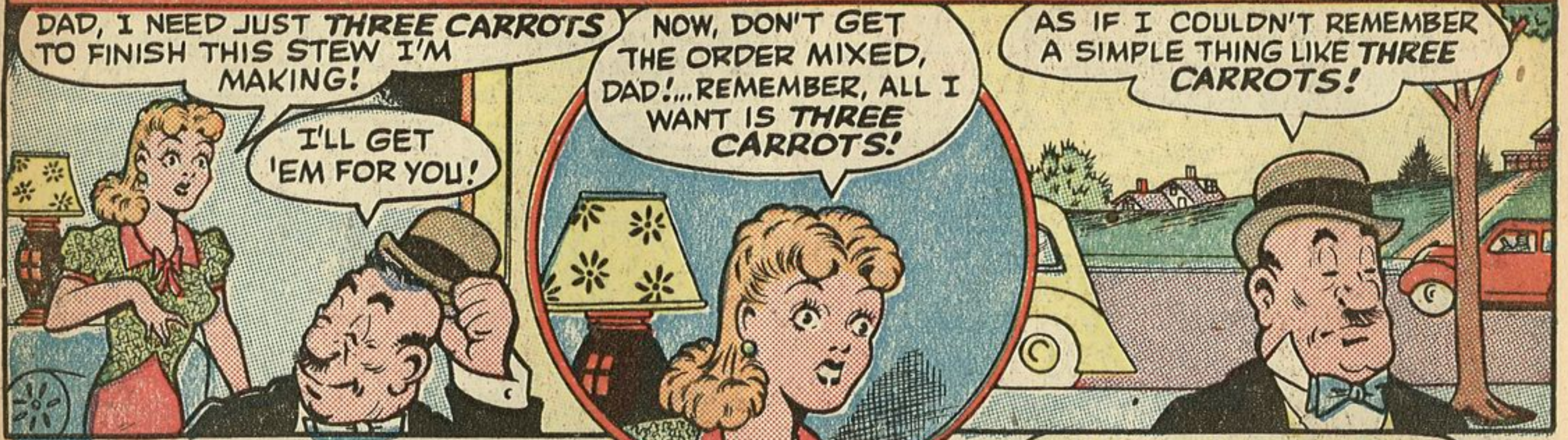
THAT'S RIGHT! KEEP TALKING, ROYLAN!



MOLLY THE MODEL

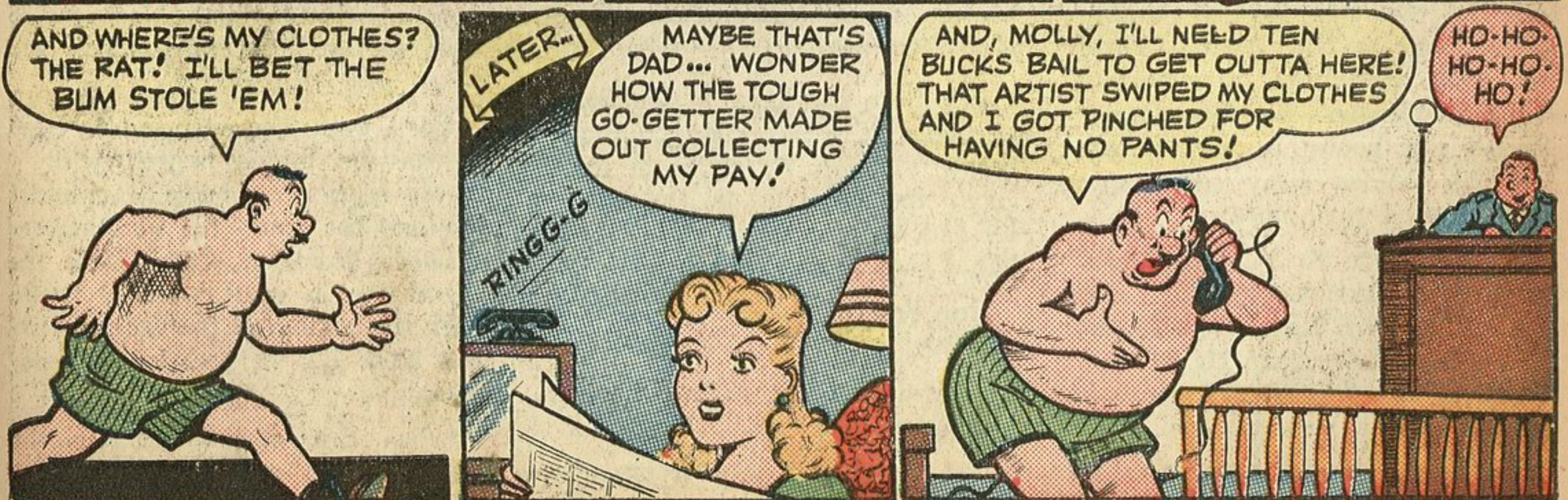


MOLLY THE MODEL



CRACK COMICS

MOLLY THE MODEL



LAFITTE SOLVES A CRIME

RUBE HATCH, trapper, set a match to the shack and stood back, chuckling, as the flames leaped up. He was doing the last thing necessary to erase all marks of his crime. Old Benton lay inside with a bullet in his head—Rube's bullet. But nobody'd ever find the charred body of Benton. Or, if they did, it would make no difference.

When the shack was a mass of flames, Rube got his pack on his shoulder, picked up his rifle and strode off through the cypress trees toward his dugout floating in the bayou nearby. He got in, picked up the paddle, and shoved off. He whistled a careless tune as he drifted toward the delta. He was without worry of any sort.

Old Benton was gone. He'd never trouble Rube again.

The feud had lasted for several years. Both Benton and Rube Hatch were muskrat trappers. Good ones. Rube had the best run of the two, and several times Rube had caught Old Benton setting his traps on his—Rube's—run. Each had taken potshots at the other. But nothing really serious had developed.

Not until about a week earlier. Rube had again come across Old Benton, lifting a prime catch from a trap set on his run. He had gone berserk. They had exchanged blows there on the bank of a bayou and some bitter things had been said by each.

It was then that Rube decided to put an end to Old Benton. There was more behind this determination than just Benton's poaching forays. Benton was known to have a nice nest egg hidden away somewhere. Rube wanted that money.

He had gone to Benton's shack and fired as soon as the older man opened the door. Rube had ransacked the shack thoroughly. He had dug up the earthen floor, pulled the wall apart. And found nothing.

He cursed himself for an idiot

for not making the old man tell him where the cache was hidden. But it was too late now. Benton was dead. Rube would have to search for the money.

For two or three days Rube cruised the bayous taking catches from his traps, resetting them, and pondering where Old Benton could have stashed his pile.

It was inevitable that someone should find the burned shack of Benton. They found his body, too. But it was so badly burned that identification was next to impossible. It was apparent, however, that a bullet had penetrated the old trapper's head.

The sheriff didn't have to guess long as to the murderer. "It was that good for nothing Rube Hatch," he said to a couple of deputies. "They've been a-feudin' years now. Rube done it."

"How ya gonna prove it, Sheriff?" drawled one of the men. "Ain't a clue around here."

The sheriff scratched his head in perplexity. "Ah dunno 'bout that," he replied. "But we know durn well he done it."

"No use bringin' him in 'thout havin' a clue," soliloquized one of the deputies. "Much as I'd like to hang it onto him. Can't just accuse a man of murder an' not be able to prove it."

So there it stood. Rube was guilty but he wasn't guilty. How to get something on him?

Eric Vale had been in the South a couple of weeks taking a much-needed vacation. Naturally, he heard about the shooting on the bayou. He had met the sheriff, who seemed like a good scout, but a little dumb.

Eric dropped in to see the sheriff one day.

"Heard about the killing," he said. "Know who did it?"

The sheriff spat into the big grass

cuspidor and hitched his chair closer to his desk. "Sure, we know who done it, only we can't pin it onto him." He then related the story up to date.

"He'll be searching for that buried money, I suppose," Eric said casually. "Why not watch him?"

The sheiff snorted. "Watch a feller all over these here bayous? They's big, younster. Jist how we gonna do that?"

Eric shrugged. "You got me there. But you might watch Old Benton's shack—or the spot where it used to be."

"Doin' that, bub."

A week went by, during which the sheriff and his men kept a sharp lookout for a slip on Rube's part. But they found nothing. Rube was smart, knew he was being watched. He ran his lines and kept close to his cabin, and that was that.

Eric decided that Rube was going to be a tough hombre to trap. At least if his capture hinged upon the old-fashioned sheriff's methods. There must be another way to make the man come into the open and show his hand.

Pondering these things, Eric hit upon a plan. These people were superstitious. Play on their imaginations and you held the whip hand. The very country was steeped in superstition. Lafitte the old pirate stalked his bloody way through the region; tales of buried loot galore cluttered the local atmosphere. Eic would play that up. . . .

For a week Eric was gone. In New Orleans he busied himself with a clever scheme to bring a criminal out into the open. The question remained: Would it work? Only the sheriff was in on it, and the whole trick was a bit over the worthy sheriff's head. But he promised full cooperation.

When Eric arrived back in the village, things were pretty much as

CRACK COMICS

they had been when he left. Rube Hatch was still going his way.

"Well," said Eric, "here's where we smoke a skunk out!"

It would take darkness to work Eric's stunt. And so, on the first good dark night, he and the sheriff were on their way to Rube's shack. It was pitch black when they sneaked up. They could see the remains of a small fire smoldering in front. That would be where Rube had cooked his evening meal. Now the trapper slept.

Eric set up his contrivance. It was rather unwieldy and took some time. At last it was ready for the experiment. Eric was at the controls. A light flared out in the darkness, then a somber voice rumbled through the woods. A ghostly figure stalked across the cleared space before Rube's shack. It pointed an arm toward the shack, and its voice rolled forth.

Nothing happened. Rube slept on. The light faded.

"Maybe he's not in there," said Eric.

They crept to the open door of the shack and peered inside. Eric snapped on his flash. The bunk was there, but nobody lay in it. Their work had been in vain.

"Now what do ye know," said the sheriff. "I wonder where the scalawag is. Not like him a-tall."

"Could he have gone to the city with his furs?" Eric asked.

"P'raps," replied the sheriff. "Ain't hardly the time, though—'nless he's got a heap o' them."

"Wouldn't he be running Old Benton's lines now?" Eric wanted to know. "Seems logical."

The sheriff nodded. "Natchally, bub. Shore, thass it! He's got him a pack o' fur an' gone to N'Orleans. We'll have to wait till he gets back."

The next day the sheriff sent a good man to watch the region of Rube's shack, and report to them the arrival of its owner. Two days later the man sent them a message.

That night, Eric and the sheriff were again in their old spot. The apparatus had been set up. It was an hour past midnight. Rube snored in his bunk.

The light flashed on. The shadowy figure began its walk across the clearing. Its solemn voice called Rube's name.

"Rube . . . Rube . . . Come out, my man. . . ."

A stir inside the shack. Then Rube poked his rumpled head out the door. A cry was stifled in his throat. The figure had halted and now pointed at him.

"Come, Rube, be not afraid. It is I, Lafitte! You are a brave man and I would reward thee. You want riches—gold—jewels. I have them all, my own vast treasure. It is buried nearby. Ours for the digging, Rube!"

Rube rubbed his eyes. "A g-ghost!" he quavered. "Go 'way, Lafitte!" He made as if to reach for his gun.

The voice commanded. "You cannot shoot me, my friend," said Lafitte. "I am dead. You killed a man I did not like, so I'm going to re-

ward you. Old Benton searched for years for my treasure. But he was not worthy, and that's why I would not show him where it was. But you—you, Rube, are one of my own men. You want my great treasure?"

"Y-yes—yes, Lafitte. Where is it buried?" Rube came into the open.

Lafitte nodded, then pointed to a spot before Rube's shack. "There, in front of you, my friend! You have only to dig. Now aren't you glad you killed our enemy, Benton?"

"Yes, I'm glad I killed him!" muttered Rube. He ran around the shack and appeared with a shovel. He began digging furiously.

Suddenly Lafitte began laughing. Rube looked up, seemingly having forgotten the pirate, so intent was he on his digging.

Lafitte continued to laugh as he began vanishing. He faded out with the words: "Good bye, murderer! Happy digging!"

The sheriff and Eric stole up behind Rube and stuck a gun in his ribs.

"All right, Rube," said the sheriff. "We heard it. You confessed to Old Benton's murder. . . . Come on!"

Rube was so dumbfounded he could not talk. The sheriff snapped handcuffs on his wrists.

"Yeah, that Eric Vale is a clever one, all right," the sheriff was telling his deputies next day. "He made that there movie of Lafitte—him bein' Lafitte himself—and coaxed a confession outa Rube. An' he talked jist like old Lafitte prob'ly did. It was spooky, 'I'm tellin' ye!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF CRACK COMICS published quarterly at Buffalo, New York for October 1, 1945.

State of Connecticut } ss.
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the CRACK COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, George E. Brenner, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point,

Old Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1945.

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY (My commission expires April 1, 1949.)

Kiki-Kelly

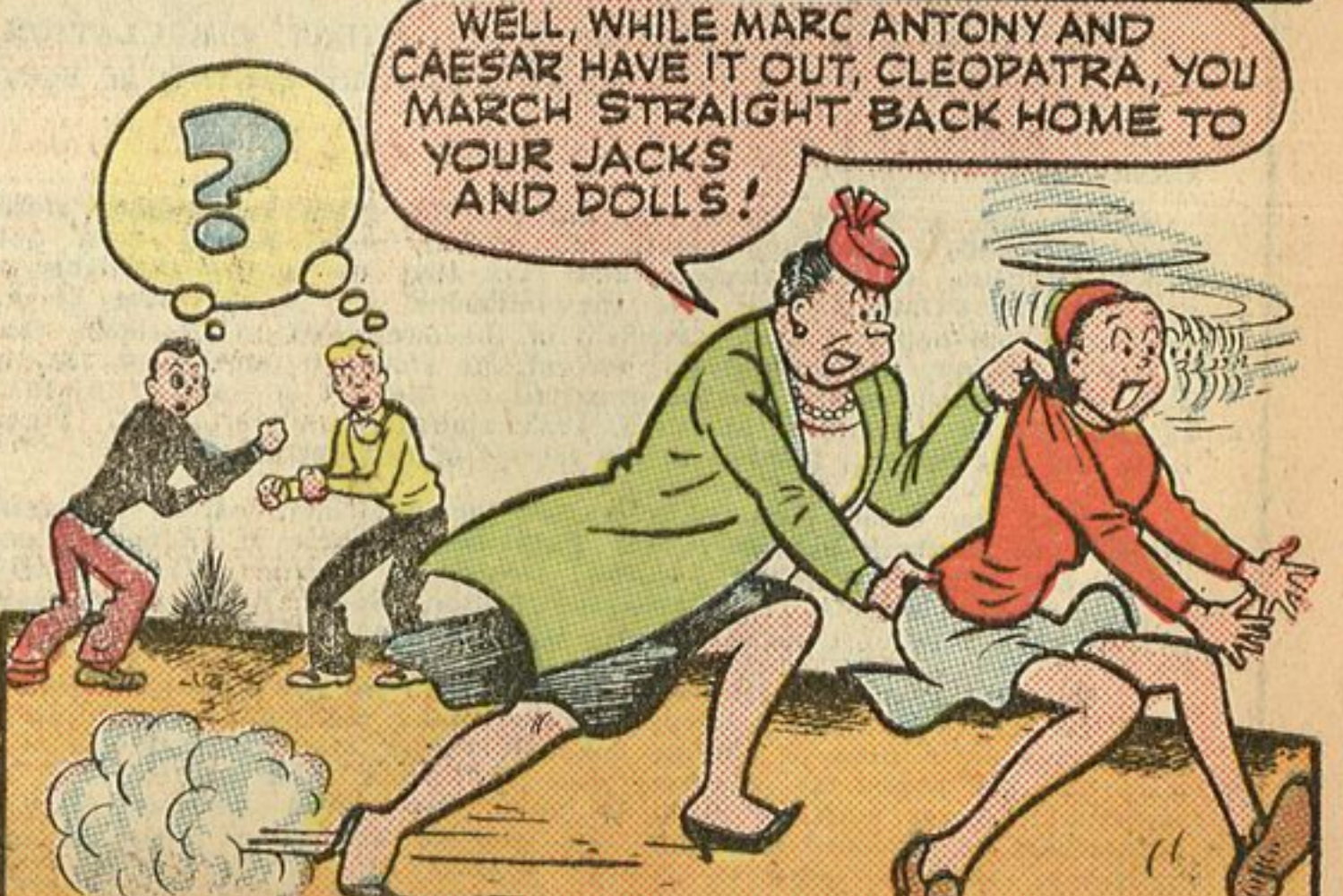
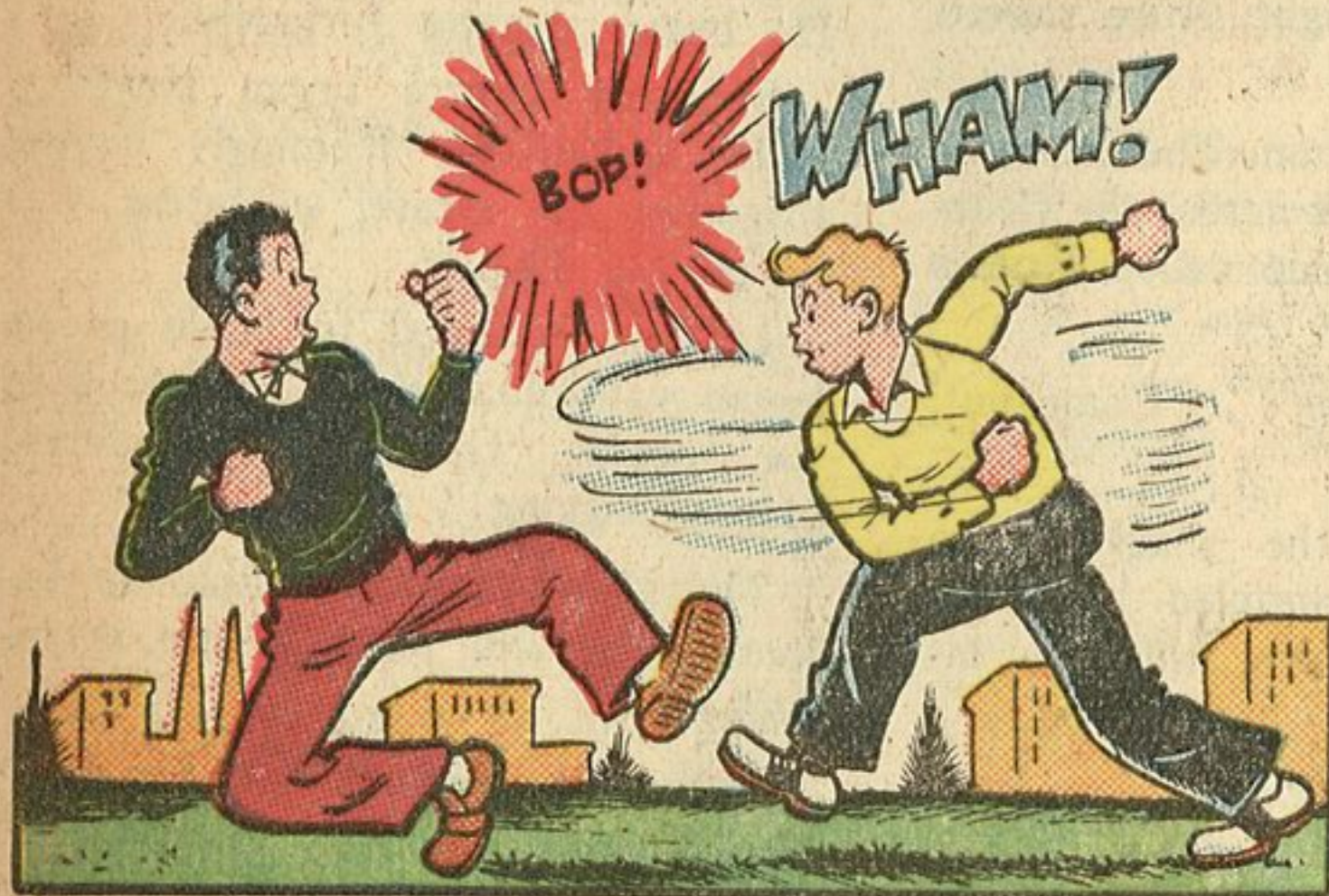
BUT, MOTHER, DON'T BE SO OLD-FASHIONED.... GIRLS NOWADAYS HAVE SEVERAL MEN IN LOVE WITH THEM JUST LIKE CLEOPATRA!

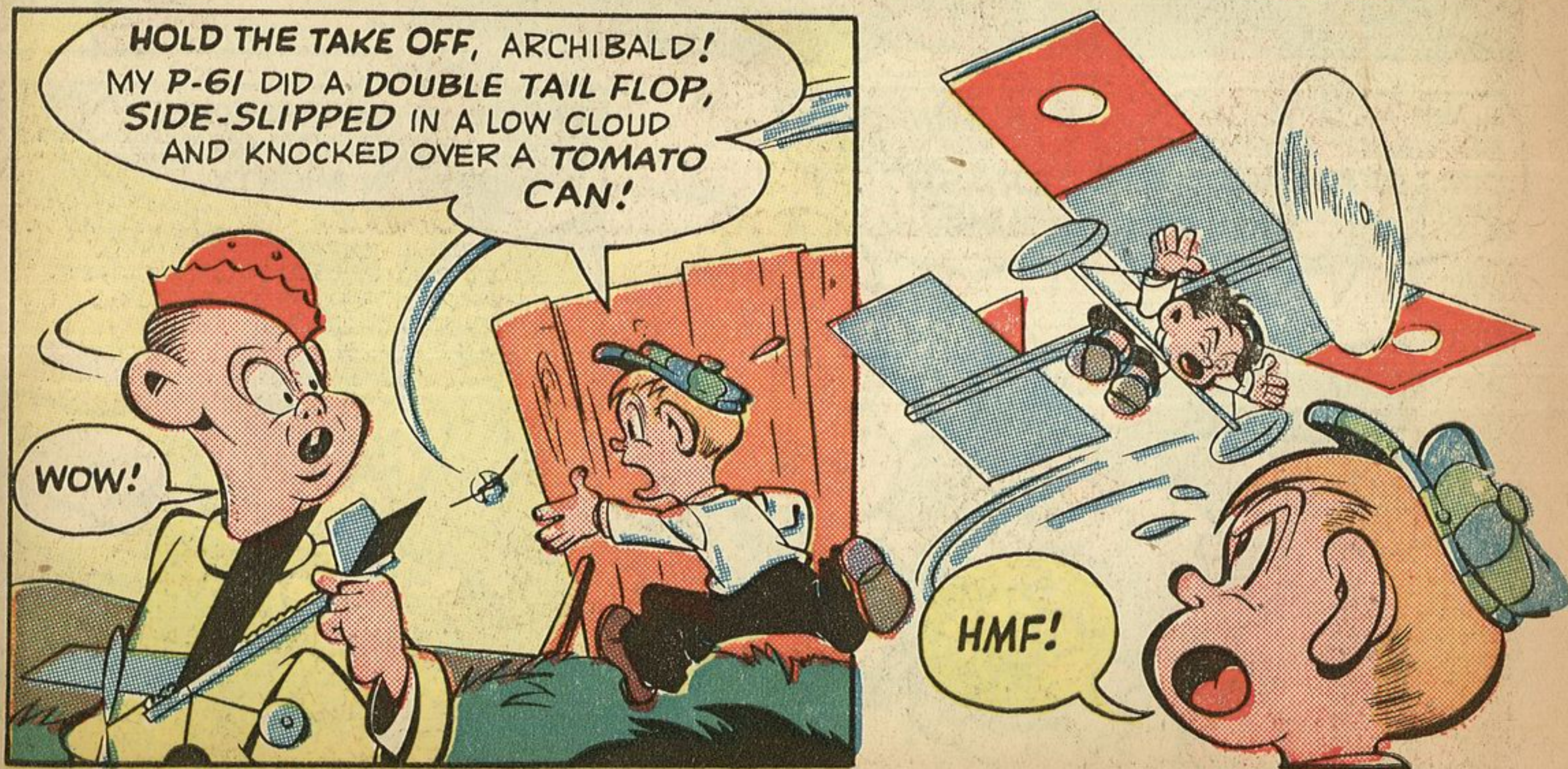
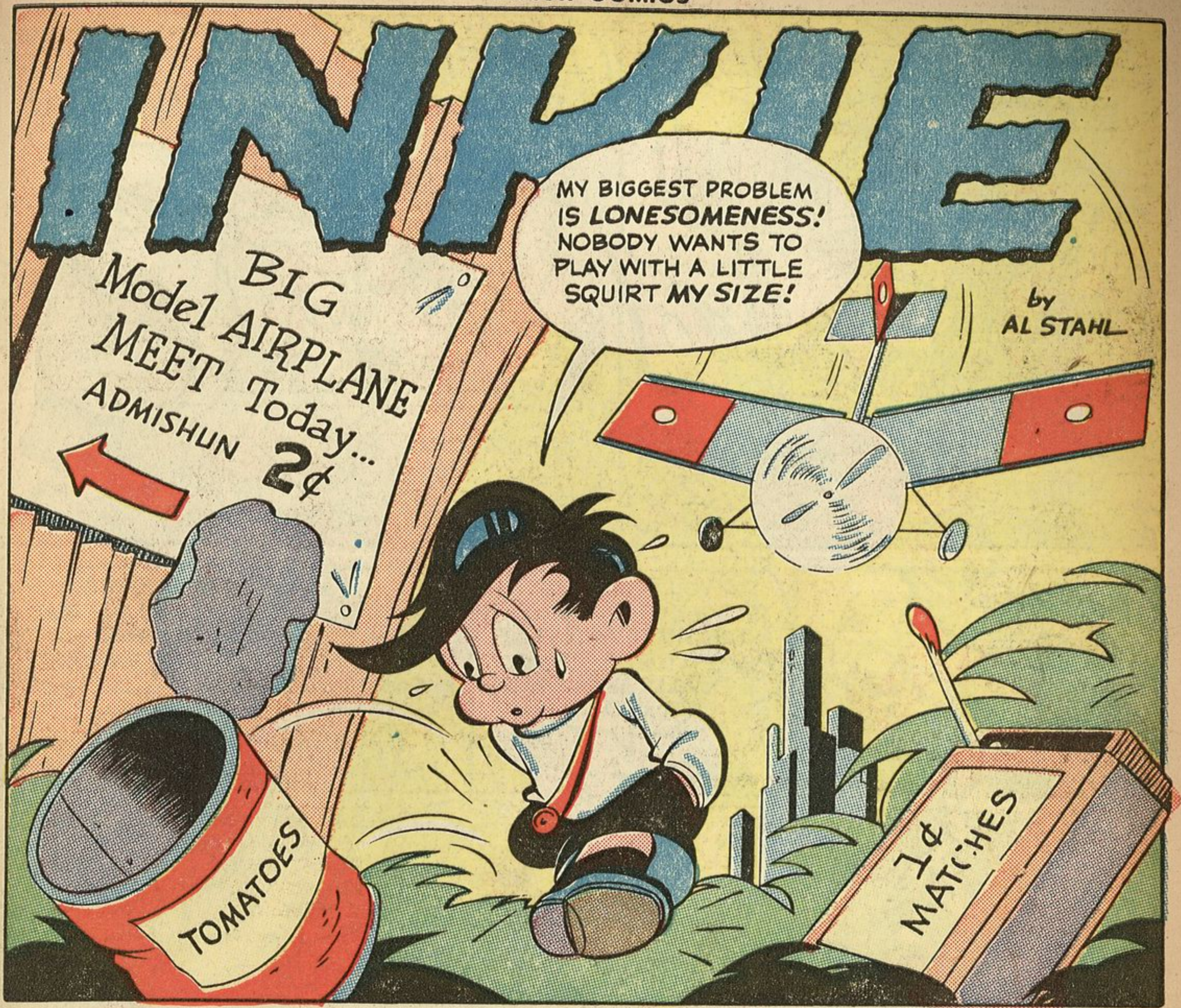
OH, BOSH!

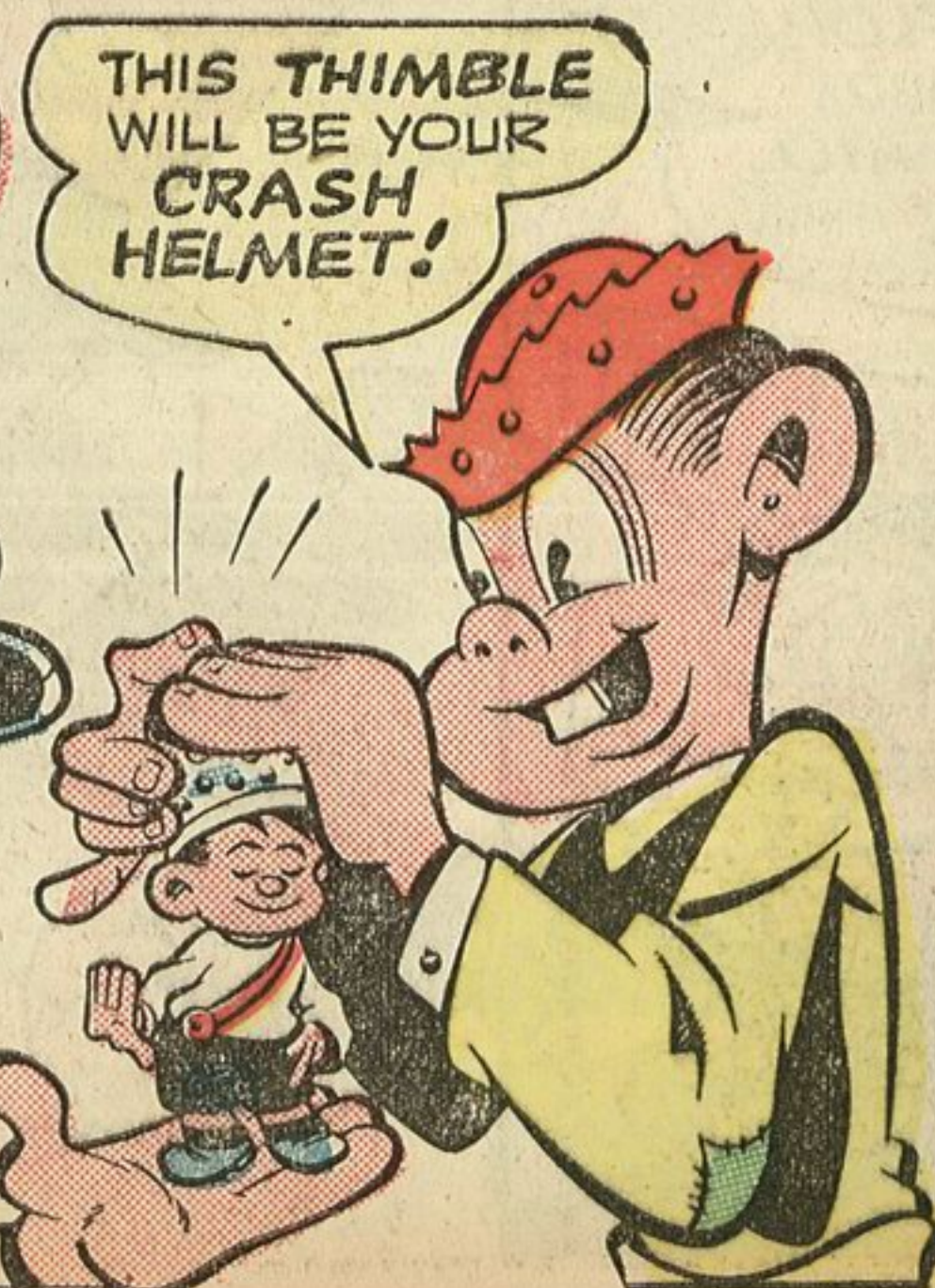
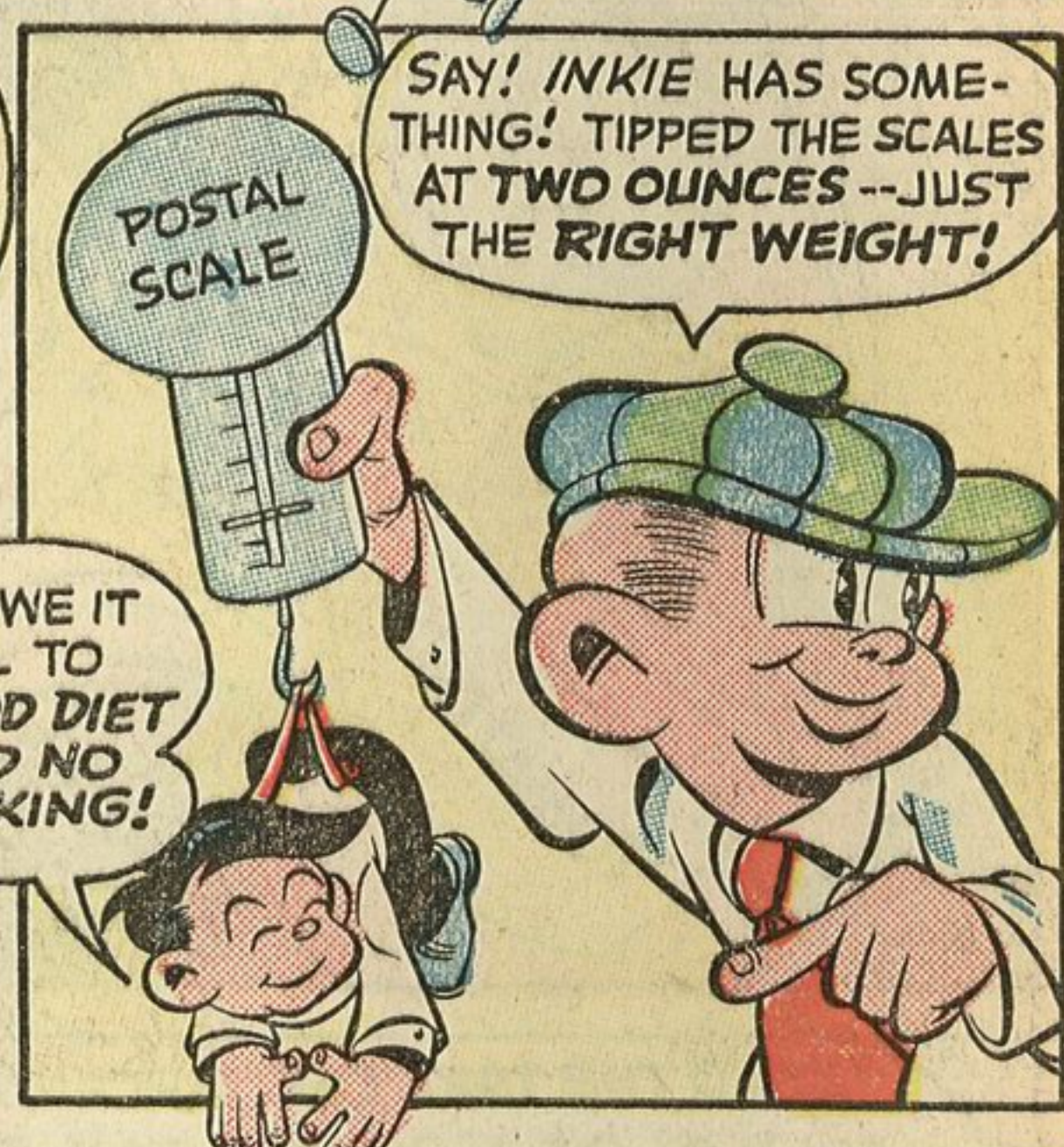
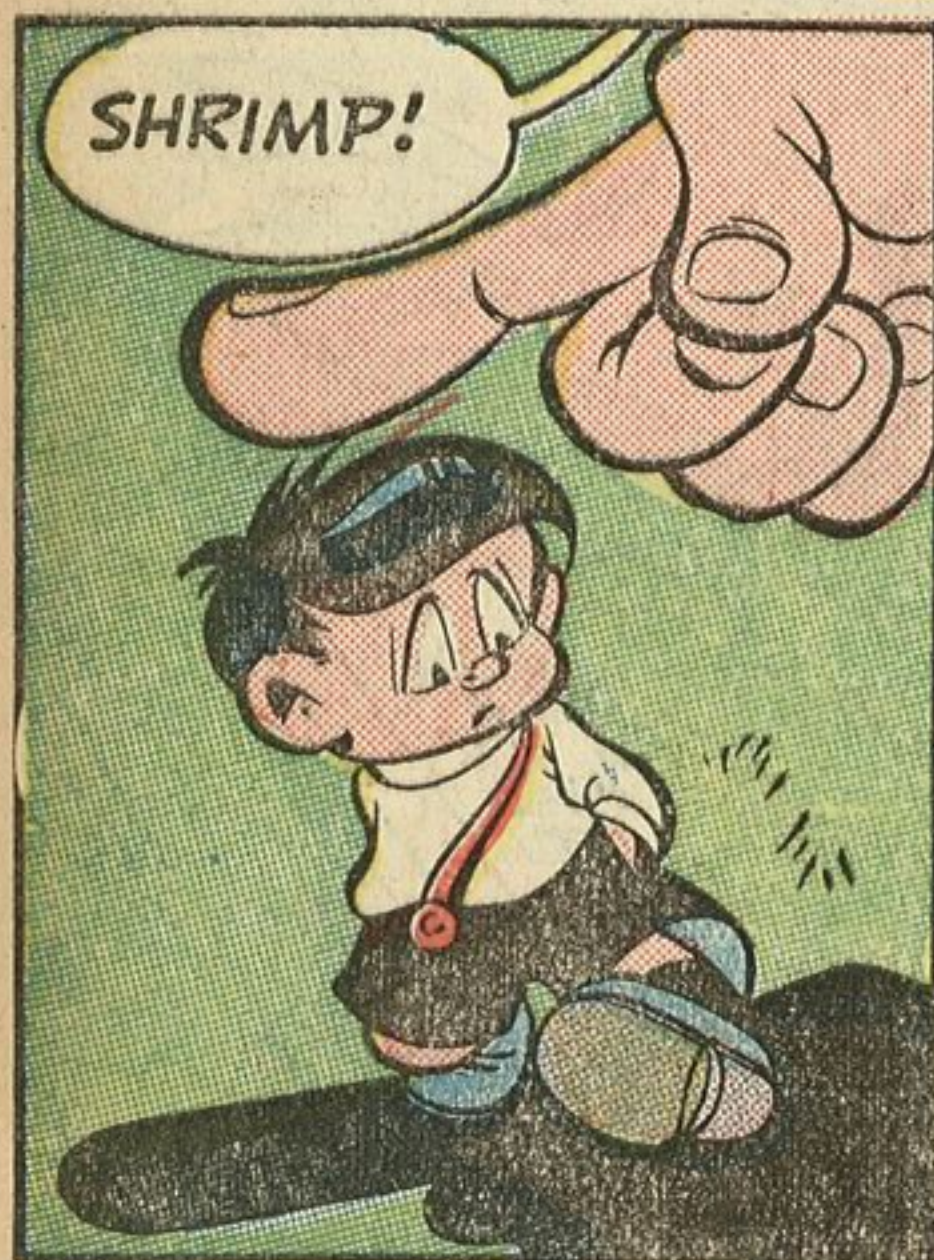
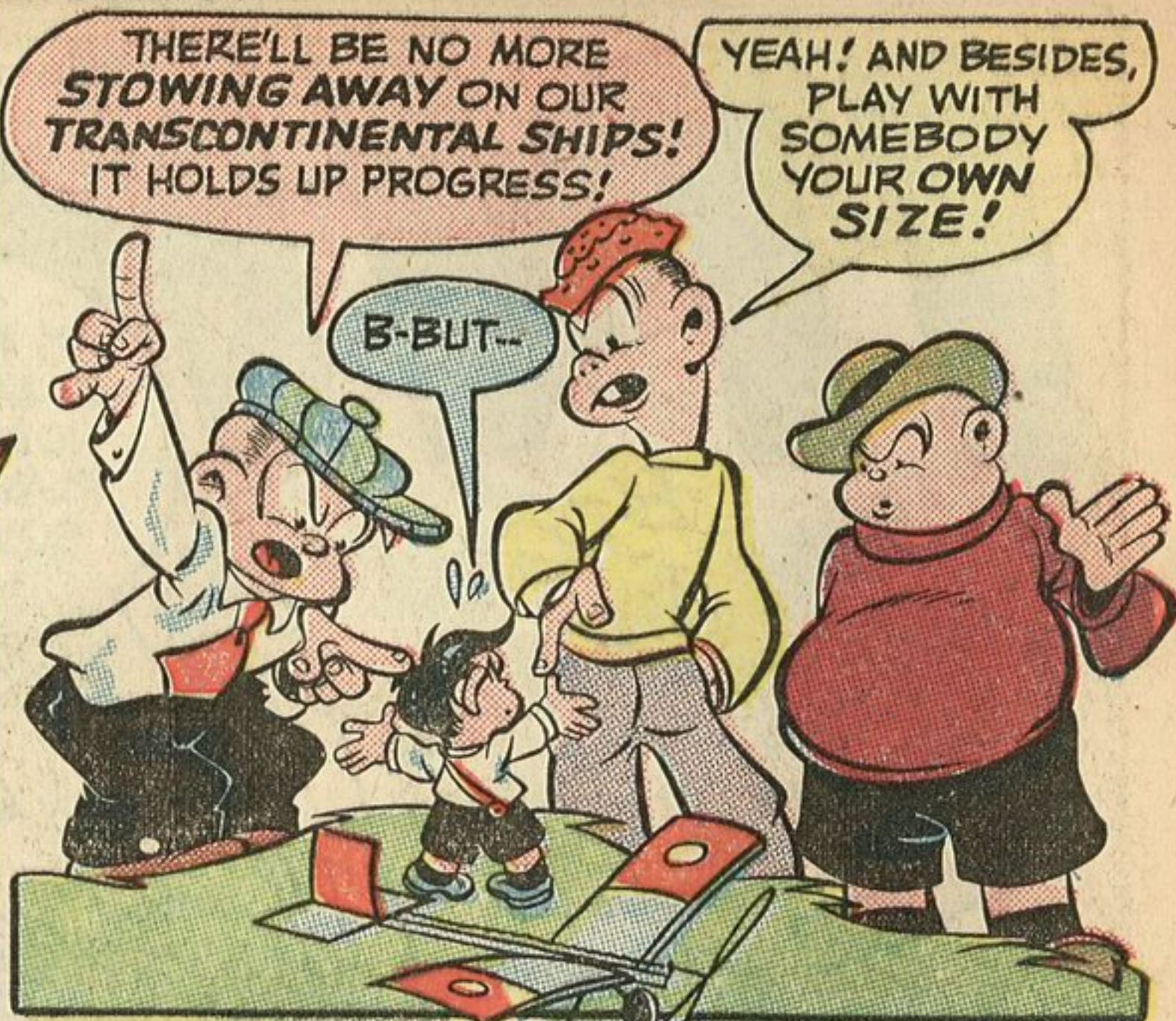
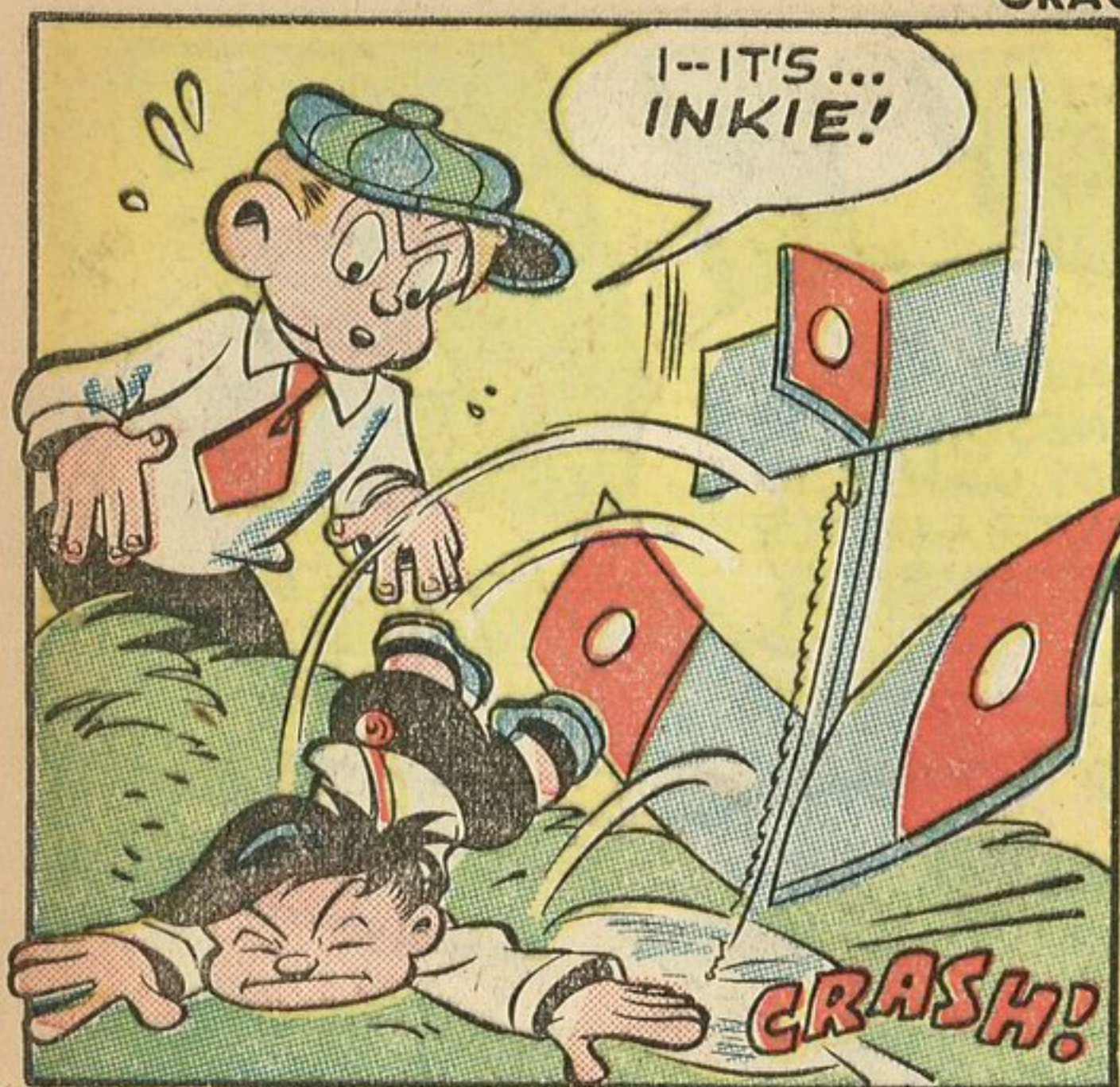
WHAM! SOCK!

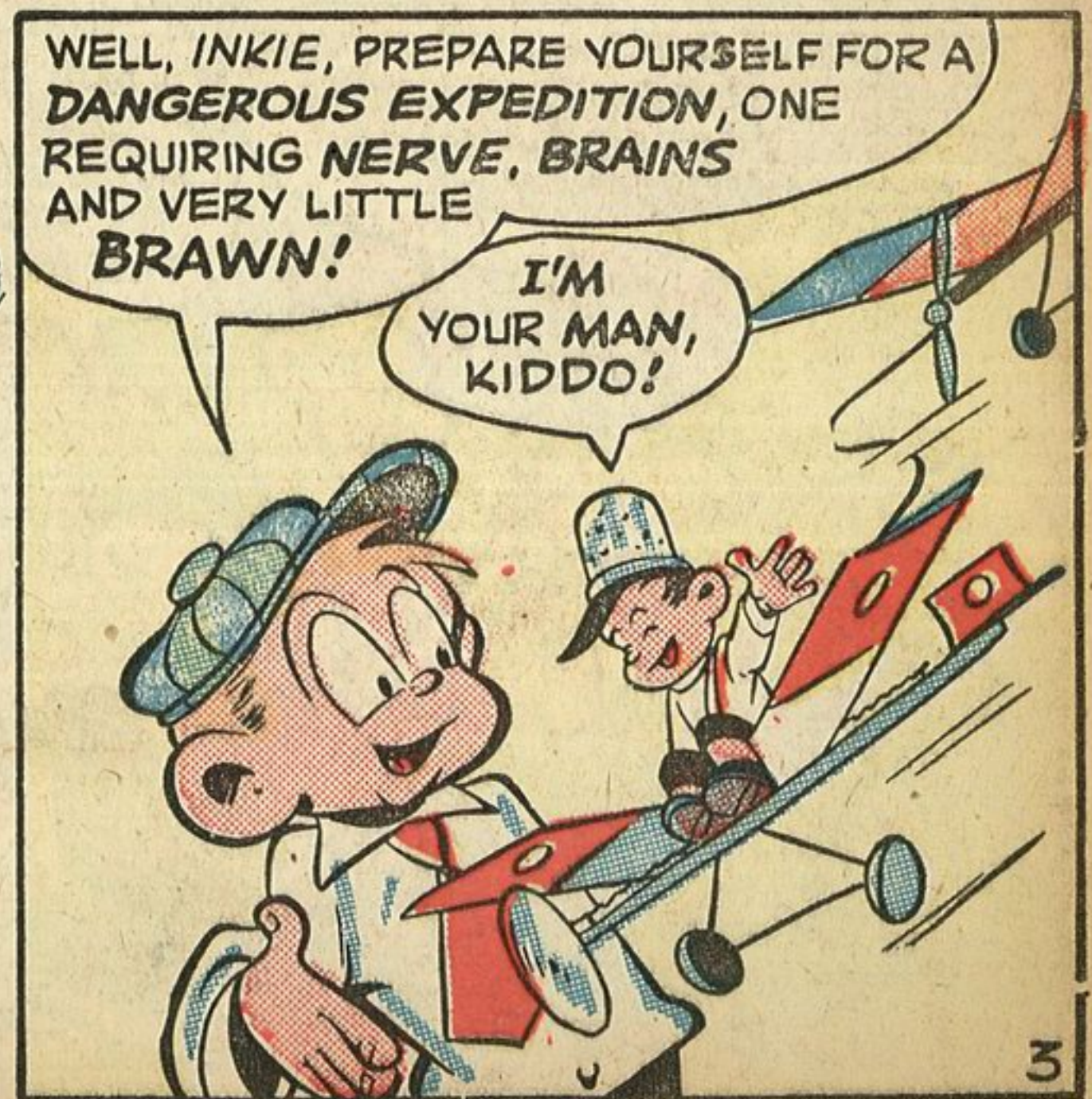
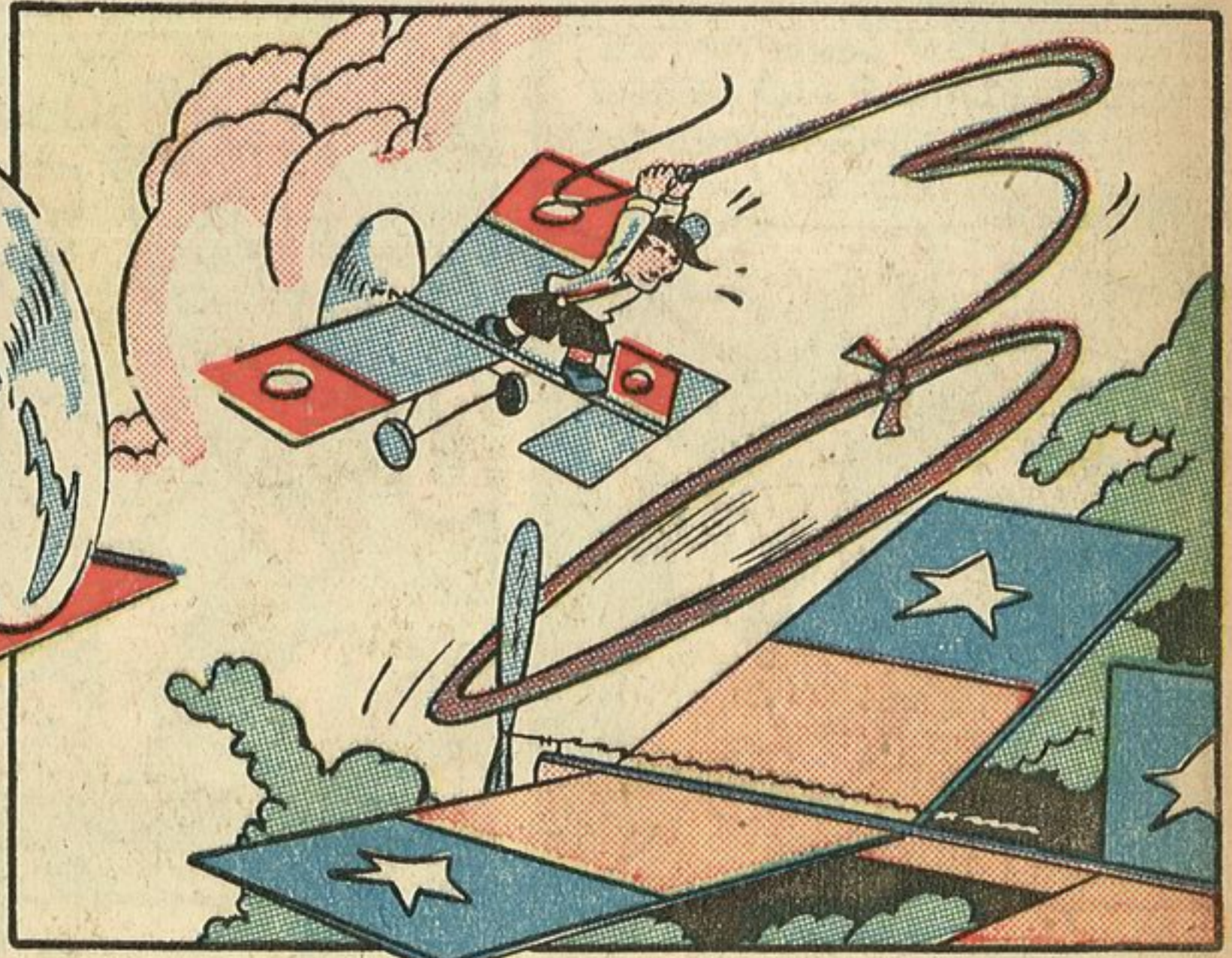
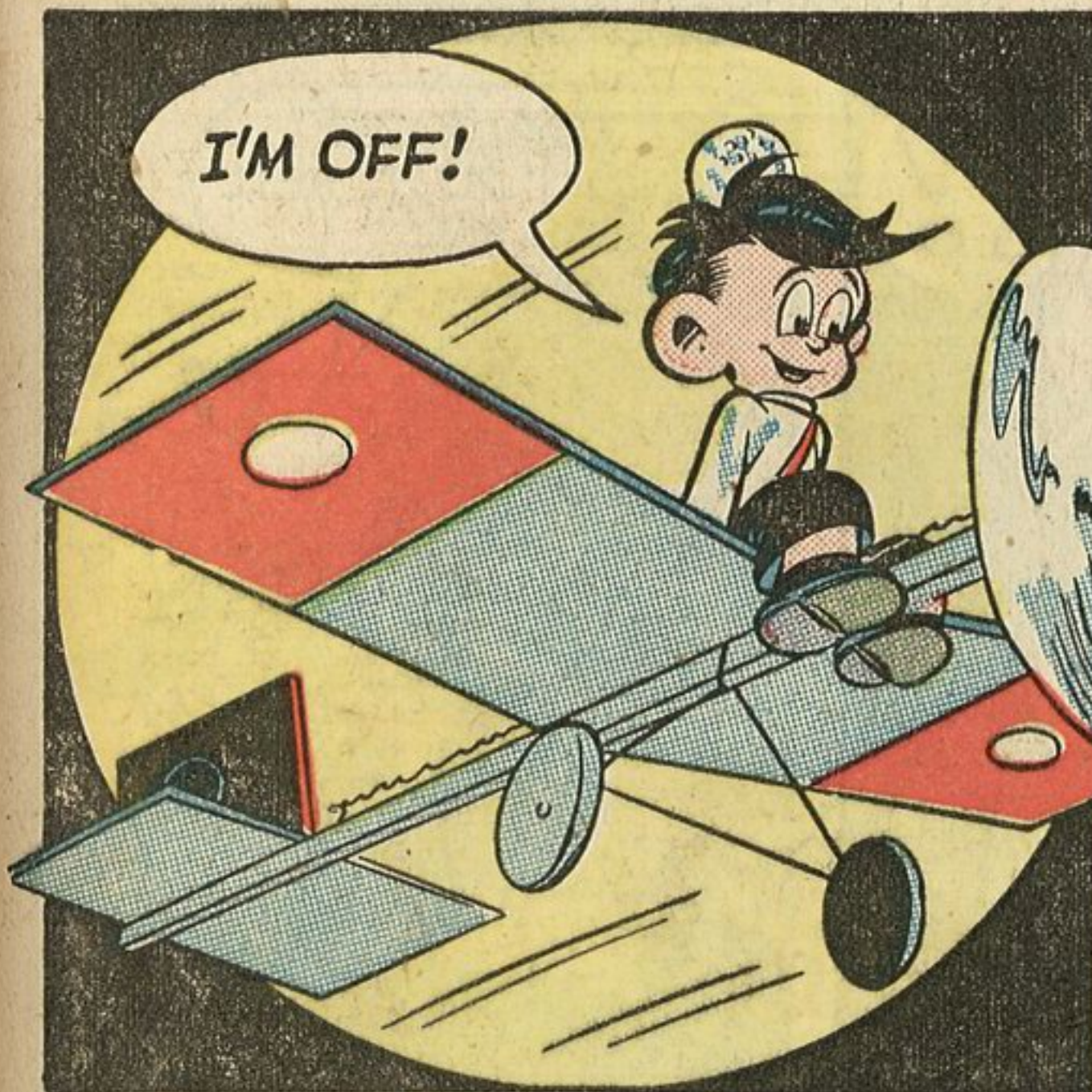
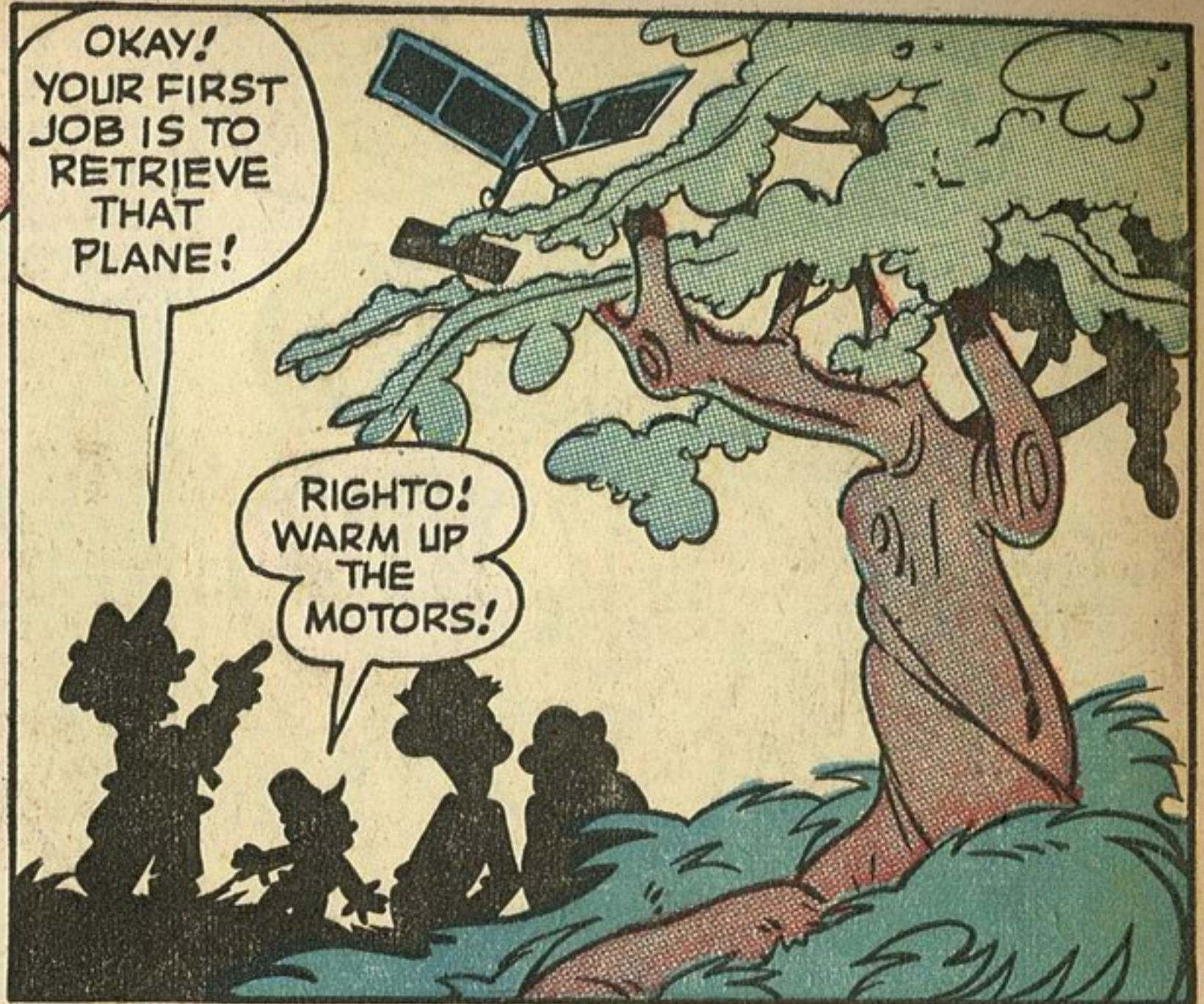
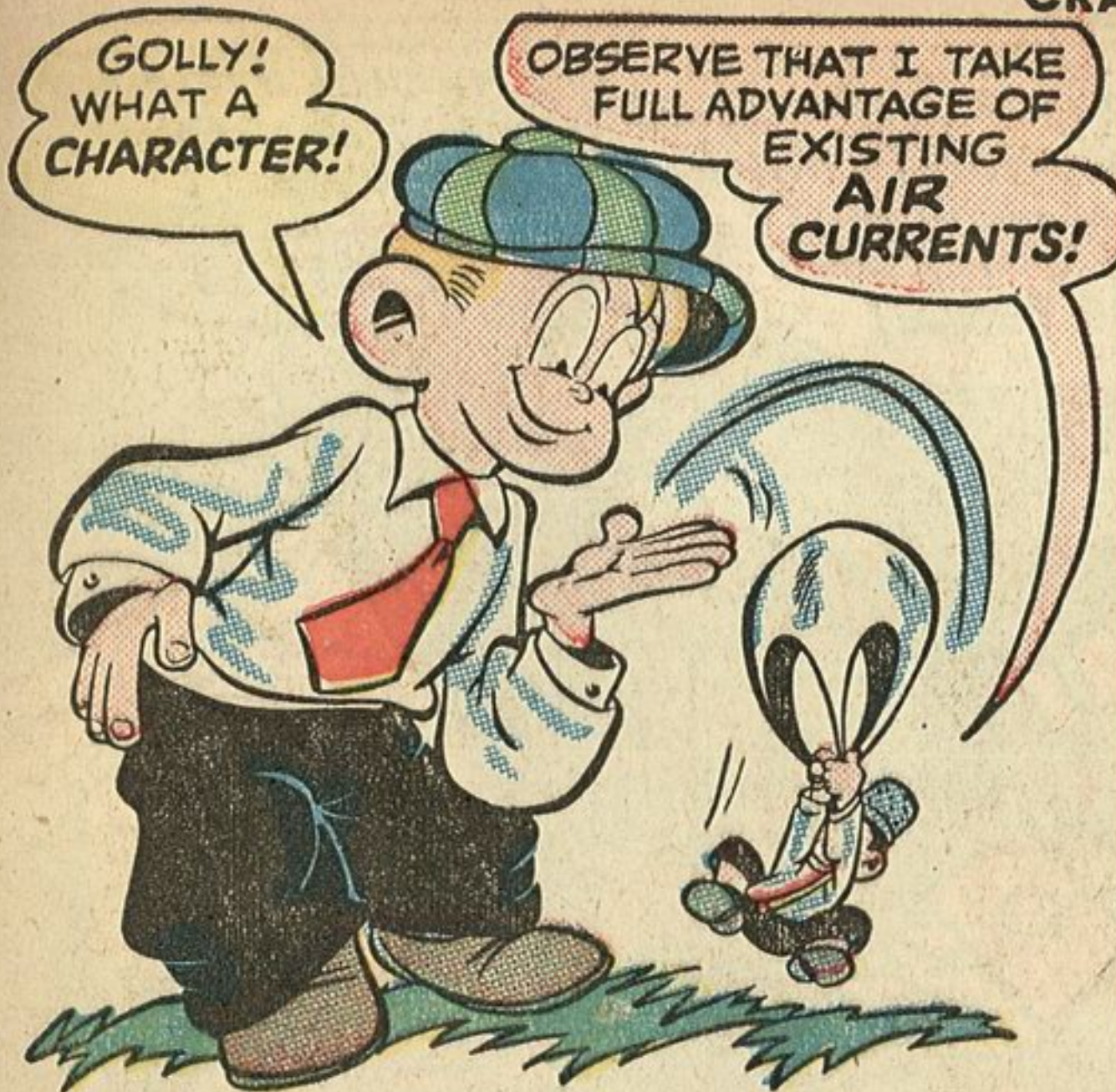
WHY... YOU @#!*!

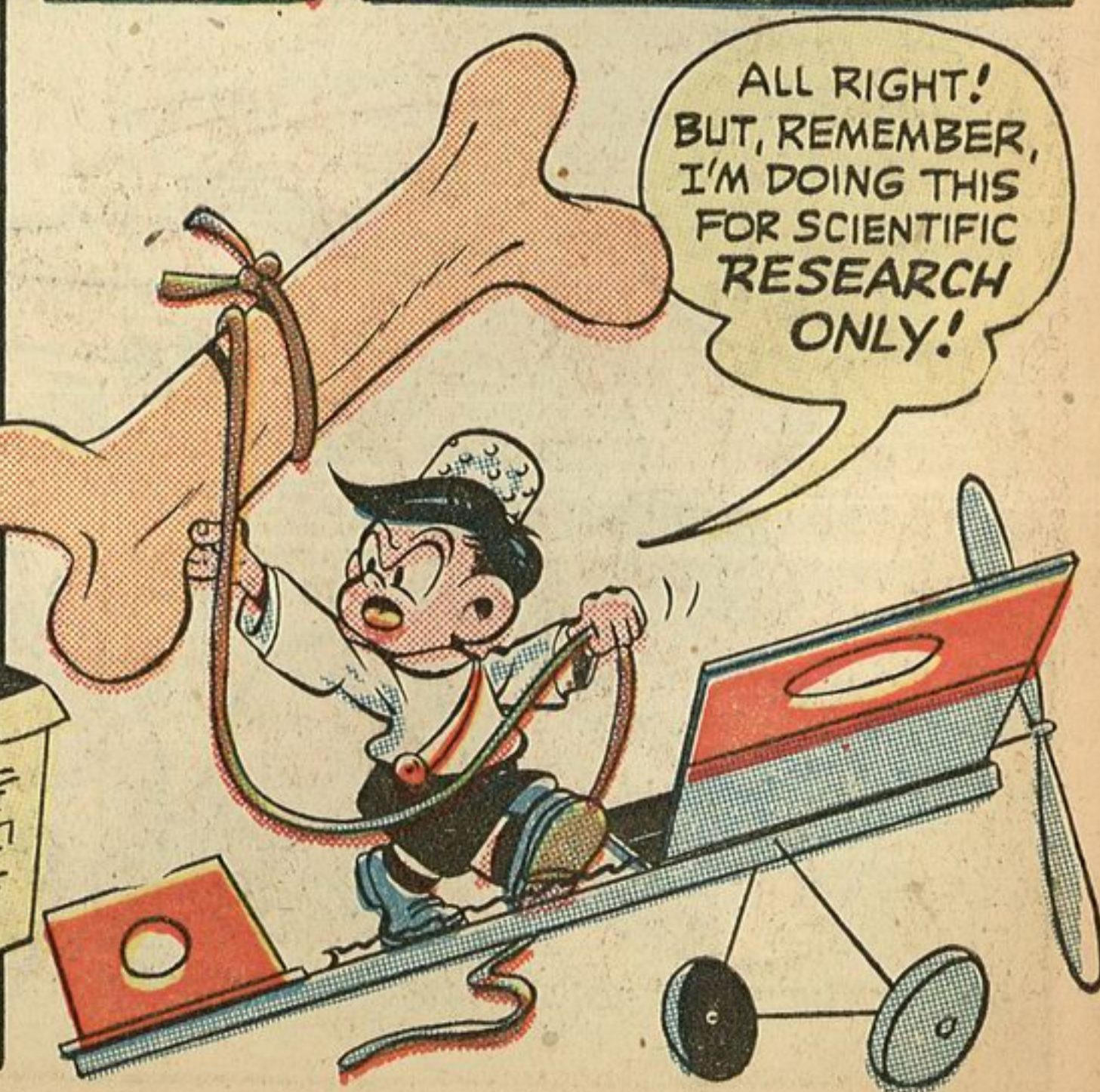
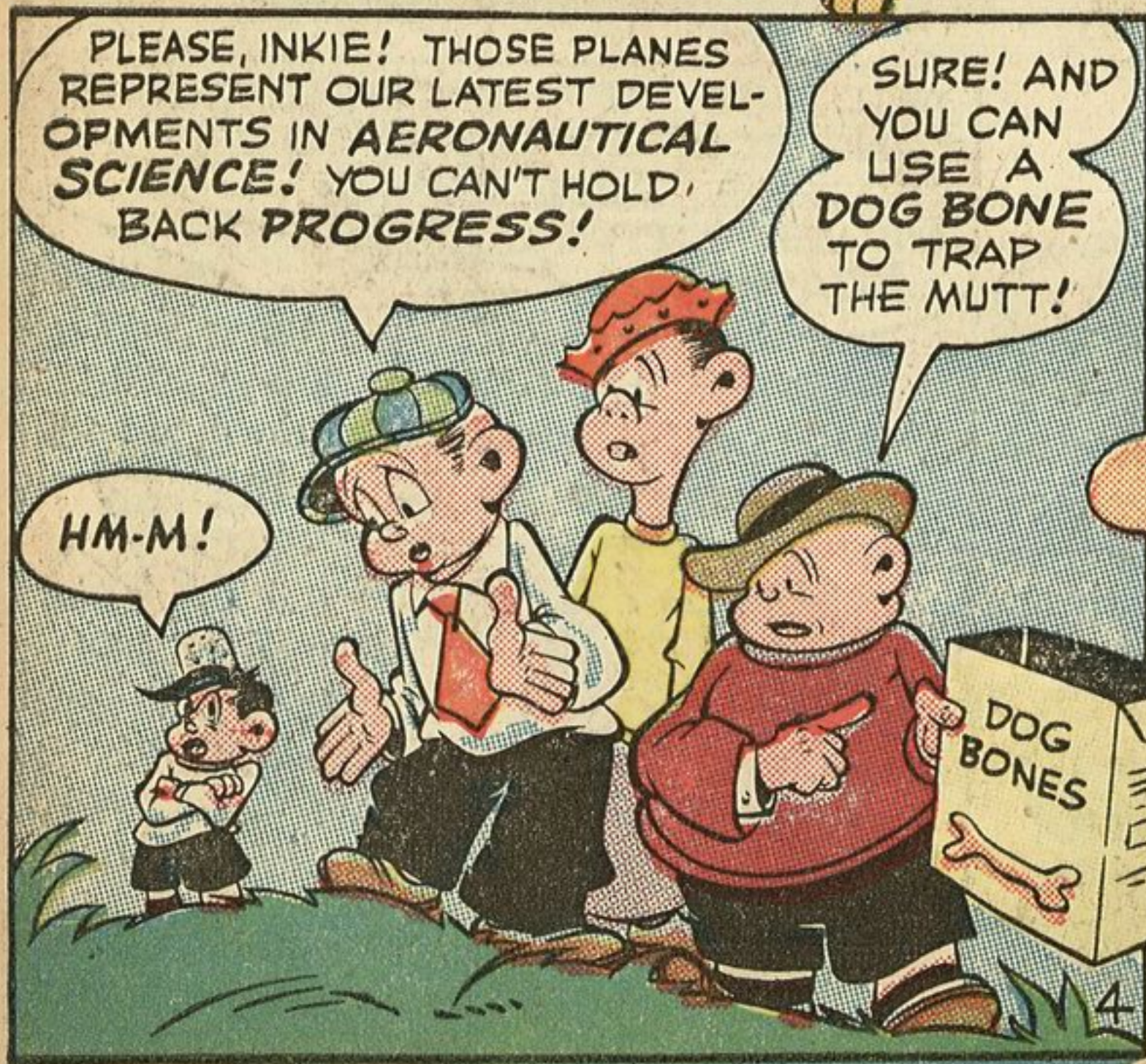
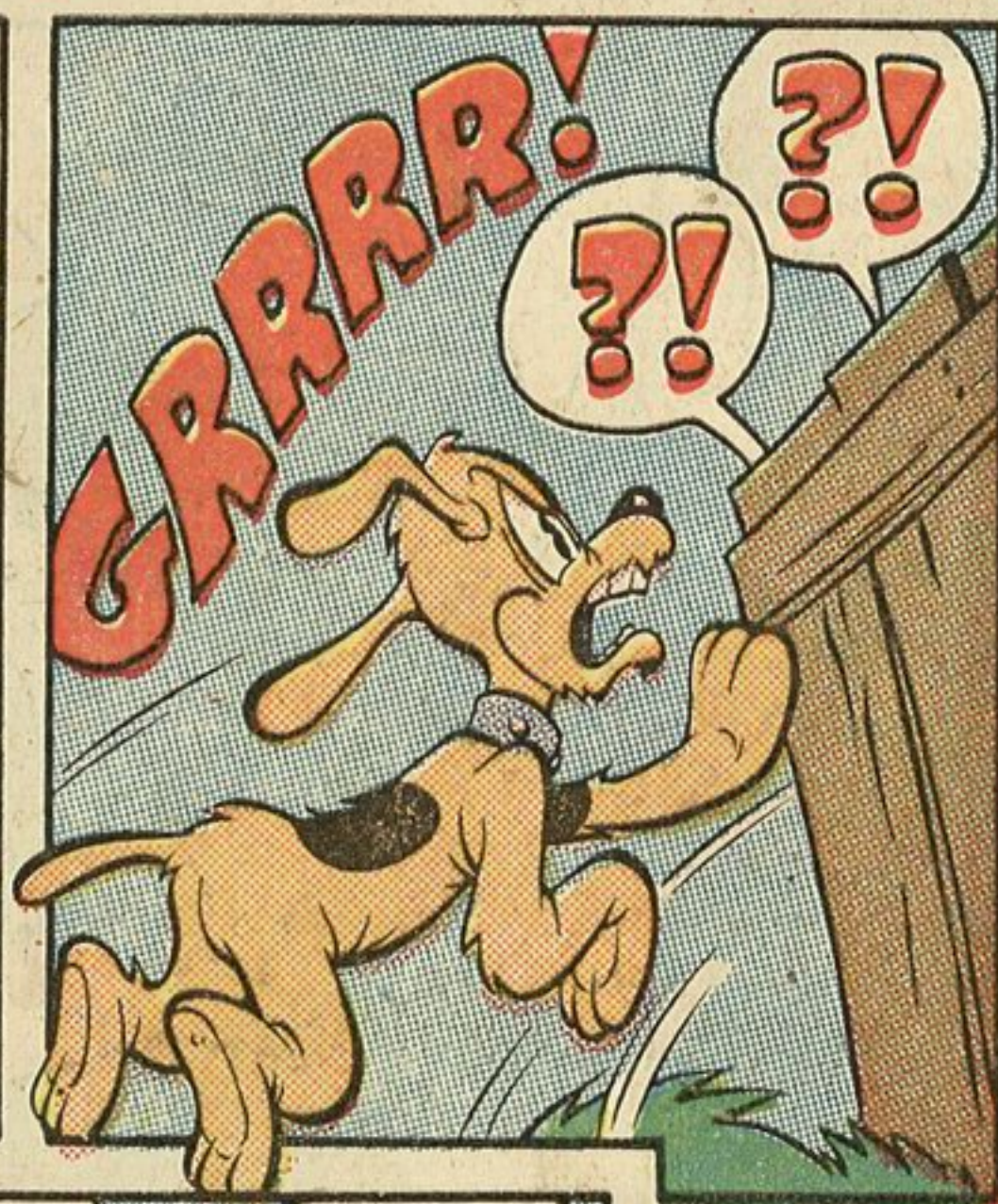
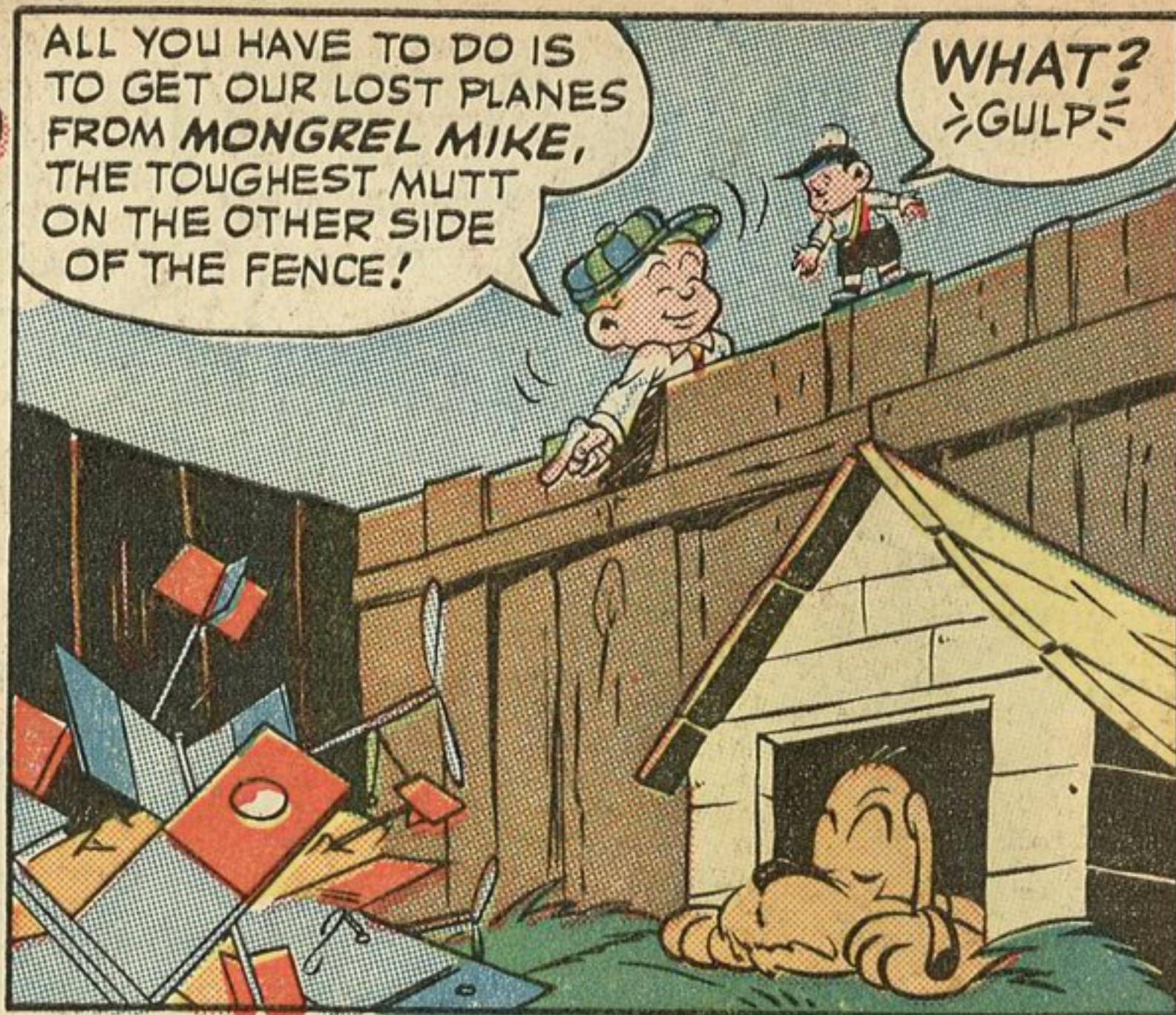
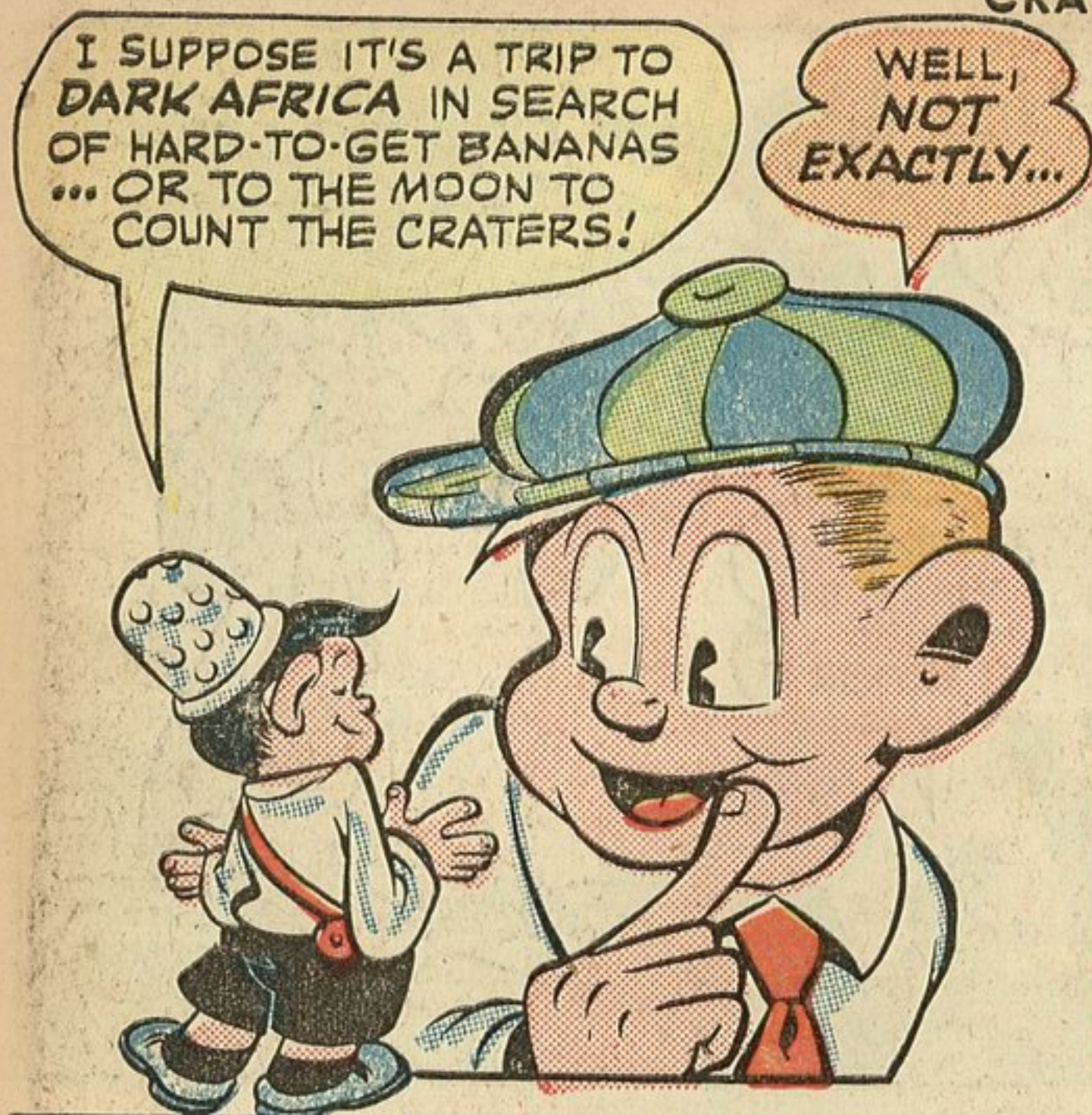
OKAY... YOU ASKED FOR IT!--



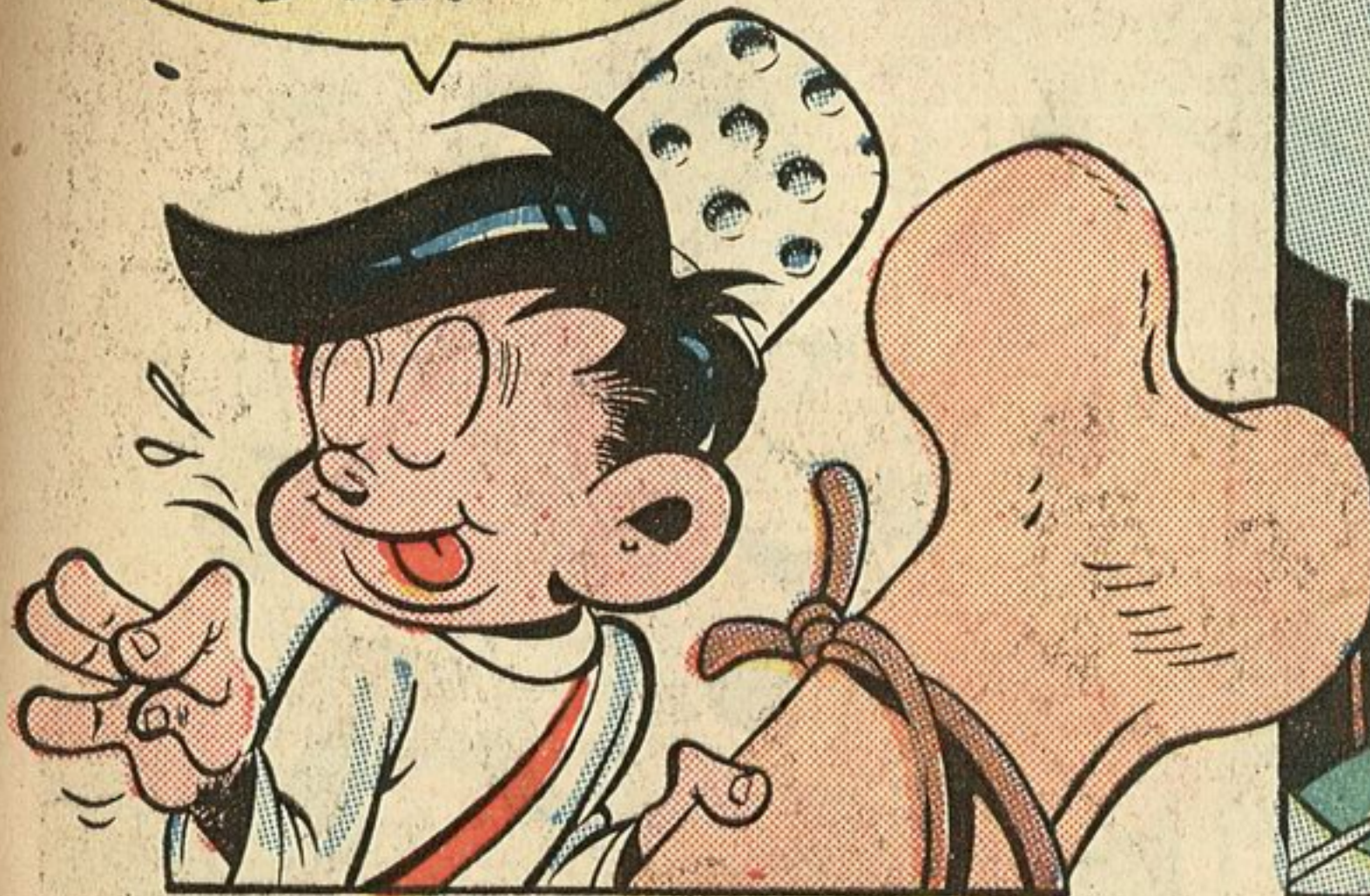




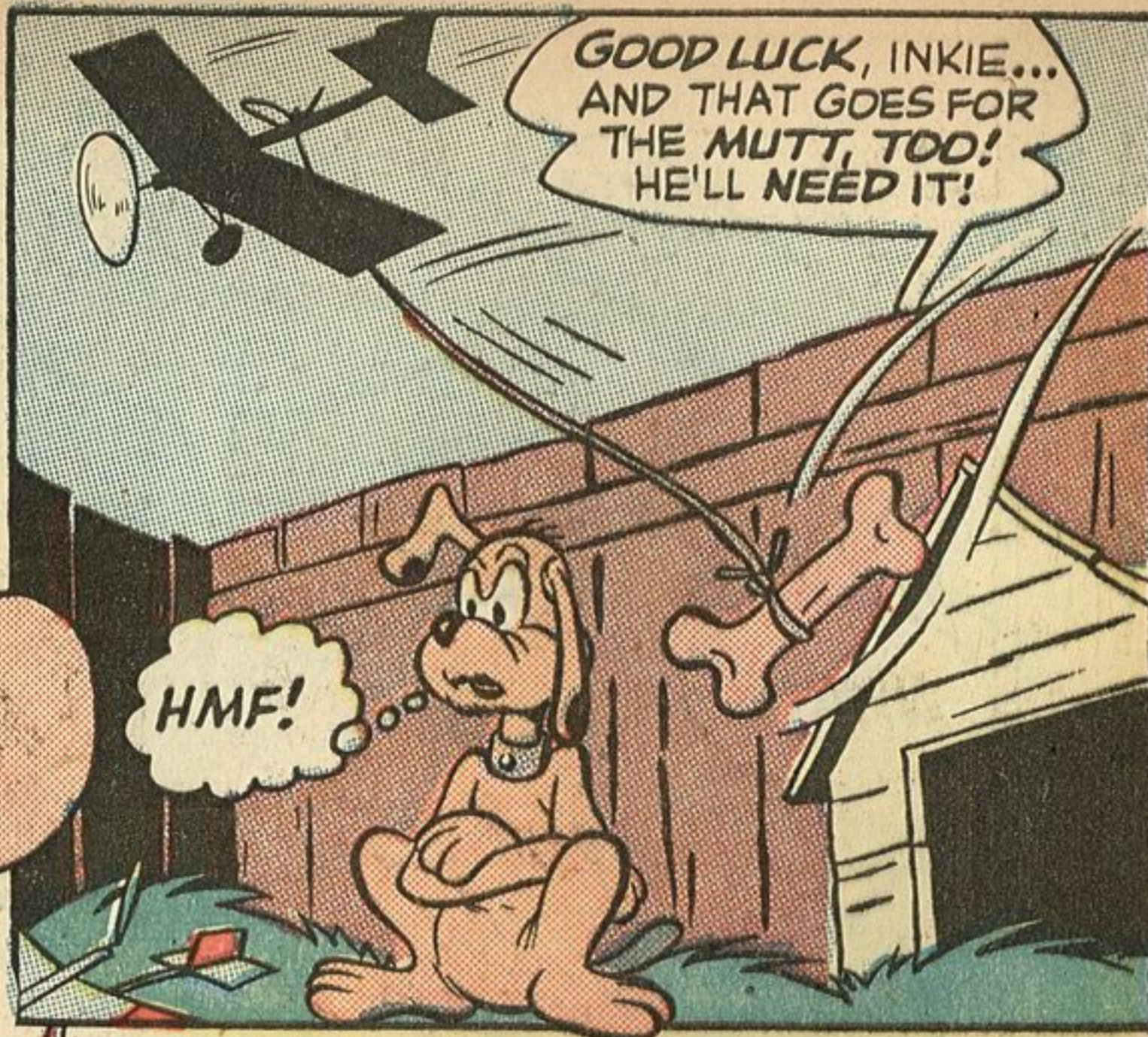




WITH THE EXCEPTION OF FLEAS, NO DOG ALIVE HAS EVER SEEN ANYTHING QUITE AS SMALL AS ME! I SHALL CAPITALIZE ON MY SIZE!

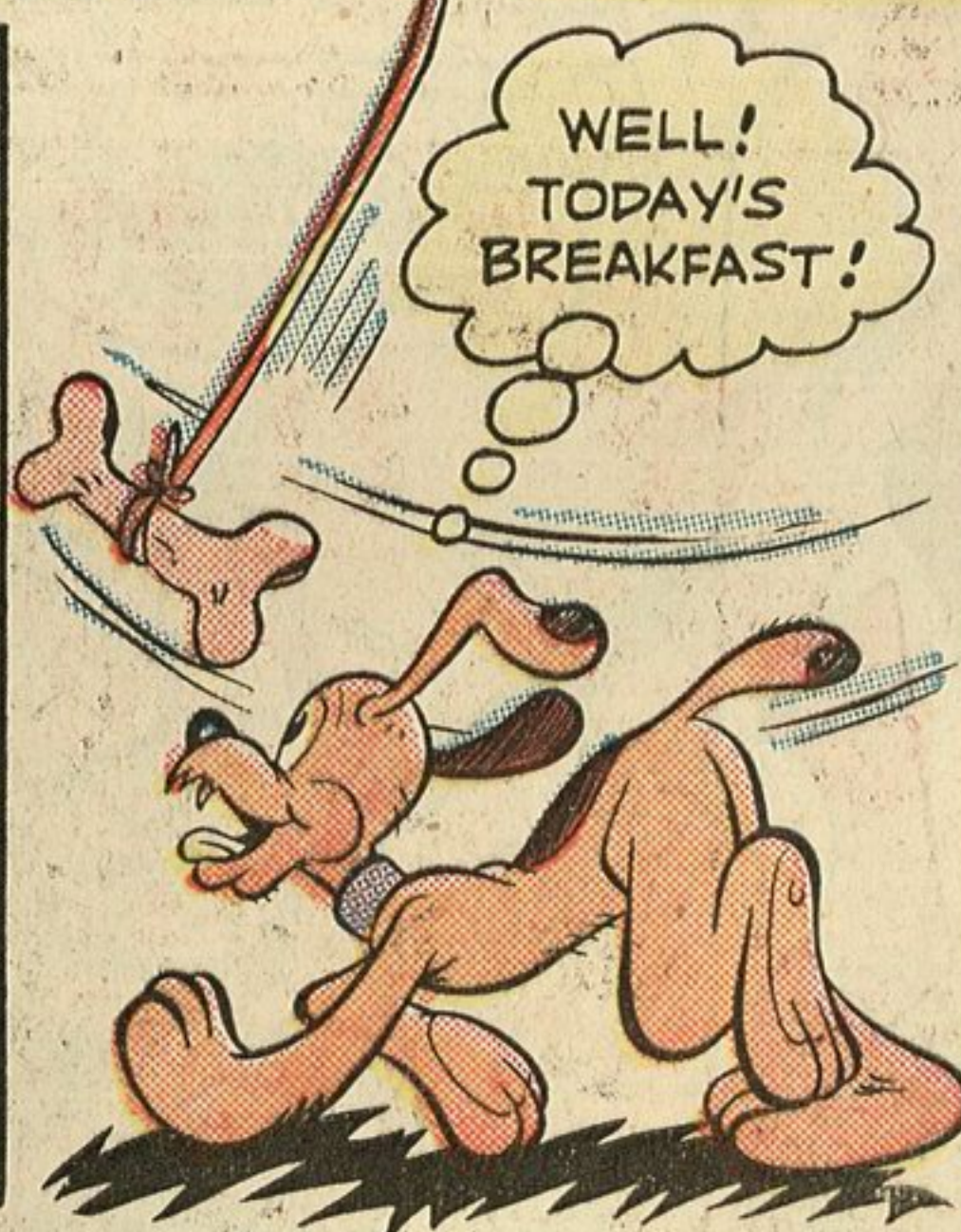


GOOD LUCK, INKIE... AND THAT GOES FOR THE MUTT, TOO! HE'LL NEED IT!



HMF!

WELL! TODAY'S BREAKFAST!

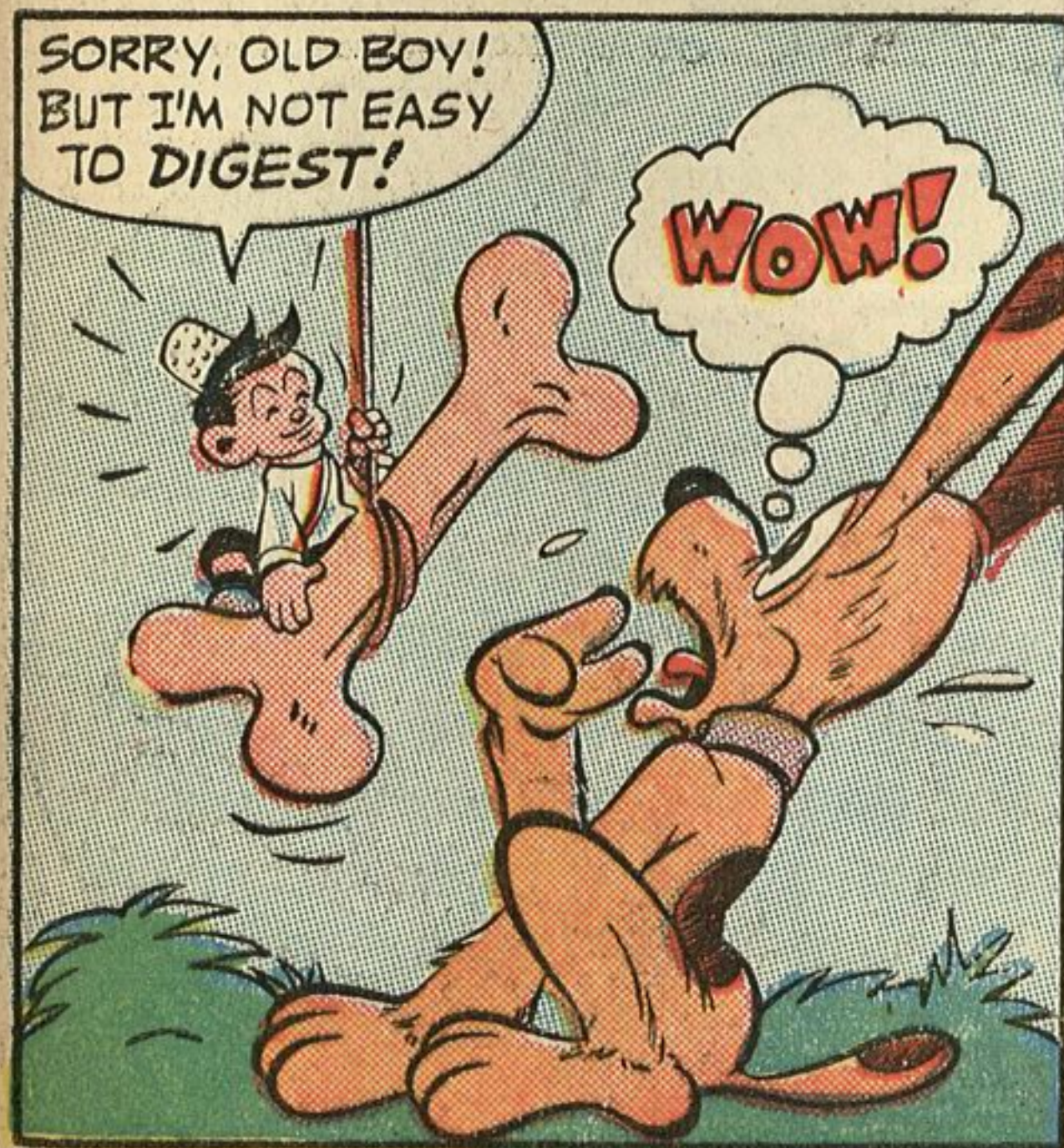


AH!

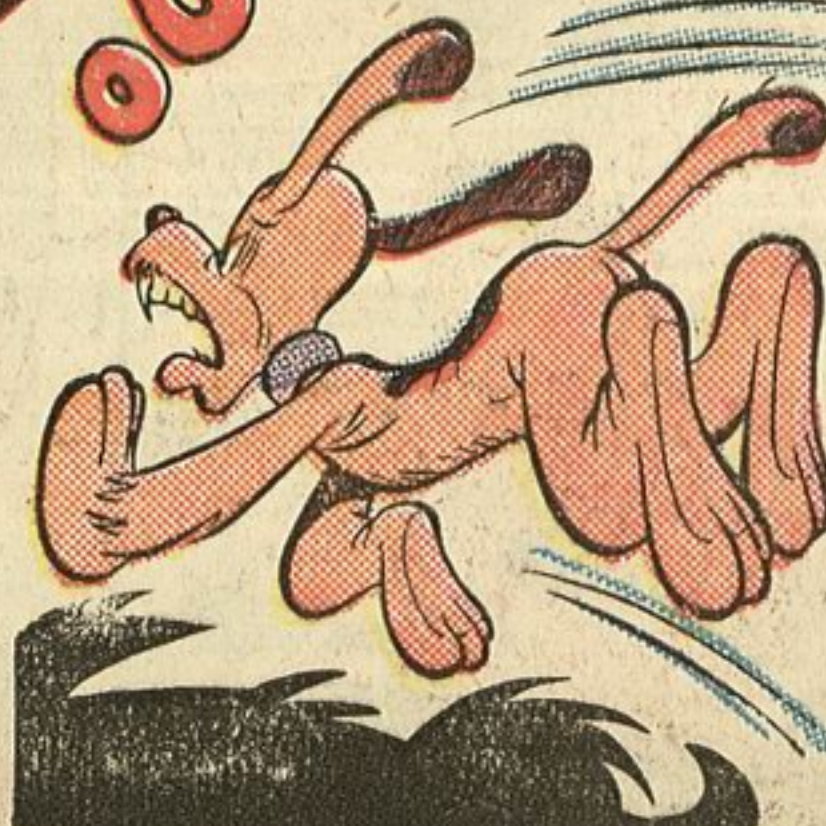


SORRY, OLD BOY! BUT I'M NOT EASY TO DIGEST!

WOW!

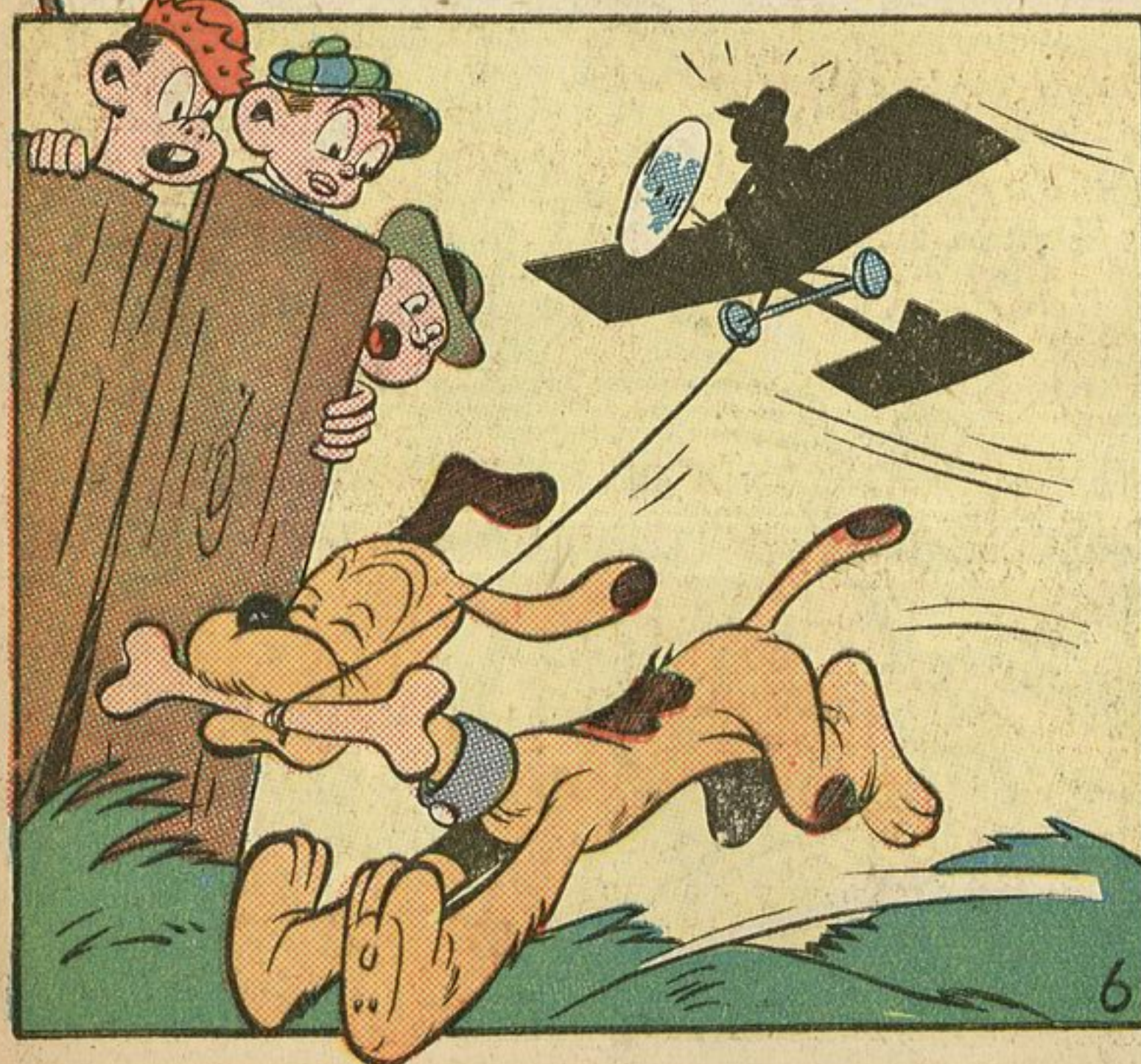
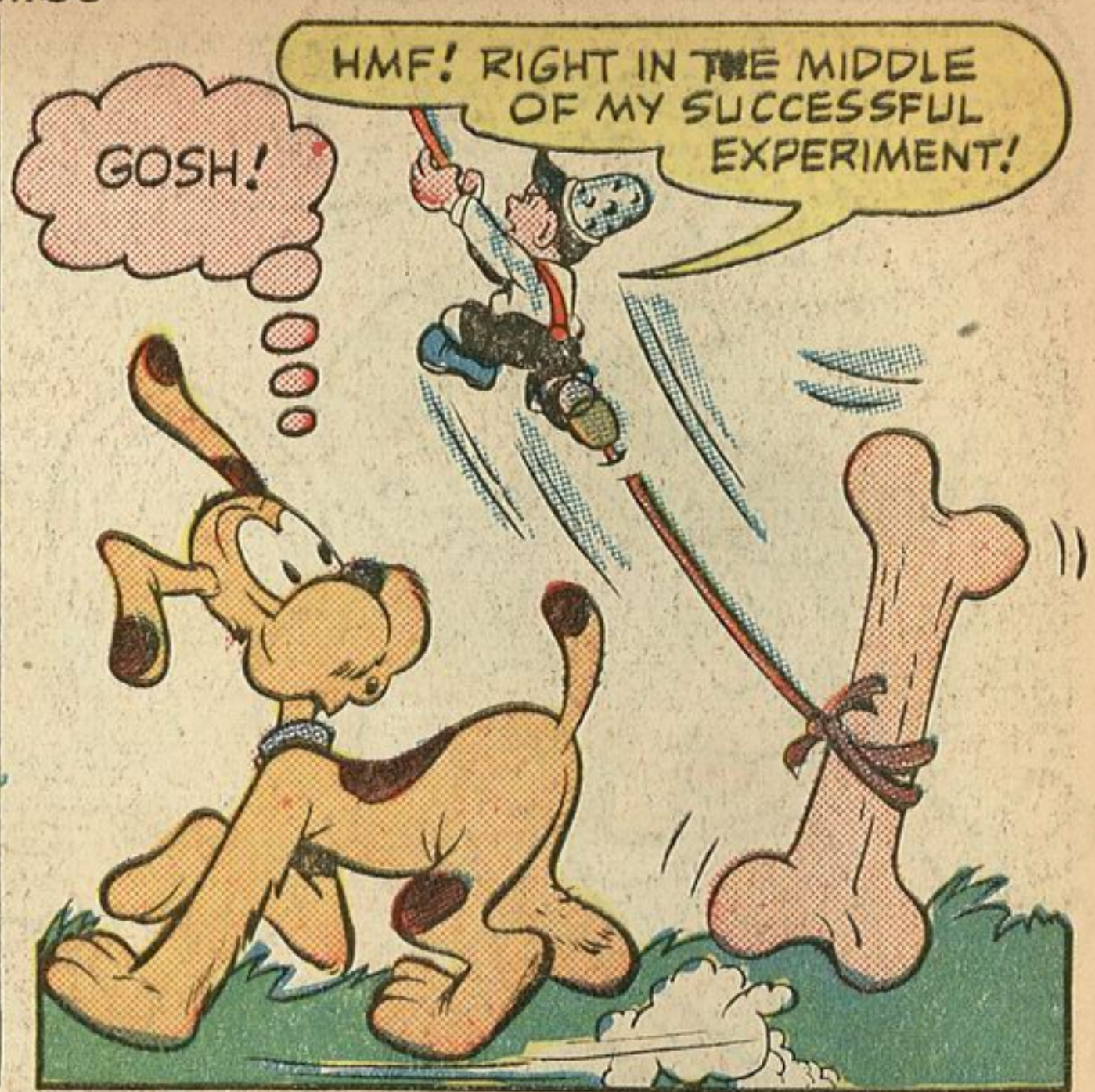
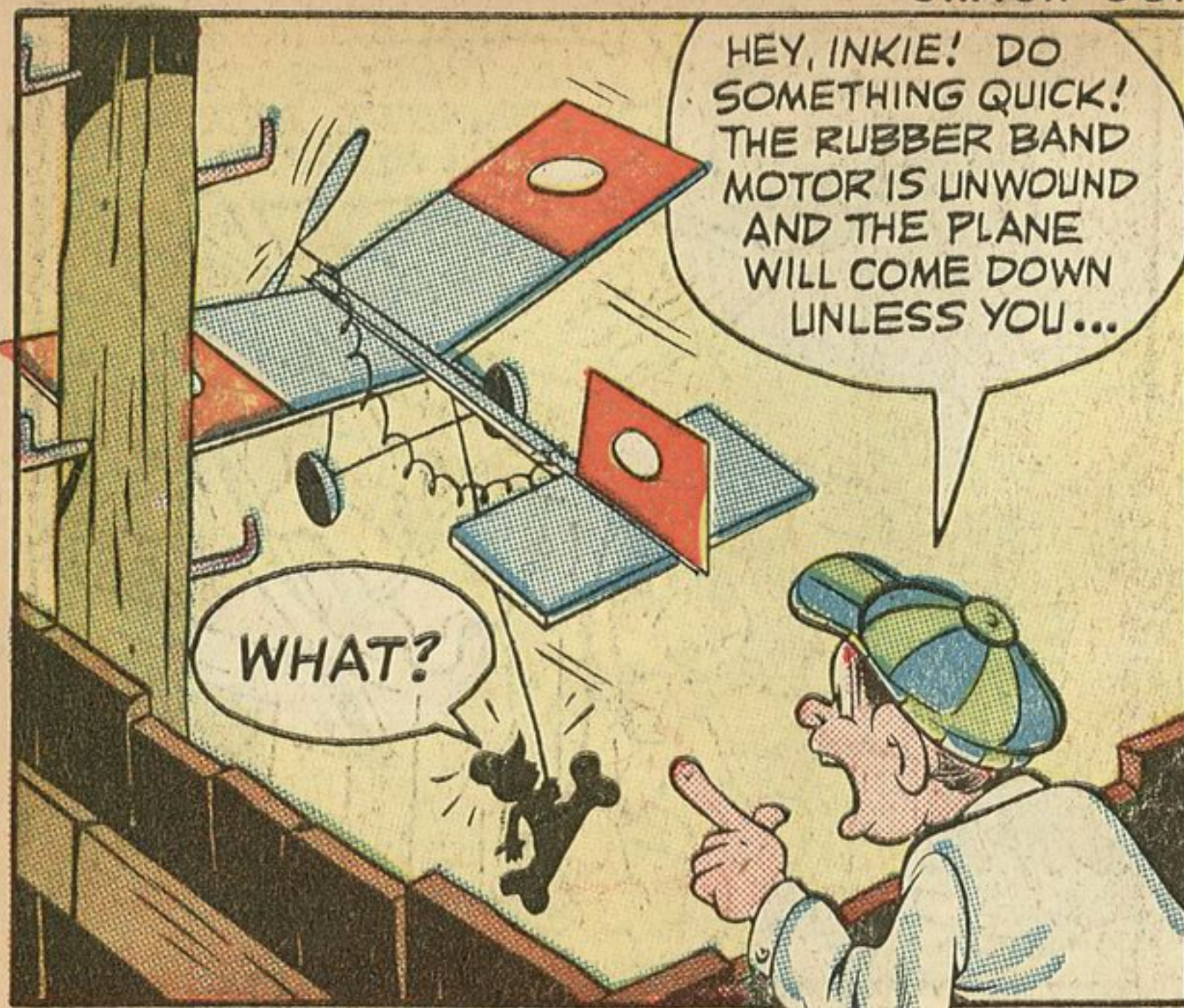


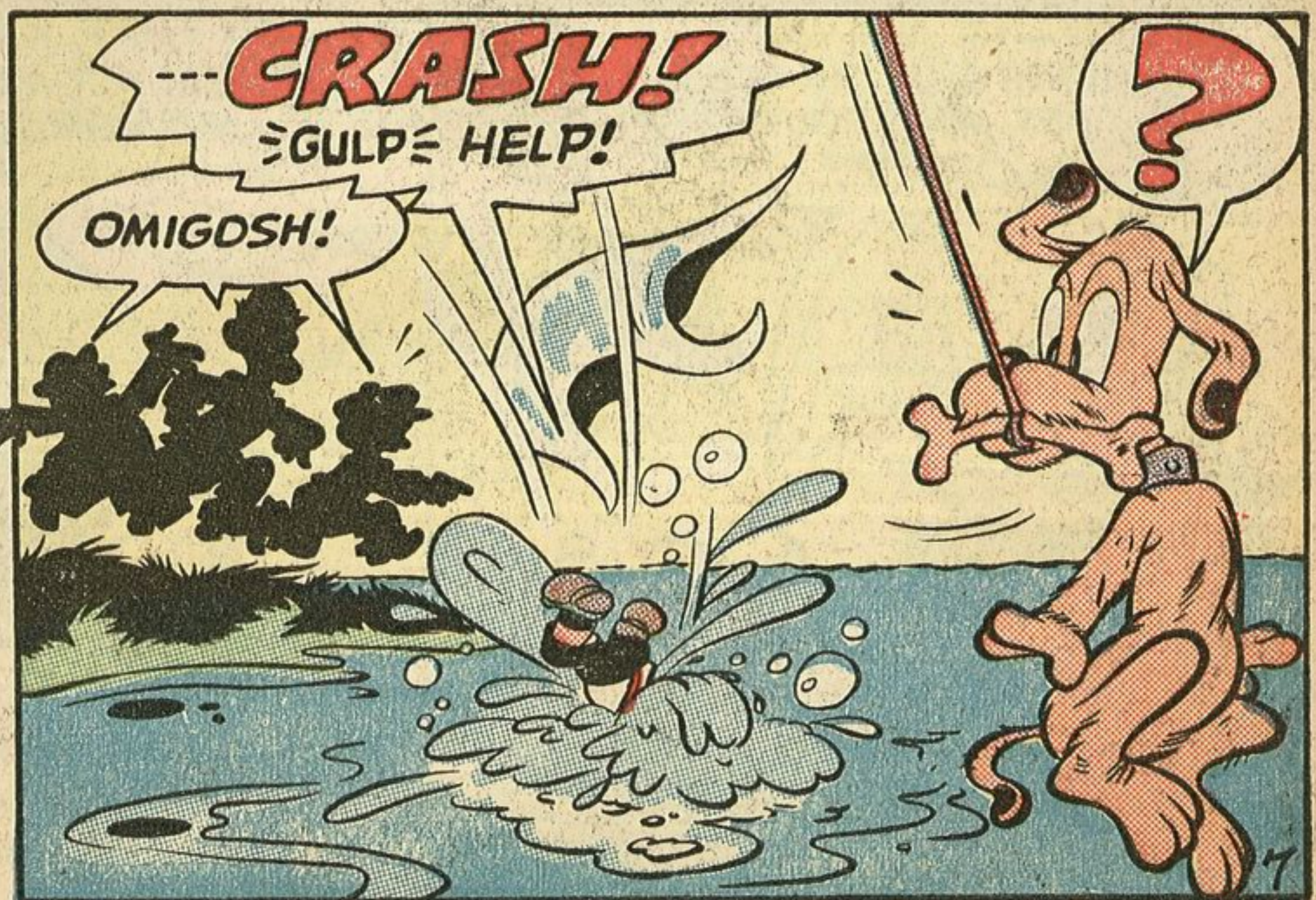
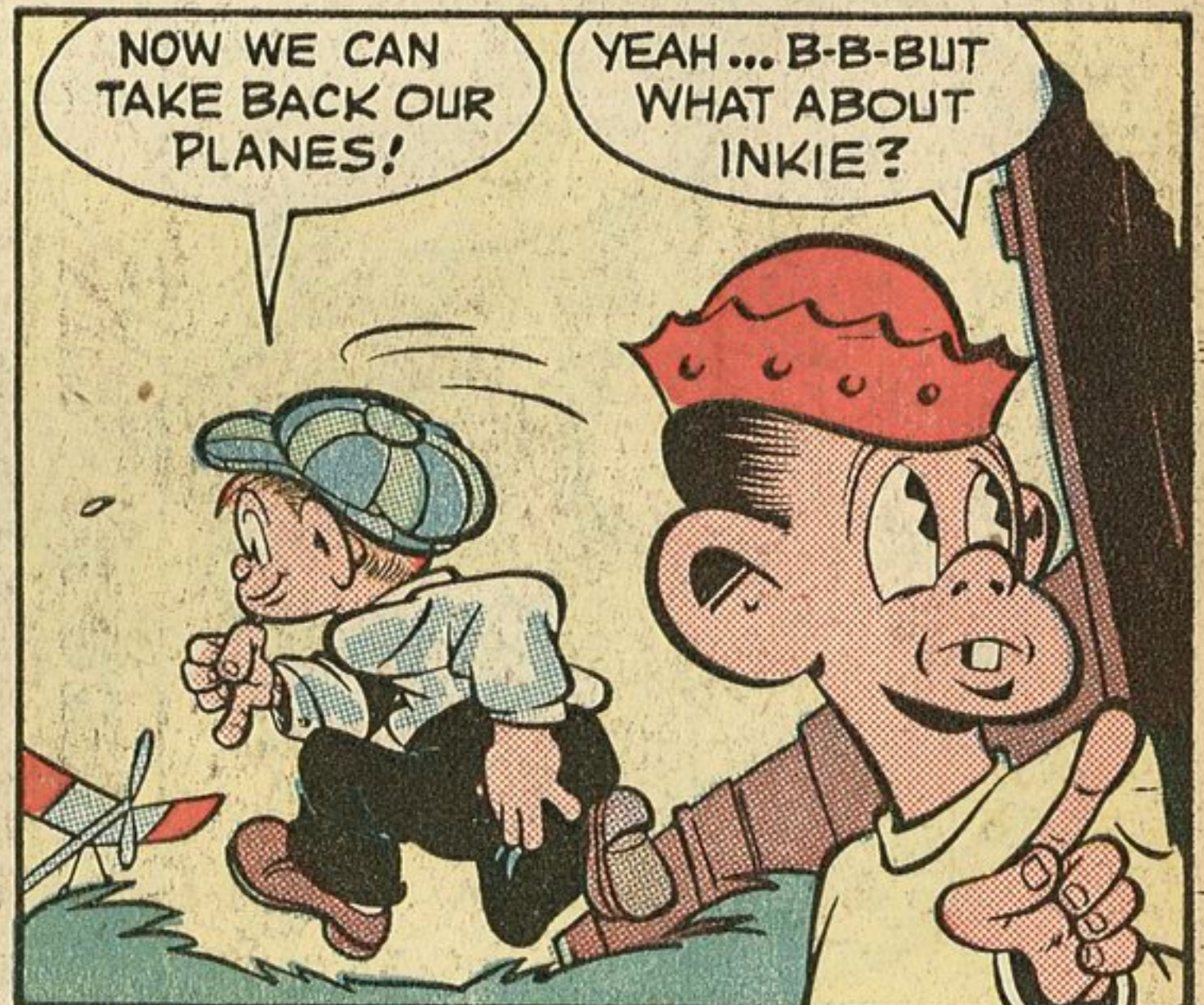
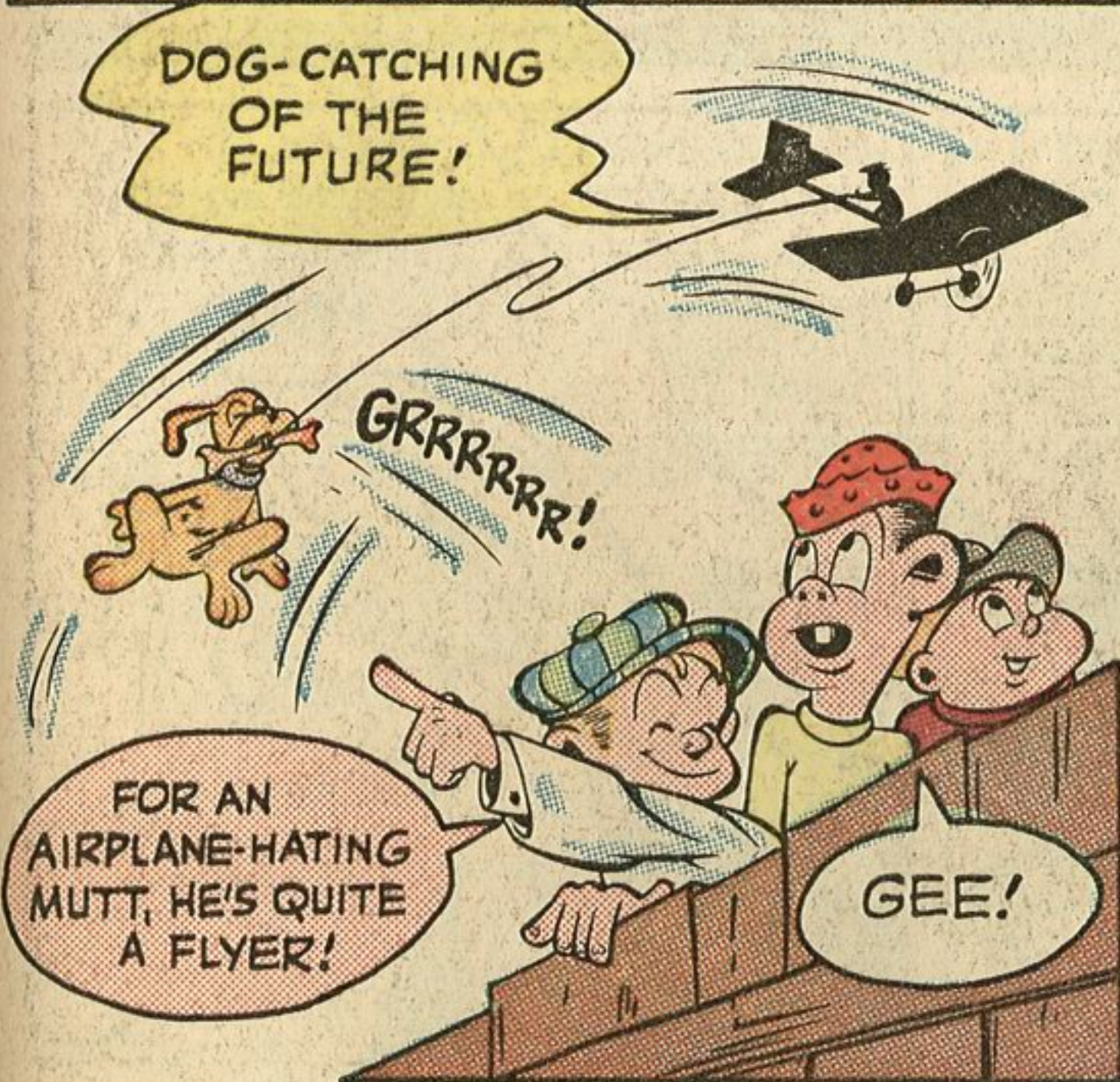
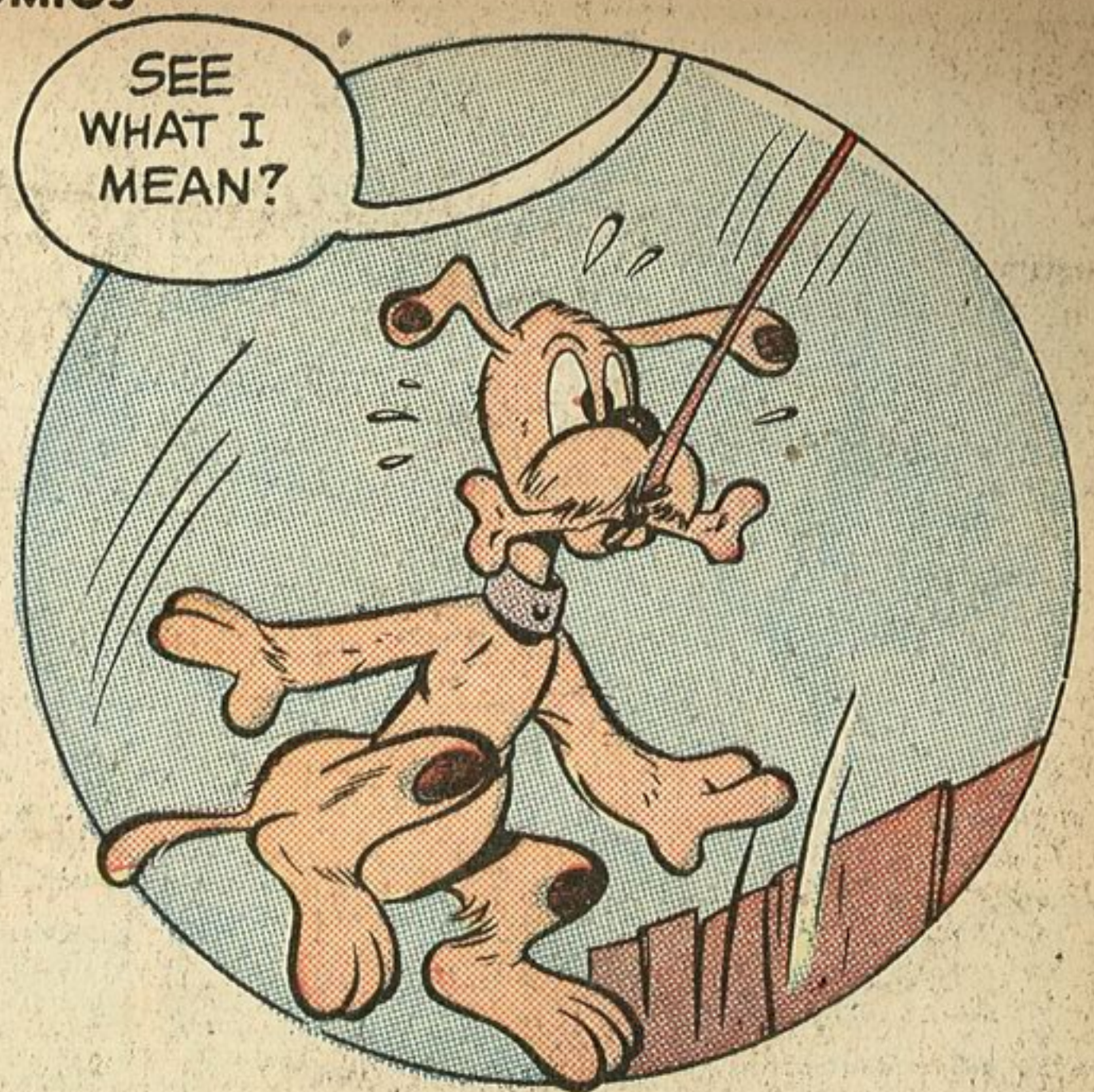
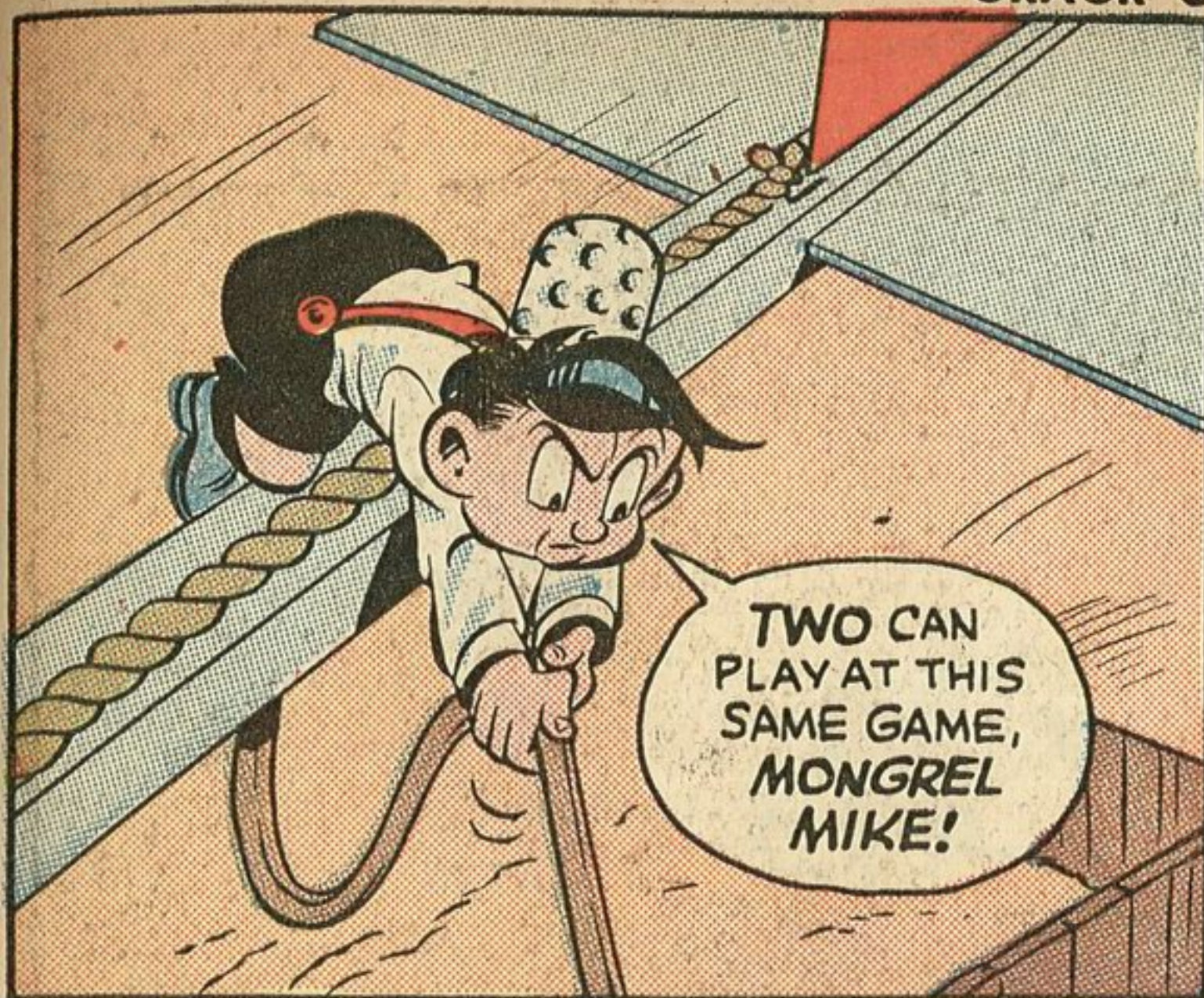
OO-OO-OOH!

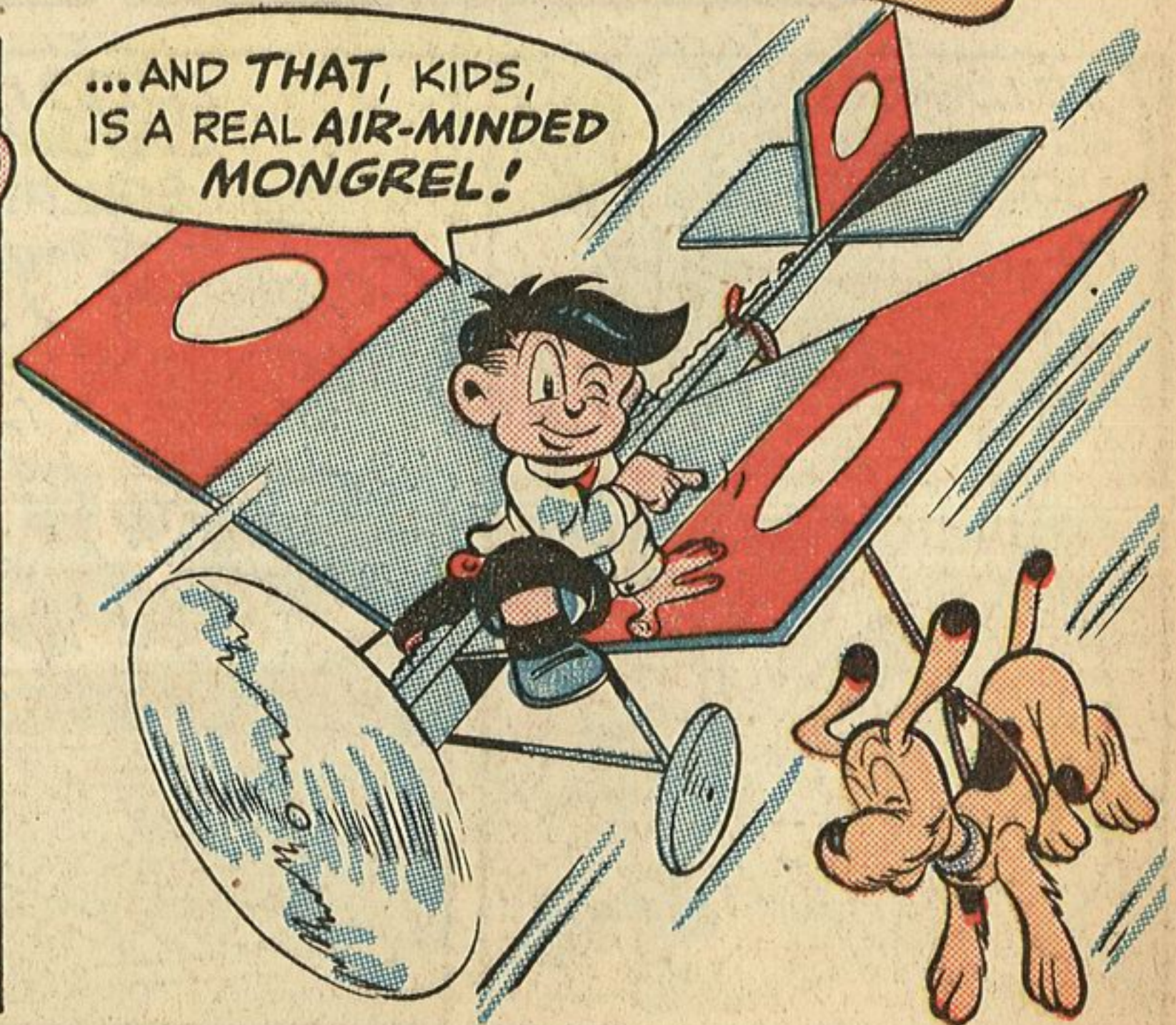
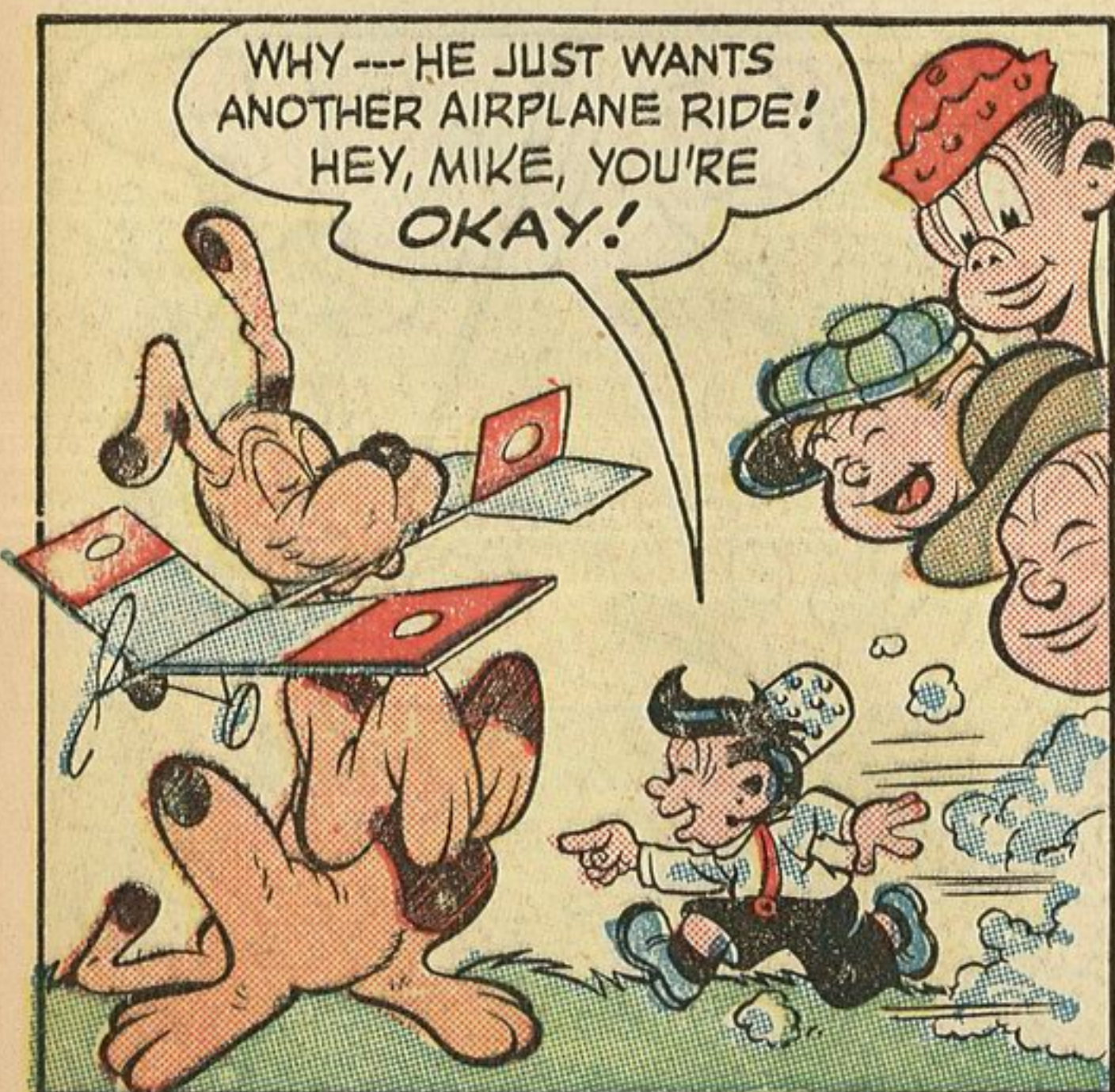
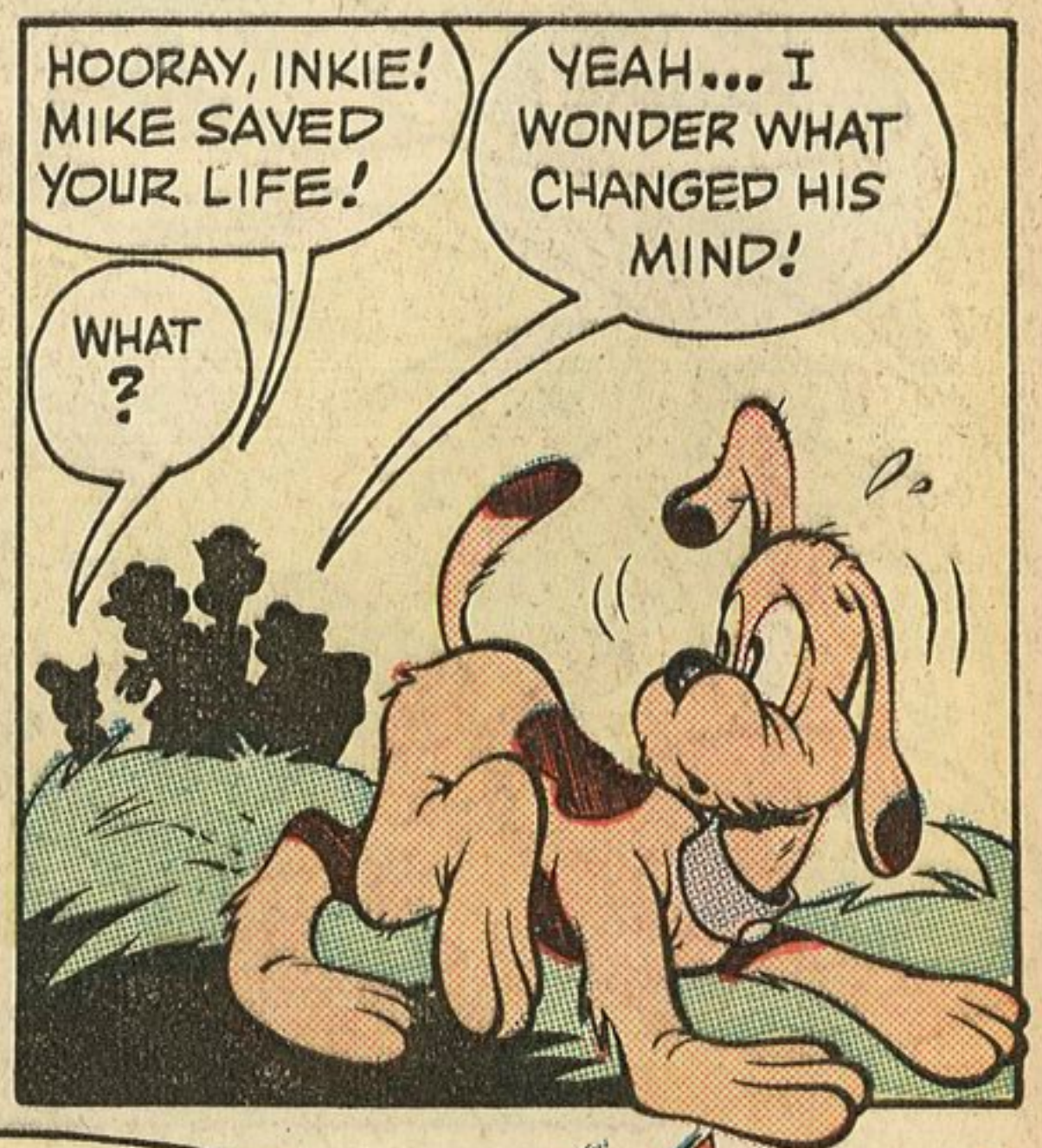
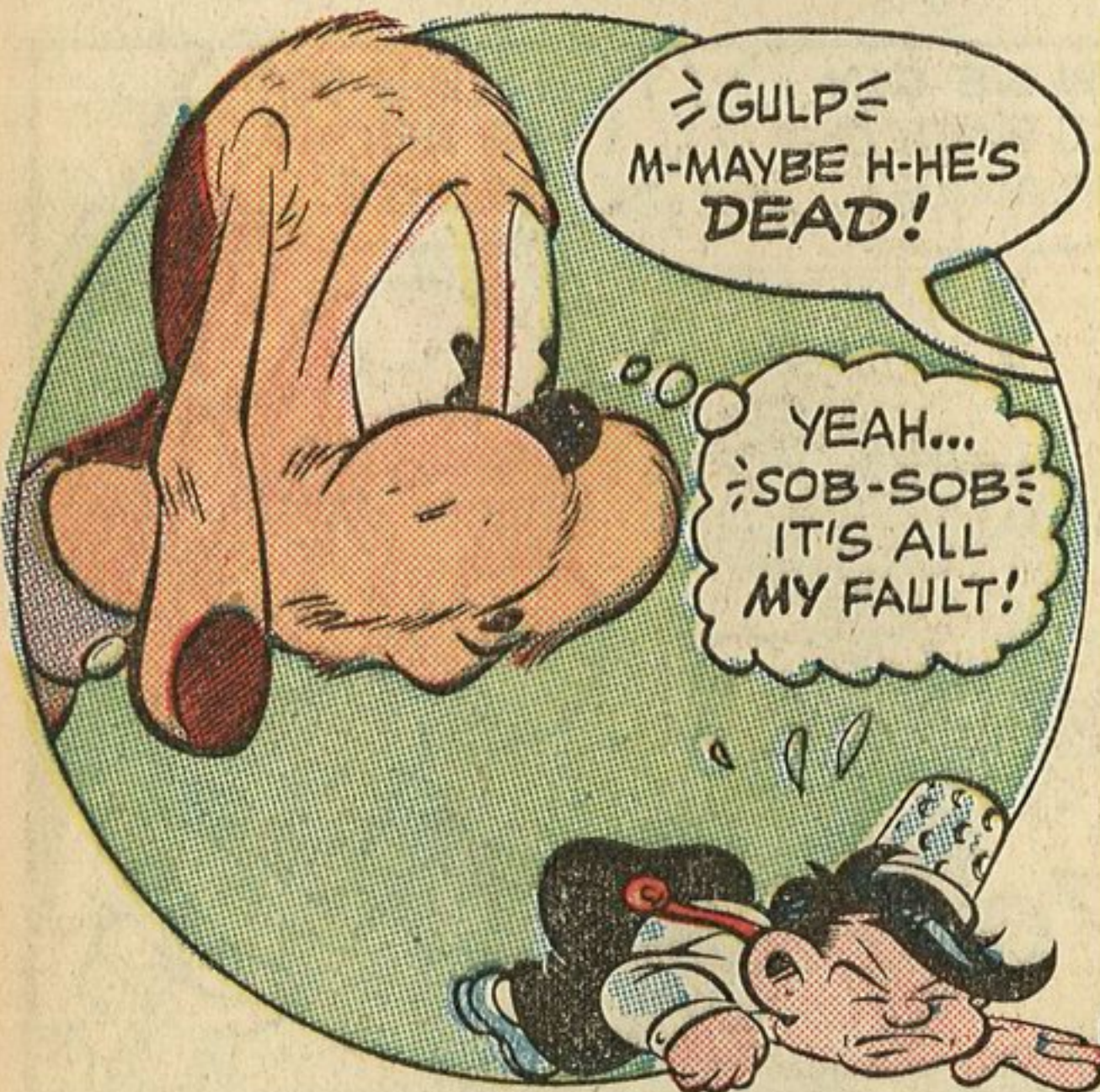
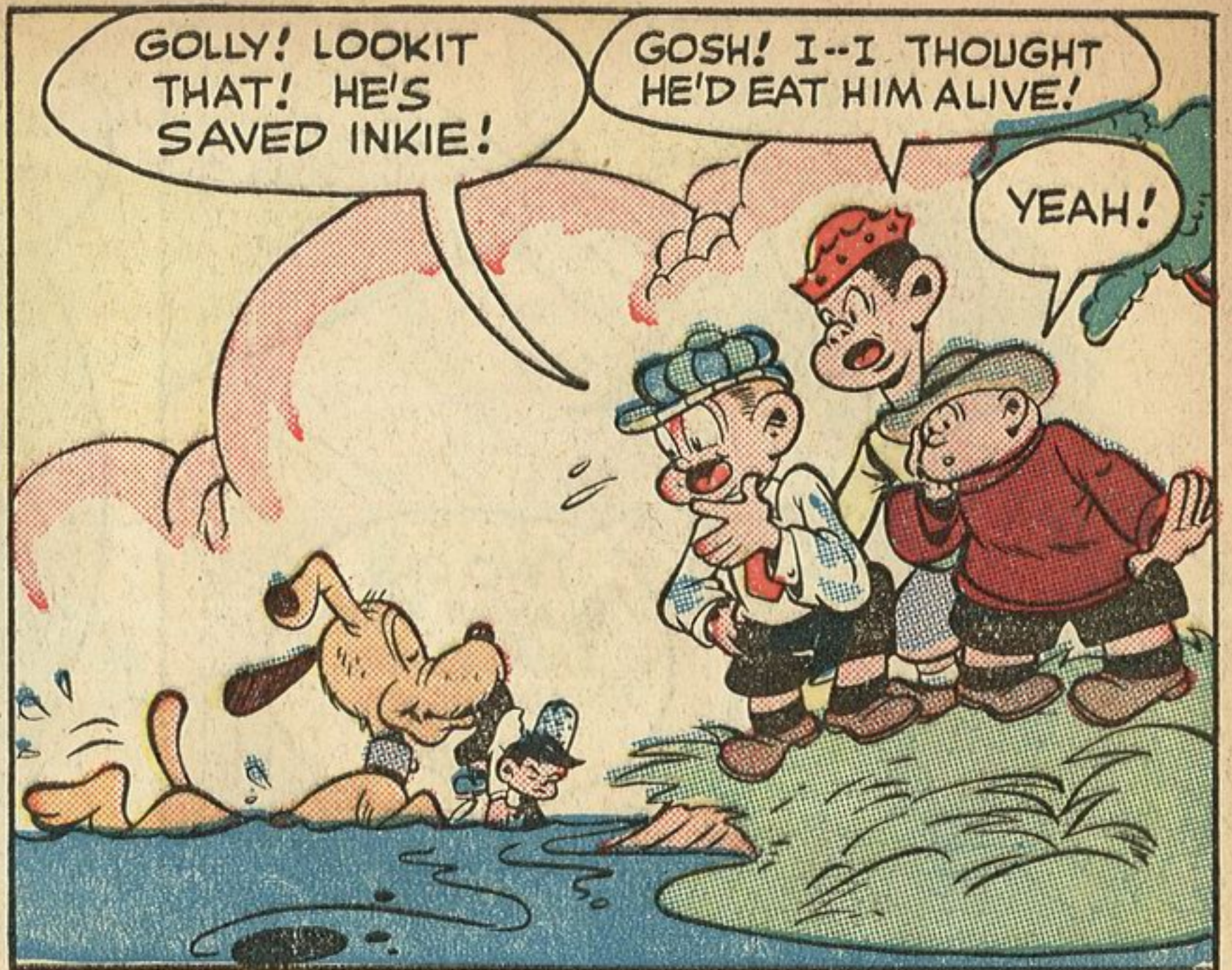


SCAREDY MUTT. ISN'T HE?



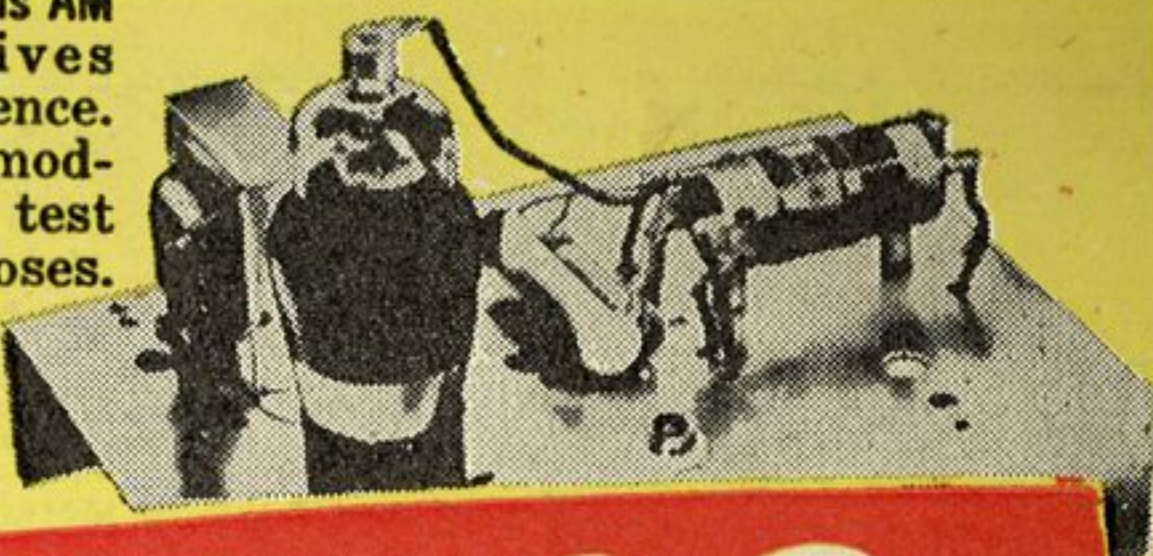








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